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FROM

Charles J. Woodberry

BURTON'S

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM E. BURTON AND EDGAR A. POE.

VOLUME V.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER.

By a gentleman, we mean not to draw a line that would be invidious between high and low, rank and subordination, riches and poverty. No. *The distinction is in the mind.* Whoever is open, just, and true; whoever is of a humane and affable demeanor; whoever is honorable in himself, and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement;—such a man is *a gentleman*;—and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth as well as in the drawing rooms of the high born and the rich.

DE VERE.

PHILADELPHIA.

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM E. BURTON,

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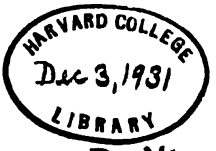

Charles D. Woodberry
Beverly, Mass.

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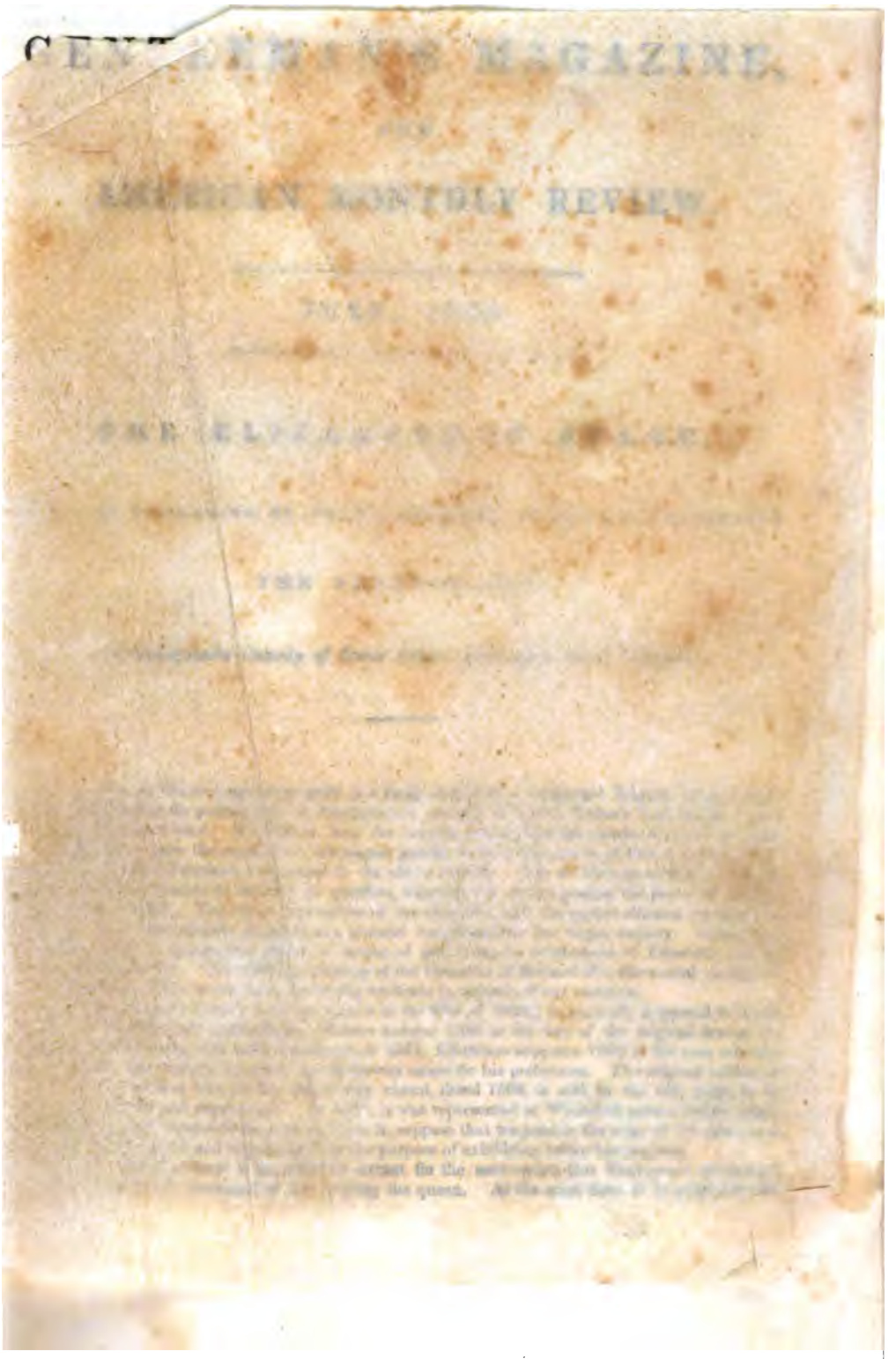
Shakspeare performing before Queen Elizabeth and her Court

Engraved for Burtons Magazine



BURTON'S

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1839.

THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE,

WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL, DESIGNED BY BUSS, REPRESENTING

THE PERFORMANCE

Of Shakspeare's Comedy of Love's Labor's Lost before Queen Elizabeth.

The subject of the accompanying plate is a fancy sketch by a celebrated English artist, named Buss, representing the performance of Shakspeare's comedy of Love's Labor's Lost, before queen Elizabeth and her Court. We believe, from the London papers, that the painter intended to represent Shakspeare upon the stage before his august patron, in the performance of Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard, a character in the above comedy. But we have no authority that the dramatist ever performed in the play in question, although we do not possess the power of contradicting the assertion. The nation and nature of the character, and the quaint allusion contained in its name, were undoubtedly designed as a grateful compliment to her virgin majesty. Shakspeare was indubitably a courtier, and spared no means of gratifying the weaknesses of Elizabeth and the prejudices of the day. The vilifying twisting of the character of Richard III., the mortal enemy of the grandfather of the queen, is a convincing evidence in support of our assertion.

The play of Love's Labor's Lost (so named in the folio of 1623,) is generally supposed to be the earliest of Shakspeare's productions. Malone assigns 1591 as the date of the original drama, but changed it afterwards, with sufficient reason, to 1594. Chalmers supposes 1592 as the year wherein this comedy was written, but gives no satisfactory cause for his preference. The original edition of this play is doubtless lost, for the oldest copy extant, dated 1598, is said, in the title page, to be "newly corrected and augmented." In 1597, it was represented at Whitehall palace, before queen Elizabeth, by her express desire—we are then to suppose that we possess the copy of the piece as it was "newly corrected and augmented" for the purpose of exhibition before her majesty.

We have said that there is no authority extant for the assumption that Shakspeare personated Armado, even at the command of her majesty the queen. At the same time, if he played in the

piece, he was likely to select the character of the thrasonical Spaniard, inasmuch as the broad humors of the other masquers rendered them unavailable to an actor of our poet's calibre, and the parts of the dashing and witty courtiers were above his pitch.

In Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humor*, his name appears attached to Old Knowell; Adam, in his own *As You Like It*, was another of his assumptions. In *Seganus*, his name appears amongst the comedians—although we know that his ghost in *Hamlet* was one of his best performances, and that he occasionally figured in various of his kingly characters, such as the Fourth, Sixth, and Eighth Henrys in his own historical plays.

The last mention of Shakspeare's name as an actor appears in the list of characters attached to Ben Jonson's play of *Seganus*, published in 1603.

Queen Elizabeth frequently indulged in witnessing dramatic performances, produced at her own expense, within her own palace walls. The Cotton MSS. contain various charges made in the accounts of the Master of the Revels for velvets, silks, cloths of gold, etc., for setting forth the stage. In the very first year of her reign, there is a notice of the players being stopped in their performances in consequence of the objectionable matter which they represented. "The same day at nyght (Christmas) at the quens court, ther was a play afor her grace, the whych the plaers plad shuche matter that they wher commandyd to leyff off, and continently the maske cam in dansyng." Nevertheless, we find on the same authority, that on the twelfth night following, "a skaffold" for the play was set up in the hall, and "after play was done ther was a goodly maske, and after, a grett bankett that last tyll midnyght."

The "skaffold in the hall" sounds rudely to a modern ear, as the chief appliance and means of dramatic display in the palatial abode of the queen of England. But the public stage was in its infancy at the time of Shakspeare's birth, and the conveniences and elegant fittings wherewith the drama of the present day is graced, were unknown to the most ardent well-wisher of the stage in the early days of Elizabeth's reign. Chalmers observes "that what Augustus said of Rome may be remarked of Elizabeth and the stage; he found it brick and he left it marble." At her accession in 1558, no regular theatre had been established, and the players of that period, even in the capital, were compelled to have recourse to the yards of great inns, as the most commodious places which they could obtain for the representation of their pieces. These being surrounded by open stages and galleries, and possessing likewise numerous private apartments and recesses, from which the genteeler part of the audience might become spectators at their ease, while the central space held *a temporary stage*, uncovered in fine weather, and protected by an awning in bad, were not ill calculated for the purposes of scenic exhibition, and most undoubtedly gave rise to the form and construction adopted in the erection of the licensed theatres.

In consequence of Elizabeth's patronage, the drama rapidly assumed an important stand. A regular play-house was built in the Blackfriars in 1570, and in 1574, Burbage's regular company of players was established by royal license. Before the sixteenth century expired, fourteen distinct companies of players exhilirated the golden days of good queen Bess, Shakspeare's name appearing on the list enrolled by lord Warwick and the lord Chamberlain. Theatres, of course, proportionately increased; and during the time that Shakspeare immortalized the stage, not less than seven of these structures, of established popularity, were in existence, with various others of ephemeral notoriety.

B.

HOPE.

BRIGHT harbinger of bliss, whence dost thou come!
Are the green gem'd caves of the deep thy home?
Dost thou list to the roar old ocean rings
When the storm is out on its mad'ning wings!

Is thy birth place where the flow'rets raise
Their glowing cups to the sun's warm blaze!
Or hath the glittering dew-drop been
Around thy home with its diamond sheen!

Or the sunny cloud, as it floats away
In dreamy beauty, may it bid thee stay,
And make thy home in its shadowy hall,
When its banner is out on the blue sky's wall!

My home, my home—oh! it may not be
In the coral caves of the deep, dark sea;
Or where the flowers, in their robes of light,
Are gleaming on the enraptured sight.

Nor the floating cloud, nor the dew drop's ray,
Though their loveliness well might bid me stay;
But my home both beauty and darkness share—
In the heart of man, 'tis there, it is there.

Virginia, May 16, 1839. XARIFA.

SKETCHES FROM

THE LOG OF OLD IRONSIDES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD IRONSIDES OFF A LEE SHORE."

Your glorious standard launch again,
To meet another foe!—*Camp.*

INTRODUCTION.

The frigate Constitution has a deathless fame. There is a charm in her simple name that arrests the eye, and rivets the attention of the cursory reader. Old Ironsides! Why the bare mention of this *sobriquet* carries us back to the days of Nicholson and Talbot, to the actions with the Guerriere, the Java, and the Cyane and the Levant; and we fancy that we hear the roar of her cannon, the blast of her bugle, her cry of enthusiasm as she went into battle, and her loud *huzza* as she came out victoriously;—before us, a Hull, a Bainbridge, and a Stewart appear, together with a host of other choice spirits, both officers and men, who trod her blood-stained decks, and shared her imperishable glory. Her picture is in almost every dwelling; she marks the covers of toy books and paper reams, and hangs over the door of the seaman's rendezvous. The backwoodsman, in his log cabin amid the western forest, has counted her guns, and puzzled over her ropes. Every nation under heaven has seen her; and her deeds have been the talk of the civilized world. Truly, she is the lucky ship of our navy! the pride of every patriot, and the boast of every American citizen; and, sooner than surrender her to an enemy, every son of this vast republic should feel willing to go down with her to the blue depths of ocean with her drums beating and colors flying, and hear with pleasure the thunder of the scowling wave as it closes over her "pennon, spar, and sail."

It is usual when men of mighty genius, of gallant bearing, of holy zeal, and of noble ancestry, appear on this mundane sphere, for some contemporary to give a minute account of their lives and actions; and so far is the custom carried at the present day, that the curtain of domestic life is clewed up, and we are shown the mysteries behind the scenes. Will it be considered strange, then, if one shall write a series of sketches of the deeds of the gallant Constitution? Surely, if each little great man has his Boswell, Old Ironsides shall have her trumpeter!

In the following pages, fact will be blended with fancy in such a manner as not to murder truth, and the author will endeavor to twine for himself a wreath from the inexhaustible laurel that now blooms from the stump of her keel, and hangs around her frame. Startling incidents from each cruize will be taken from authentic sources, and what has been omitted by the pen of history, will be added by that of memory. In many instances, the details of others will be copied, taking care never to do so, without making proper acknowledgment in the notes at the bottom of the page. Having trod the deck of this noble frigate, and heard the piping of the gale through her rigging, and the thunder of her cannon above the shifting valleys of ocean, the author feels confident that he shall be able to serve up the dear old ship like a skilful cook, in a hundred different ways, and unfold many a deed of high and noble daring.

EARLY HISTORY.

The frigate Constitution was laid down at Boston, Mass., under an act of Congress, approved March 27th, 1794. She was modelled by Joshua Humphreys, Esq., of Philadelphia,—the father of the present talented Chief Naval Constructor,—who likewise modelled the frigates President, United States, Chesapeake, Constellation, and Congress. She was rated a forty-four gun ship, but like all other rated ships, both English and American, she carried more guns than were named. She had thirty port-holes on the gun deck, and twenty-four on the spar deck, and her number of serviceable cannon was fifty-four. She carries that number now.

On the 20th of September, 1797, she glided into her natural element amid the shouts of thousands of spectators, who had collected to witness the novel sight, and had she not stuck on the ways at an earlier period, she would have been the first vessel launched under the new organization of the navy. As it was, she was baptized with blood—a ship carpenter, by the name of Champney, having been killed by the falling of one of her shoars.

On the 20th July, 1798, she got underway for the first time, under the command of Captain Samuel Nicholson, a gallant officer; and in August cruized with four revenue cutters along the coast of the United States, to the southward of Cape Henry. At the close of the year '98, while under the command of Captain Nicholson, she was attached to the West India squadron, commanded by Commodore Barry. In 1799, she became the flag ship of Commodore Talbot, on the St. Domingo station, and here she commenced her gallant career.

Having thus brought the old ship down to the commencement of the present century, we leave the reader to learn her farther history from the following sketches and anecdotes.

CUTTING OUT A LETTER OF MARQUE.

Of all services of danger which a naval officer has to perform during a time of war, and there are many, the task of cutting out an armed vessel from under the guns of an enemy's fort, and bringing her out of the harbor in safety, is considered the most desperate. Coolness and courage must travel hand in hand there; and the successful commander of such an expedition, under the most favorable circumstances, must consider himself well off if he earns his laurels at the cost of blood.

The sun was slowly descending behind the blue peaks of San Domingo, when an American frigate came in sight of the village of Port Platte, situated at the head of a small harbor on the south side of the island, and, furling her courses, hove to, for the purpose of reconnoitering. After scanning narrowly the little anchorage, the frigate put about, and, setting her courses, was soon lost amid the shades of night. The inhabitants of the village had felt great alarm at the near approach of the armed ship, and had reinforced their fort, beside sending a number of soldiers on board of the letter of marque, Sandwich, formerly a British packet, but now in the service of the French, which lay close under the guns of the fort, where she was receiving a cargo of coffee, previous to her making a run for France.

It was in the year 1800, just after the action between the Constellation and La Vengeance, and the name of the conqueror, Truxton, passed from lip to lip with instinctive consternation. Night came on; the moon had not appeared, and scudding clouds obscured the stars. The *reveillé* had been beaten at the garrison, and the inhabitants of Port Platte had retired to dream of the daring cruizers of the American squadron. The frigate, when she had lost sight of the island, came about, and under easy sail stood in for the shore. She was the Constitution, Commodore Talbot, and from the silence that reigned throughout the ship, and the total absence of light from the battle lanterns, the most careless observer would have supposed that she was about to do something for the glory of the old thirteen.

As she drew nigh the port, two officers might have been seen at the gangway, watching narrowly the lights that twinkled ahead. At this moment, the heavy roar of a cannon came echoing along the waters, and then one after another, the lights disappeared, until none were seen but those which seemed to be designed to burn throughout the night.

"Now is your time," said the elder of the persons to the younger; "have the second cutter manned, sir, and come to me for farther orders." Thus saying, the commodore, for it was he, looked at the compass and entered the cabin. In a few minutes, a knock at the cabin door, announced the arrival of some officer to make a report.

"Enter," said the bluff old commodore, and immediately lieutenant Hull, the first of the Constitution, stood before him.

"Are you ready?" said the commodore.

"All ready, sir," replied the lieutenant.

"Then, sir," said the commodore, "you will enter the harbor of Port Platte without being discovered, ascertain whether the craft that lies under the guns of the fort is the Sandwich, and when you shall have done so, return and make a report to me."

"How shall I ascertain that fact without boarding her?" said the lieutenant.

"You will know her to be the Sandwich," replied the commodore, "by the black stripes around her white masts, and by the shortness of her bowsprit. Make haste, sir, for I long to give you a job."

The lieutenant smiled as he bade the commodore good night, and, immediately ascending, gave such orders to the officer of the deck as he deemed necessary under the circumstances of the case. The night was pretty well advanced as Mr. Hull wrapped himself in his boat cloak, and seated himself in the stern sheets of the second cutter.

"Shove off—let fall—pull cheerily, my boys," were the orders he gave, in a low voice, in quick

succession; then passing swiftly around the frigate's stern, he pulled for the harbor, and was soon lost sight of.

For two hours, nothing was heard of the adventurous officer or his boat, and the old commodore began to grow quite anxious about them. Already a pale streak stretched itself along the eastern waters, and the clouds grew thinner and fewer, while here and there a star peeped out, and was reflected back by the waves below.

"Boat ahoy!" challenged the sentinel at the gangway of the Constitution, as the dash of oars at this moment fell upon his ear.

"Aye! aye!" replied the officer of the boat, and soon lieutenant Hull crossed the gangway of the ship.

"It is the Sandwich, sir," said the lieutenant, after reporting his return, and paying the customary salute.

"Are you certain!" said commodore Talbot.

"I am, sir," replied the officer, "for I lay directly under her stern, and heard through the cabin windows, which were open, her officers congratulating themselves upon the departure of the Constellation, for such they deem this ship to be. Beside, I noticed her masts and bowsprit, as I swept along under the guns of the fort—they are as you described them to be."

"I'll have her, by ——," said commodore Talbot, as he looked again at the harbor, which began to show itself amid the haze of dawn. "About ship, sir—set all the studding sails," and, bidding the lieutenant good night, the commander in chief bounced into his cabin.

The frigate swiftly came about, and took her departure from the land. Soon the studding sails on both sides were spread out to the wind, and, like a mountain of snow, she danced along upon the bosom of the deep until her morning watch looked out in vain for the blue outline of the island of San Domingo.

"Sail O!" cried the look-out.

"Where away?" said the officer of the deck.

"On the lee bow, sir," replied the seaman.

"Can you make her out?" hailed the officer.

"She is a sloop, sir, and shows American colors."

"Hoist our ensign," said the lieutenant.

"Aye, there comes the Sally in the nick of time." said the commodore, who had left the cabin at the first hail. "Mr. Hull, make a signal for her to run down and speak us; we will soon proceed to business."

In a short time, the sail, which proved to be the American sloop Sally, came alongside of the Constitution. After a conference with her captain, he and his crew came on board the frigate, while lieutenant Hull, with a party of seamen and marines, the latter led by the brave captain Carmick, immediately repaired on board of the sloop. Having received orders from the commodore, the sloop now put her helm up, and ran for the island.

"In the course of the night, while running down for her port under easy sail, a shot suddenly flew over the Sally, and soon after an English frigate ranged up alongside. Mr. Hull hove to, and when the boarding lieutenant gained the sloop's deck, where he found so large a party of men and officers in naval uniforms, he was much surprised. He was told the object of the expedition, however, and expressed his disappointment, as his own ship was only waiting to let the Sandwich complete her cargo, in order to cut her out also."*

It was about noon of the following day when the sloop stood in to the harbor of Port Platte. Before her lay the Sandwich, with her broadside bearing on the approach; and in the rear of her, at no great distance, a battery showed its long row of black teeth for her protection.

Lieutenant Hull had sent nearly all the men below, before he entered the harbor, and now, having a stern anchor ready, he bore down, like a short-handed lubberly sloop, for the bows of the Sandwich. As he drew nigh the ship, he said, in a low voice, "Stand by to board," and soon a large number of men crouched under the bulwarks, ready for action.

"You will be afoul of me," said the lieutenant of the Sandwich, who was leaning carelessly over the bulwark as the sloop came down.

"I think I shall," was the laconic reply. In a moment, the sloop struck the bows of the enemy.

"Let go the kedge!" thundered the lieutenant—it was done like magic.

"Boarders, away!" cried he; and, seizing his cutlass, he crossed the gangway of the Sandwich, at the head of his men, and carried her without a struggle.

Captain Carmick, in the ship's boats, now landed, carried the battery, spiked the guns, and retired without the loss of a man.

A great commotion was now perceptible on shore; but the commander and his crew went swiftly to work to secure their prize, and, though she was dismantled above her deck, and her guns stowed in the hold, before sunset she had her royal yards crossed, her guns scaled, and her crew quartered.

* Cooper's Naval History.

She now got under way, with the American flag at her ensign-peak, and stood out of the harbor in company with the sloop.

Evening was slowly fading into night as a ship, followed at some distance by a sloop, bore down for the Constitution.

"Hail the stranger," said commodore Talbot.

"What ship is that?" thundered the officer of the deck, through his trumpet.

"The United States ship Talbot, I. Hull, commander," replied the victorious officer, as he drew near enough to be distinguished by the officers of the frigate.

"It *is* Hull, by heavens!" said the commodore. In a few minutes lieutenant Hull came on board and made his official report. After a short time, the Sally's captain and crew were returned to their vessel, with many thanks, and lieutenant Hull, having received orders to that effect, repaired on board the prize as her commander, and, crowding on all sail, followed the commodore to Jamaica.

A PEEP AT MOROCCO.

In 1803, we find our favorite ship, bearing the broad pendant of commodore Preble, entering the Mediterranean, to battle with the powers of Barbary. October 6th, 1803, the frigate Philadelphia, captain Bainbridge, captured off Cape de Gatta a cruizer belonging to the emperor of Morocco, called the Meshboha, of twenty-two guns, Ibrahim Lubarez, commander, with a crew of one hundred and twenty men. This vessel having piratically seized the brig Celia, of Boston, commodore Preble, in the Constitution, accompanied by the Nautilus, and the return squadron of commodore Rodgers, sailed for Tangier Bay, for the purpose of convincing the brother of the sun and moon that a war with the United States would inevitably result in the destruction of his piratical navy.

Tangier is situated on the northern coast of Africa, but a short distance from Cape Spartel. It is a walled city of Morocco, and is rarely if ever visited excepting by market boats and vessels of war, on account of the long quarantine which is imposed by ports higher up the Mediterranean, upon all vessels who may have touched there. It lies thirty miles west of Gibraltar, is strongly fortified, has fourteen thousand inhabitants, and is the principal sea-port of the Moors.

Its appearance from the sea is beautiful. Castles and forts of white stone, with the blood red flag floating over each bastion; numerous white buildings, with the flags of every commercial nation waving in the breeze above them. Groves of orange and cypress trees towering above the walls, mark the foreground; while far in the blue distance, the mountains of Mauritania towering in grandeur, and to the left, and nigh at hand, the wild and broken summits of Mount Abyla—or in common parlance, Apes Hill—rising high above the straits, complete a picture which, for variety and beauty, is rarely equalled in the Mediterranean. If you turn to the opposite shore, you behold, peeping out from its beautiful olive groves, the little town of Tarifa, in Andalusia, celebrated as the spot where the Moors first landed, under Taric el Tuerto, and commenced the conquest of Spain; and farther out from the main land, you see its light-house, pointing the wandering mariner to the passage between the pillars of Hercules; and, farther up the straits, behold "Dark Calpe's frowning steep," rising like a watchful lion to guard the sunny sea.

In an inexhaustible stone quarry near the city, which has been worked from time immemorial, to supply the Moors with mill stones, there stood a pillar, with an inscription upon its base, which informed the reader that it was raised by the wandering Canaanites, who had been driven out of their land, "flowing with milk and honey," by Joshua, the son of Nun; and from the solid blocks of stone that lie about the entrance, and the great extent of the excavation—which reaches out to the sea—it requires but a little stretch of the human mind to believe that the children of Anak once labored there.

It was sunrise at the straits of Gibraltar, when an American squadron stood by Tarifa point, and hove to in the bay of Tangier. The shores were sleeping in misty splendor, as the commodore furled his topsails and made a signal for the squadron to anchor. Having secured the ships, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, with the flag of Morocco floating at the fore, which was speedily answered by the battery on shore. Freedom and slavery now lay side by side; the stars and the stripes, and the bloody ensigns of the corsairs, waved together in the breeze, while the rattling of the Constitution's drums mingled with the clashing of the Mussulman's cymbals. It was a stirring hour—the emperor's household had heard the roar of artillery, and wonder sate upon every countenance.

It was yet early in the morning when the most sublime and mighty prince of Mauritania, aroused from his quiet sleep in his drowsy harem by the report of the Constitution's cannon, repaired to the divan, and held high court. There was a scowl upon his brow as he twisted his magnificent mustachios, and his thin lip curled in scorn, while his dark eye flashed with unusual brilliancy. Before him, were the abject subjects of his will, and myriads of heads bent down in homage as he seated himself, while his body guards, in jewelled robes and spotted turbans, with pomp and pride, took their stations behind his ottoman. At length, beckoning to the bey, he said—"What dogs are

these which disturb our royal sleep before the hour of morning prayer? Hasten, Hassan, and bring us information."

The bey informed him that a large squadron of American vessels of war had anchored in the harbor.

"Mishalla!" said the emperor, with a look of apprehension, "let them be attended to."

A white flag now streamed from the nearest bastion, which was answered by a similar display from every ship in the squadron; and then a boat shot from the side of the Constitution, with a noble-looking officer in her stern-sheets, whose uniform showed him to be a captain in the navy of the United States. He was commodore Preble. In a short half hour, the emperor gave the gallant commodore an audience, and Mr. Simpson, the American consul, was placed upon a footing with the consuls of the most favored nations. The emperor, through his interpreter, expressed his regret that any difference had arisen between the two nations, disavowed having given any hostile orders, and declared that he would punish any of his governors who had. He then gave an order, under his seal, for the release of the American brig Hannah, her cargo and crew, detained at Mogadore; and the commodore gave up the Meshboha, the vessel taken by captain Bainbridge, and the Mishouda, the vessel taken by commodore Rodgers, at an earlier period of the war. Having smoked a pipe and drunk the coffee of the most illustrious Moor, the commander of the squadron was about to retire from the presence chamber, when the emperor suddenly clapped his hands. Hassan Bey stepped forward. "Bring me the pen of my father, and the treaty made between him and the new world," said he, "that I may sign my name, and affix my seal to it."

The pen and the parchment scroll were then brought in, and Hassan Bey, having unrolled the latter on his bended knees, the emperor, in the presence of his divan, made his mark and affixed his seal below the ratification of his father; and it is just to state, that ever afterwards he observed its stipulations with the strictness of an honest Mussulman. Three years ago, this treaty, which was to continue fifty years from its date, expired, and a new one was entered into, which is now in force. It is not a little singular that the frigate Constitution, at the request of the consul of Tangier, made her second appearance off that port in 1836, to hasten a treaty with the emperor of Morocco. Will she, fifty years hence, be ready to do the same thing? God grant it.

After the usual ceremonies of leave-taking, the divan broke up; the commodore then repaired on board his ship, and fired a salute; the consul hoisted his flag again over his consulate, and the squadron getting under way, the Constitution stood up the straits followed by the Nautilus, while commodore Rodgers and the return squadron proceeded to the United States.

There is nothing like loaded cannon for expediting the consummation of a treaty with the Moors, and the only tribute that will satisfy them for ever, must consist of thirty-two pound shot. There is no mistaking the meaning of such presents, and when offered by a Preble, from the deck of the Constitution, they—as we shall see hereafter—protected the flag, and increased the glory of his native land.

At midnight, as the Constitution, under easy sail, was beating up for Gibraltar, "she suddenly found herself alongside a large ship. Some hailing passed, without either party giving an answer; commodore Preble, who had taken the trumpet himself, now told the name and country of his ship, and his own rank. He then demanded the name of the stranger, adding that he would fire a shot unless answered.

"'If you fire a shot, I'll return a broadside,' was the reply.

"Preble sprang into his mizen rigging, applied the trumpet, and said—'This is the United States ship Constitution, a forty-four, commodore Edward Preble; I am about to hail you for the last time; if not answered, I shall fire into you. What ship is that?'

"'This is his Britannic Majesty's ship Donnegal, a razee of sixty guns.'

"Preble told the stranger he doubted his statement, and should lie by him until morning, in order to ascertain his real character. He was as good as his word, and in a short time, a boat came from the other vessel to explain. It was an English *frigate*, and the Constitution had got so suddenly and unexpectedly alongside of her, that the hesitation about answering, and the fictitious name, had proceeded from a desire to gain time, in order to clear the ship and to get to quarters. The spirit of commodore Preble on this occasion produced a very favorable impression in his own ship; the young men pithily remarking, that if he was wrong in his temper, he was right in his heart."*

The next morning, the Constitution came to anchor off Gibraltar, and thus ended the war with Morocco.

* Note to Cooper's Naval History.

THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

'Twas calm on the waters—and night had drawn on
Her mantlet of sable, her bright starry crown,
And deeper each moment the azure sky grew,
The billow reared darker its bosom of blue,
The mermaid was leaving her deep coral cave,
To joy in the stillness that reigned o'er the wave;
Ere the last smile of day o'er ocean did fade,
On topsail and mast-head and pennant it play'd,
The vessel was gallantly cleaving the spray,
With canvas wide spread on her homeward bound way,
And full many a heart beat madly that night,
As Hope whispered the morrow would bring land in sight.

The moon rode on high—and her fair streamlets fell
Alike on the deck and old ocean's proud swell,
Tinged each mast, spar, and cord with her silver pale,
And with spots of dark shade deck'd each half furled sail,
On the helmsman—it glanced—and on one it shone,
That over the taffrail was leaning alone:
His bright eye seemed fixed in the distance afar,
Yet heeded not billow, nor moon-beam, nor star,
For the smile on his lip, the glow on his cheek,
The heave of his breast 'neath his folded arms, speak
A spirit already that's nestled at home,
Where bright eyes and warm smiles cheer the end of his roam.

One hour fled on—God! what changes were there!
O'er ocean and sky hung the shroud of despair;
The billows seemed striving the heavens to scale,
And dashed their white foam in the face of the gale;
While now and anon came the sea-maids' wild shrieks
In such blood-freezing tones as no mortal tongue speaks;
Not a star-ray broke thro' the storm's drifting rack
To guide that lone ship on her tempest crost track,
But the fitful flash gleamed from the low hanging cloud,
And showed how the tall masts were broken or bow'd—
And drowning yells, caught 'mid the water spirits' dirge,
Told of wretches engulphed in the wreck-sweeping surge.

Still night on the waters—on wings of the blast,
O'er the face of the moon, were clouds driving fast,
And thro' their rent masses her radiant beams broke,
Pure, bright as they did ere the storm demons woke.
Yet where was the bark that on ocean then rode,
A thing full of life—Hope's smiling abode?
The sea-mew scream'd shrill round a sad mastless wreck
That was tost by each wave without guidance or check:—
Where were her gallant crew?—that sea-bird's scream rung
The knell of the lone wretch to life who yet clung—
One last sigh he breathed to those weeping at home,
Then o'er him in wreathes curled the billow's white foam!

G.

Philadelphia April 3d.

THE ENCOUNTER.

The tuneful morn arose with looks of light—
The ear that drank her music's call was chill:
The eye that shone was sealed in endless night:
And cold and still
The pulses stood that 'neath her gaze were wont to thrill.

N. C. Brooks.

Every village which has seen its third generation, and every public building which has survived the peltings of a half century's storms, claim as a part of their natural possessions, a larger or smaller portion of legendary lore. It is the powerful principle of association which imparts its interest to the antique dwelling or dismantled tower; and as we gaze upon them, the imagination pierces the mist of the past and enlivens the scene with beings of its own creation. We go back to years long since commingled with the ocean of eternity, and see the busy actors of life's drama, as they performed their parts in the particular acts assigned them; and although they have flitted off the stage, the theatre of their performance is still before us. It affords us pleasure even when we are thrown solely upon our imagination for persons and incidents to complete the scene: but the effort is less when we are supported with the principal events by history or tradition.

No public building, perhaps, of the same age, affords as much food to the lover of incident, as a college. Changing its occupants every year; its inhabitants collected promiscuously from all ranks of society, and possessing every possible shade of character and temperament,—its history must necessarily be diversified. If the walls of our older institutions had tongues, how many thrilling tales of high anticipations, youthful enthusiasm, powerful effort and blasted hopes, might they disclose! I have often listened to the breeze as it sighed through the long halls of our building, and imagined that it bore to my ear the merry peals of laughter which have rung through its chambers, mingled with the low sighs of many a hardened heart which has told its sorrow to that heedless breeze.

There is one tale of grief connected with our *alma mater*, which has floated among us as a constituent part of her earlier history. About thirty years ago, among the many who were here engaged in the enthusiastic strife for literary acquirement, there were two young hearts whose warm currents have long since been frozen in death. The rising sun of their hopes was early shrouded in a dark cloud which cast a melancholy shadow over the history of their lives. T—— of Kentucky, was a young man of respectable parts, but bold, passionate, and supercilious. Although his talents might have gained him respect, his disposition created an aversion to him among his companions and fellow students. He had that haughtiness in his carriage which is always sure to render a member of a society, as united as that of a college, disagreeable and unpopular. In the assignment of chambers he obtained as his room-mate a young gentleman who differed as much from him in disposition as the zenith does from the nadir. C—— was a quiet gentle soul. He possessed those qualities which secured him the warmest affections of all around him. Although in delicate health, and generally pensive and retiring, the natural kindness and warmth of his feelings which gushed up like a full spring, endeared him to every one who formed an intimacy with him. As they differed so much in their disposition, it is not to be expected that their mutual company would be agreeable. For some time, however, the restraint which a slight acquaintance imposed, prevented an exhibition of impropriety on the part of the former, or uneasiness in the latter, but as they became more familiar, the spirit of T—— showed itself in unkind treatment to his room-mate. The sensitive heart of C—— could not brook the continued injury and unjustifiable abuse which was heaped upon him day after day. The presence of his insulter rendered his room the most disagreeable place on earth to him, and when absent his mind brooded over the incurable wounds which had been inflicted upon him. We gave T—— warning that a continuance of his conduct would be visited with retribution; but still he persisted in the same treatment which he before observed. In an evil hour C—— sent him a note, demanding *gentlemanly* satisfaction. The challenge was accepted, and the necessary preliminaries arranged.

* * * * * * * * * *

Day was just dawning, and the pencil of light which streamed across the eastern horizon, proclaimed the rising morning. The stars had not yet ceased to be visible. The citizens of our quiet town were yet wrapt in the arms of sleep. To a verdant lane within sight of the college, two small groups of persons were seen to move. There was a solemnity in their deportment which indicated

that the occasion which called them out was not one of a lively nature. They moved with a firm, decisive step, as though nerving themselves to receive some sudden shock, or witness a painful catastrophe. They stopped when they reached the lane, and a few minutes were spent in conversation,—quick and hurried,—as though they feared that some superior force would suspend their operations. It was a duel scene. The ground was measured; the frail form of C—— and the tall person of T—— took their assigned station as the principal actors in the tragedy about to be enacted. Their weapons were handed them, and each intent upon the horrid purpose of taking his brother's life, prepared to send his stained soul into the presence of a pure God.

It was a moment of dread suspense. Hearts were beating then which might soon cease to pulsate for ever. The shrine of many a holy affection and feeling, which if properly cultivated would have led them to honor and happiness, might soon be irreparably destroyed. The sun which should soon salute the earth with his blessed light, would look upon the happy homes of their childhood, where they had been caressed by the fondness of parents and friends, and where they were still remembered with the kindest solicitude. Perhaps his first rays would greet an affectionate mother in her chamber, mingling the most fervent petitions for her son's happiness with her morning orisons; and that son might be lost to her for ever. With quick succession, such thoughts passed through their fevered brain. A moment—a report—and the deed was done. C—— was wounded and fell. The remainder of the party, influenced by a dastardly cowardice which deserves to be branded, fled with precipitation.

There lay the dying one, *alone*. The stream of his heart's blood was gurgling through the wound, and as he fell with his head down a declivity, it rushed through his throat, choking him with its warm current. It was vain to struggle with death. He had challenged the monster to the combat, and now felt his inability to meet him. And then to die in *such* a situation!—with no kind friend to support the drooping head, and wipe the death-damp from the brow. Doubtless as he entered the dark avenue to the other world, fond memory presented the bright images of past joys, of kind sisters, of affectionate friends. In vain the earth put on her vernal robe,—he had looked upon her beauties for the last time. It is painful to be ushered into the eternal world under any circumstances; but how terrible it is when we rashly tear aside the curtain which veils that future state of existence from us, and read upon the broad orb of eternity, our own condemnation.

A melancholy fate is recorded of T——. Warned by the spirit of his murdered companion, he left his native country, and sought to banish his painful feelings by visiting foreign lands.

Cœlum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt. The image was still before him: it abode with him in private, followed him in public, and glared fearfully upon him in his midnight dreams. It preyed upon his mind until settled dejection took place, which finally terminated in decided insanity. A wild maniac, he roamed over Italy. The balmy breath of her zephyrs brought no calm to his soul; he regarded not the famous softness of her sky. He, who had been nursed upon the lap of luxury, depended on the cold charity of those to whom he was bound by no tie but that of common humanity; his haughty spirit was broken, and the pround superstructure of his mind was a desolate ruin. He laid him in that stranger land, where no kind friend could pen his epitaph.

Dickinson College. D.

THE TIBER.

A SONNET.

Still do thy waters flow, on which looked down
The Seven-hilled city, from its pride of place,
Which mirrored forth its glory and its grace:
Oh! thou whose dicta shook the world, whose frown
Made mightiest monarchs tremble on their thrones
And bend in homage to thy conquering sway,
Art now a heap of monumental stones:
There, human greatness, shrouded in decay,
Owns the vain-glory of usurping pride,
Whose bubbles rise and sink on time's swift tide;
Still rolls, unchanged, imperial Tiber on,
Though the rich splendors of its shores are gone.
Thus rivers flow, though their proud cities fall,
For nature holds her sway, triumphantly o'er all.

Zet.

THE ARREST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

"The debtor cannot be arrested before the rising nor after the setting of the sun."—*Code de pro. civ. art.* 781.

If you have hitherto escaped the grasp of the sheriff's officers, if the cuffs of your sleeves have not yet been defiled by the bailiff's touch, you can form no conception of the bitterness of an arrest. It is one of those unspeakable sensations which you will not again experience, save in Tartarus; that is, if old Minos shall think fit to condemn you. A few days ago, I was still free in that anomalous liberty, which knoweth not the clear light of heaven, and defendeth itself from the sun. Ferreted out by the commercial blood-hound, I was forced early in the morning from my ensconcement in a garret, where I was sleeping, neither well nor ill, until such time as it would be day with me, and still night with the rest of mankind. Last Friday, as the town clock was striking eight—

"The owl is commencing its flight," said a young woman, (the confidante of my misfortune,) through the key-hole.

"Thanks, blue-eyed angel, with black hair," I replied, in a romantic tone of voice; "since the lamp of heaven is extinguished, the cat may go out upon the gutters."

With these words, I put on a light surtout, and directed my uncertain steps toward the Palais Royal. Arrived near the bank, I mechanically cast my eyes upon the playbills of the day.

"Theatre de Madame—First representation of 'The Setting of the Sun.' Comedy vaudeville; M. Perlet will perform the character of Argentières."

Capital! My instinct as a debtor irresistibly hurried me to such a representation. I entered precisely as the curtain rose, and took the first seat that offered.

Argentières was just like myself, a night-bird; invited to a soirée, it there chances that he forgets himself, amid punch and the card-tables. At the rising of the sun he dares not venture into the streets, for he has perceived from the window a visage of bad omen: 't is that of a sheriff-officer, planted at the door of the hotel like a gibbet, and awaiting his victim with fatal vigilance. It was necessary, then, that Argentières should devise a thousand pretexts for remaining at his post till evening.

"How shall I manage?" exclaimed Perlet.

His embarrassing position drew from me an exclamation and sympathetic applause. My right hand neighbor, a very troublesome fellow, applied his glass and eyed my countenance with an impertinence truly provoking. I silently contented myself with turning my back to him, and offering a more befitting view; but the fellow, whose gaze partook somewhat of the satanical, ceased not from his scrutiny of my person; above all, at that moment when the winding-up of the piece extracted a new burst of sympathy. My patience was exhausted, and I gave him an intentional push, *by accident.*

"My dear sir! your address," said he to me, while re-adjusting his glass, which had been deranged by my abrupt motion.

"Ah! very well," added he, reading the name and number of my street; "you shall see me, sir, early to-morrow morning."

"You will oblige me, sir, by coming *very* early."

"I shall not fail, I assure you."

And as we quitted each other his glass was still pursuing me. I slept ill; I am no coward, but a duel occasions restlessness even to the man most philosophically detached from life. At six o'clock came a knock at my door; it was the quizzing-glass fellow, accompanied by two gentleman of a sufficiently pleasant countenance.

"Gentlemen, I am at your service."

"You shall not escape us, sir."

"These two pistols will decide our difference."

"Quite useless, sir, we have here every thing requisite for us."

"Since you are armed, then, at all points, we can depart."

"At all points," replied he with a sneer, "that is the phrase; let us get into the coach."

"Where are we going?"

"Rue de la Clé, sir."

"How, Rue de la Clé?"

"By virtue of the peremptory decree issued against you on the first day of June, by the tribunal of commerce, duly registered, and to you notified, a petition, etc. etc., I arrest you, in the king's name: that you may not remain ignorant, I beg leave to inform you, that I am an officer in the guard of commerce, and these gentlemen are my satellites."

At these words I fell into a lethargic despondency, from which I was not roused until I heard the grating of the lock of Saint Pélagie, as it closed behind me.

"Another time," said I, "catch me giving my address to the first wrangler that comes to hand, and thus compromising my existence as a free man, for the sake of making a show of empty bravery."

The reflection is excellent, but comes, unhappily, a little too late, like all other reflections in which the prisoner indulges within the walls of Saint Pélagie. J. G. W.

THE CURSE OF THE FLOWERS.

At the coming of dawn, ere the sun
Had his visible course begun,
And song burst from every bill;
Whilst the earliest breezes were chill,
And the dews on our hearts and our homes
Lay sweet as our balm in bee-combs;—
In the sultry succeeding of noon,
When in the pale azure the moon
Lay faint as the faintest of clouds,
And we swoon'd in our emerald shrouds;—
At the graceful survening of even,
Ere twilight shed sleep upon heaven;
We were cheer'd thro' the beautiful hours
By bands of our sweet sister-flowers:—
But scarce had the sun's loving eye
Look'd its last from the golden sky,
When a creature that seem'd of the skies,
By the light of her eloquent eyes,
By her cheeks, and her lips, and her tresses,
And the bed where they lay in caresses,
And the grace of her form and its motion,
Came amidst us; and seeming devotion
To our beauty and fragrancy paid,
And with love-looks our droop'd lids survey'd:
But ruin pursued her regard;
And bloom after bloom from the sward,
And bud after bud, did she sunder;
And o'er her white bosom and under
With passion fantastic array'd them,
And for joy with death-dreariness paid them:
That now, in the light of the stars,
Our sorrow dew'd slumber debars;
And the spirit of life in our veins,
Of bereavement eternal complains;
And when the new dawn shall arise
On the verge of the orient skies,
'Twill but vex the shut grief in our eyes!

For this murder of those that we cherish'd;
Whose life in her selfishness perish'd,
May she love, and be answer'd with scorn,
And her heart with vain cravings be torn!
Which to glut, with mere limb may she mate,
And then sicken with loathing and hate;
Whilst the life which her blood must allume,
Doth but gasp thro' one breath to the tomb,
And she drag on from morrow to morrow,
To lorn death thro' a desert of sorrow!

But, if by the love she will vow,
Which deep in her young blood doth grow,
And which springeth, and springeth, and springeth
And grace all about her forthbringeth—
Never more, with a merciless hand,
To make spoil of our innocent band
But leave us to live, love and die
At God's will, in the breath of his sky;
And the beam and the dew of our birth
Still feel as we wither in earth—
We revoke every spell of our curse;
And its tenor heart-blighting reverse;
May her fond love, by fond answer met,
Never droop in the shade of regret;
May she kiss, and still kiss, and adore;
Till the dream which enchanteth be o'er;
May she bee-drain the sweets it can give,
And die when 'tis sorrow to live!

* W *

THE WHITE CROSS.

A BRAZILIAN STORY.

BY LIEUT. COXE, U. S. ARMY.

The course of true love never did run smooth.

In all the bay and harbor of Rio de Janeiro, so often described by travellers as one of the most capacious, and certainly the most beautiful in the world, no portion is so beautiful or possesses so much of the romantic and picturesque as Botafogo Bay, one of the many parts which unite to constitute the beauteous whole first mentioned.

Brazil, justly styled the garden of the world, has no spot equally fair with this, and while wandering midst its verdant fields and in the depths of its forests, where

> "nor dint of hoof nor print of foot
> Lay in the wild luxurious soil;"

a traveller might well imagine he had at last reached the spot so long sought after, where our first father saw and wooed the fairest, first of women, Eve.

To return, however, to the Bay of Rio, completely shut in on three sides by lofty hills and mountains covered with perpetual verdure, high among which the towering corcovado rears its head, like a blasted pine in a grove of beauty; groves of orange trees, filled with the "golden apple" scattered in every direction by the tasteful and profuse hand of nature, give a rich beauty and softness to the scene, while in bold relief are seen the massy Gavia and the well known sugar-loaf, nature's landmarks, to guide the weary mariner to the "haven where he would be:" all that is wanting to complete the picture is the massy fort of Santa Cruz, "bristling horribly" with

> "those mortal engines, whose rude throats
> The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,"

and presenting an impassable barrier to the entrance of the harbor, at the mouth of which it is situated.

The shores of Botafogo Bay are lined with villas of surpassing beauty and neatness of architecture; among which stands pre-eminent that of the late beautiful Countess of Santos, a monument at once of the frailty of its fair occupant and the munificence of her imperial lover, Pedro the First.

I have been thus particular in the description, or rather in this poor attempt at description, of this lovely spot, from its being the scene of the events I am about to narrate; and as the facts upon which this "ower true tale" are founded, did actually occur. I might in compliance with the long observed rule of scribbling, premise, "that the actors in the drama, or some of them, being still alive, delicacy forbids me to disclose their names, etc." Such, I believe, is admitted to be a privilege of long standing, and I might be disposed to avail myself of it, but for the simple reason, that I do not know the real names of any one mentioned in my story, although I once heard them; nor do I know whether they are alive or dead, but I think I hear my fair reader exclaim, (while more than half inclined to throw away this nonsense,) the story, sir, the story; thus, then it is:

In the year 18—; but before I proceed any farther, I ought to tell you how I became acquainted with the facts I relate, and begging the pardon of any one, whose patience has accompanied me thus far, for drawing a little more upon their stock thereof, I will, in as brief a way as possible, state the the how, when, and where.

It was on an evening of surpassing loveliness, such as is no where seen but in the tropics, that after having spent a day of solitude in my hammock, trying by inactivity and passiveness to escape the heat, as the thermometer had been playfully ranging from 90° to 100° in the shade, with no society but my Byron, my own thoughts, (poor company, I think I see you preparing to remark, so

that I will save you the trouble by confessing it myself,) and though last, by no means least, a choice "Havana," the which I can confidently recommend to every one, as the greatest of luxuries in a warm climate, where was I, oh! I had just got out of my hammock, (another luxury,) and detertermined to enjoy to the utmost the coolness of the evening. I entered my canoe, and with my only attendant, (cook, valet, and chambermaid, "trio juncta in uno" as Sheridan said,) paddled down the harbor from my cottage on the Island of Cobras, until we arrived at the mouth of Botafogo Bay, which we entered; whilst paddling round the bay and resigning myself to the control of spirit engendered by the fairy like appearance of the scene, I observed a *white cross* painted upon the rocks, which near the entrance of the bay, reach to the water's edge.

Having never before noticed it, I was considerably astonished at the sight, as these crosses are usually the "memento mori's" of some murder that has been committed on the spot where they are erected, and I could not believe that the hand of the assassin would have invaded a sanctuary like this.

On inquiry, I gained from my companion, a venerable Brazilian, the following particulars, which I give you rendered into English, and stripped of numerous digressions on his part, during the narration, which would most certainly not interest you, any more than I fear mine have.

In the year 18—, the Martini palace which was located a short distance from Botafogo bay, in the direction of the city of Rio de Janeiro, was not more celebrated for its grandeur and magnificence, than for its owner, the Marquis Juan de Martini;—cold, haughty, and reserved in his manners, he was liked by no one; secluded almost altogether from the world, he appeared to feel no interest in any one around him, and but for one circumstance, the fact of his existence even would have been forgotten, so rarely did he appear in public. Like Jeptha, he had one fair daughter, and her he did indeed love passing well.

Isabel de Martini had long been celebrated as the fairest of the fair, in the imperial city of St. Sebastian; her dark eye beaming with intelligence, was surmounted by a brow of perfect symmetry, and her raven locks playing loosely about her sculptured neck, gave her an almost elf-like appearance. Beauty cannot be described, and any description would fall short of what Isabel really was; let every one draw from his imagination for her image, for she was lovely as imagination can conceive; would that I could do so, but although a worshipper of the fair daughters of Eve, almost to idolatry, I never yet could transfer their charms to paper: suffice it then to say, that among all the dark eyed beauties of this sunny land, who stand unrivalled both for form, and face, Isabel de Martini shone pre-eminent. Many were the admirers, and among them many of the proudest nobles of Brazil, who had sued for the honor of her hand, and all in vain; to all she turned an inattentive ear, and if the truth must be told, the fair Isabel was just the least in the world of a coquette, and however much her vanity might be flattered by seeing her train of admirers swelling with the noble and the rich, she passed along unmoved by any, "fancy free."

Pass over a year in the life of our heroine, and go with me to the shores of the bay I have described to you; the moon was shining with its silvery light upon the still waters of the bay, which clearly as a mirror, reflected all around it, yet no object was reflected half so fair as the forms of Isabel and a young man, who, with his arm around her, was gazing on his companion with an expression of the deepest affection. Long they walked, and if we do not give you the subject of their conversation, it is for the two-fold reason, that being lovers, it was necessarily of a character uninteresting to a third person, and moreover, I did not hear a word of it; time flew, but still they strolled along the tranquil margin of the bay, and it was the lady who first observed the lateness of the hour, and spoke of returning.

"Do not detain me longer," she said, "indeed, indeed, Fernando, I must leave you; my absence will be remarked, and though for myself I care not, still your safety as much as my own, demands that we should be prudent; indeed we must separate, but 'tis only till to-morrow."

"Dearest Isabel," replied her lover, "how can I ever sufficiently repay you? you, the admired of all, the loveliest of your sex, thus to brave all for me—and must we part? would that the time were come, when we will fly together far from this hated place, and secure from all pursuit, live only for each other."

"Once more, then," said Isabel, "good night; for my sake, be careful of yourself, and remember that my existence is dependant upon yours. God bless you, good night."

The youth folded her in his arms, and hastily impressed a kiss upon her brow, which was of a marble paleness, and then releasing her, the maiden disappeared among the rocks; he gazed after her for a few moments, then casting off the fastening of a canoe, which lay concealed in a small cove beneath, he sprang into it, and rapidly plying his paddle, in a very brief space he reached the opposite shore, and disappeared. As the scene just described may appear a little strange to those whose patience has carried them thus far, it will be proper to state the particulars of the acquaintance which had arisen between our heroine, and the evident object of her choice.

At a public ball given by the Emperor, to which not only the nobility, but all the respectable inhabitants of Rio were admitted, the fair Isabel was as usual the cynosure of all admiring glances; and while to all their flattering speeches she turned an inattentive ear, she was much struck with the appearance of a young stranger, who although not belonging to her own rank in life, was evident-

ly one of "nature's noblemen," and she secretly acknowledged to herself that had any of her previous admirers but resembled him, her heart had not been so difficult to subdue;—never had she experienced such sensations as those which now possessed her, and she was pleased, although unable to define the cause, to observe that he was evidently gazing upon her with an eye of sincere admiration.

He was the son of a captain in the Imperial Army, who had fallen in the service of his country, and had left his son wholly dependant upon his own exertions for support. Long had he gazed with admiration amounting to idolatry, upon the lovely Isabel, whom he had often seen in public; never before, however, had he been thrown so directly into the society of one, whom, he felt, to see was to love; and now that he could at leisure gaze upon those charms, he resigned himself to the control of his passion, and with a thrill of transport, observed that his admiration was noticed, and was evidently not disagreeable to its object. The last person noticed by Isabel, on leaving the ball, was the stranger, whose eyes were still intently fixed upon her, and if a responsive glance from her met his eye, who shall blame her?

In this country, where intrigue is the chief business of life, but little difficulty occurred in his conveying to his "lady love" the intelligence that he lived but for her; and it would be tedious to narrate the manner in which he obtained his first interview with her. The greatest difficulty which arose was respecting the place of meeting, until chance disclosed to them a path leading through the mountains from the Martini palace to the bay; there in the face of heaven, alone, the lovers met in the still hour of midnight, and with the resplendent moon, and all the heavenly "isles of light" alone for witnesses, told their love, and spoke of future happiness.

Much difficulty attended their meetings, as it was necessary for Isabel to await the retiring of all the family, before she could leave her chamber, which she was enabled to do by means of a private door, communicating with the garden. Anxiously would she remain in the solitude of her apartment, until the entire cessation of noise within the house, bade her fly to her appointment; then in her lover's arms, with no thought for aught on earth save him, in whom were centred all the resistless feelings of her heart, would she be for a time completely happy; as few will deny, that the enjoyments (and especially those of this description,) of which we partake by stealth, are more intense than those which we possess sanctioned by all around us.

Thus had they met in secret, for several months, and now only awaited the sailing of a vessel, whose captain (convinced of the propriety thereof, by the argument of a well filled purse) had consented to receive them on board, and carry them to some far distant land, where secure from opposition, and revenge, they might be happy in each other. But I am delaying the catastrophe too long, and will forthwith proceed to the *dénouement*.

To enable Isabel to carry into effect her plans for meeting her lover, it had been necessary for her to make a confidante of a servant, whom she believed to be devotedly attached to her; avarice, however, reigned triumphant in her soul, and she betrayed the secret to her mistress' father, for a sum of money. His rage at learning the disgrace thus brought upon his house, for as such he considered it, cannot be described.

I felt, but cannot paint his rage,

He determined at once upon a terrible revenge; that he might be certain of the fact, he had followed Isabel on this, their last night of meeting, and unseen, had been a witness of the lover's interview; he could scarcely restrain himself from at once rushing upon, and destroying the devoted lover, but he did so, and returned to his palace with the fixed resolve, that this meeting should be their last.

On the following night, he took measures to detain his daughter in conversation for an hour beyond the appointed time, and several of his servants were stationed at the place of meeting with orders to assassinate the unfortunate object of his wrath, on his arrival.

At the appointed hour, Fernando hastened on the wings of love, to meet his mistress; another night of beauty seemed to hallow his intent: nature was at rest, and the bright moon shone coldly down, only to light him to his death; with a light heart he entered his canoe, crossed the bay, and arrived on the opposite shore; before he had time to notice and wonder at the absence of his mistress, the assassins' daggers were in his heart; he died with her name upon his lips, and leaving him where he fell, the murderers fled.

The moment that Isabel could disengage herself from her father, she hurried to her room, and regardless of her former caution, flew to her appointment; her father watched, and at a distance followed her; she soon reached the spot, and oh! what a sight of horror met her eye! her lover, whom she last saw in all the radiant pride of beauty and of youth, now lay dead before her, pierced with many wounds, and covered with his blood; she threw herself frantically beside him, hoping that some spark of life might still be unextinguished. Such hopes, however, were in vain; and as the thought flashed upon her that she had been betrayed, she gave herself up entirely to the horror and anguish of the moment; it was but for an instant, however, for rising rapidly, she rushed with a frantic scream to the water's edge, and throwing herself into the depths beneath, which possessed no terrors for her, she sank to rise no more.

Her father had followed her to enjoy the sight of the betrayer of his house, (as he supposed,) lying dead before her, and to upbraid his daughter with the dishonor she had brought upon him. He was too late, he arrived but in time to see her sink beneath the wave.

The waters wild, went o'er his child
And he was left lamenting.

The cross I saw is the sole monument to the unfortunate lovers. Such is the story I listened to, and I only regret my inability to do it greater justice; such as it is, however, it is true, and many of the inhabitants still can tell of the surpassing beauty and tragic end of the fair and unfortunate Isabel de Martini.

St. Augustine, East Florida, April 20th, 1839.

EARTH AND OCEAN.

A RHAPSODY.

How beautiful, O mother earth! thy varied scenes to me:
Whether the cultured landscape smile with soften'd majesty,
Or, in thy sterner aspect, rocks in wild confusion rise
Abrupt, magnificently grand, their summits in the skies:
Whether thou gleam'st with winter's sheen, or spring's gay smile dost wear,
With summer blossoms cloth'd, or pale leaves of the dying year;
Though 'neath night's star-inwoven mantle wrapt in sacred gloom,
Or blushing in the morning light, all fragrancy and bloom,
Or basking with voluptuous looks in noontide's fervid ray,
Or smiling through thy dewy veil meekly at close of day:
Still, mother earth! in every mood, in every varied change,
My heart could almost worship thee—so wonderfully strange.

And thou, O ocean! beautiful, most beautiful thou art,
And ever to my care-worn soul fresh joy dost thou impart.
Whether fierce-wing'd with tempest-wrath, thou battlest with the sky,
Or, like a cradled infant, singest thy low-sweet lullaby:
In all thy shifting forms, I see the wonder-working skill
Of him who wakes thy wildest rage, or whispers "peace be still!"
Thou mighty reservoir! vast cauldron! ever pouring forth
Into the spongy air thy mists to fertilize the earth;
Like the heart's life-blood bubbling through each artery and vein,
Returning by unnumber'd tubes back to the fount again;
So sea-fed clouds descend, springs gush, and rivers feed the main.
Ocean! I never gaze on thee but solemn musings fill
My eyes with tears, my heart with an unutterable thrill.
Thou two-fold emblem! of eternity thyself; thy waves
Of time, which rising from thee, find within thyself their graves.
Vast as thou art, the moon's behests thou dost perforce obey;
And as she bids, dost rise or fall, obedient to her sway.
Great moral lesson! did we thus to virtue's rule conform,
Ne'er should we mourn the wreck of peace amid our passions' storm.

LASH.

THE WASTE LANDS.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD WATER POND."

She had a song of—Willow—
An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song, to night,
Will not go from my mind.

Othello.

THERE lies in the north of England a considerable tract of land, now known by the name of the Waste Lands, which once formed the richest property of two wealthy families by whom untoward circumstances had caused it to be deserted. For some time, it was looked after by stewards, too much bent upon profiting themselves to regard the interests of their employers. The tenantry, who, drained of their hard earnings, were obliged to vex the land till it became a bed of stones, dropped off one by one. The hedge-rows, being unremittingly assisted in the progress of decay by the paupers of the neighborhood, were soon reduced to nothing but dock-weeds and brambles; which gradually uniting from the opposite ends of the fields, the property became a huge thicket, too encumbered ever to be worth clearing, and only valuable to poachers and gypsies, to whom it still affords abundant booty and a secure hiding place.

The two mansions have kept pace in ruin with the lands around them. The persons left in charge of them, being subject to no supervision, put themselves but little out of their way to preserve that which was so lightly regarded by the owners. Too careless to repair the dilapidations of time and the weather, they were driven, by broken windows and rickety doors, from office to office, and from parlor to parlor, till ruin fairly pursued them into the grand saloon; where the Turkey carpets were tattered by hob-nails, and the dogs of the chase licked their paws upon sofas of silk and satin. In due time, the rain forced its way through the roofs, and the occupiers having no orders to stop it with a tile, the breach became wider and wider. Soon the fine papering began to show discolored patches, and display the lath and plaster which bulged through it; then the nails which supported the family portraits gave way with their burthens; and finally, the rafters began to yield, and the inhabitants wisely vacated the premises in time to avoid the last crash, rightly conjecturing that it was useless to leave the moveables behind to share in the common destruction, when there was so little likelihood of their ever being inquired after.

Thus ended the pride both of Heroncliff and Hazledell, which may still be seen, from each other, about a mile apart, shooting up a few parti-colored walls from their untrimmed wildernesses, and seeming, like two desperate combatants, to stand to the last extremity; neither of them cheered by a sign of life, excepting the jackdaws which sit perched upon the dead tips of the old ash trees, and the starlings that sweep around at sunset in circles, within which the country folks have rarely been hardy enough to intrude.

The last possessor who resided at Hazledell was an eccentric old bachelor, with a disposition so composed of kindness and petulance, that every body liked, and scarcely any one could live with him. His relations had been driven away from him, one after the other;—one because he presumed to plead the poverty of a tenant whom the old man had previously resolved upon forgiving his rent; another, because he reserved the choice bin of the cellar when wine was prescribed for the sickness of the poor; and a third, because he suffered himself to be convinced in politics, and destroyed a fair subject for arguments which were intended to afford time to his company for discussing their good cheer.

There was but one person who understood him, and this was his nephew; who continued to the last his only companion, and kept him alive solely by knowing how to manage him. He had the good taste never to remind him of his years by approaching him with that awe which is commonly demonstrated by young people towards the old; and the tact to observe exactly where his foibles would bear raillery, and where they required sympathy. He could lead him from one mood to another,

so that the longest day in his company never seemed monotonous; or if he rambled away amongst the neighborhood, he could return at night with a tale of adventures which sent him to bed without repining at the prospect of to-morrow. Unluckily the old man considered him too necessary to his comforts to part with him; and though merely the son of a younger brother, without fortune or expectations, he was not permitted to turn his mind to a profession, or to any thing beyond the present. The youth, however, was scarcely twenty-three; and at such an age, a well-supplied purse for the time being leaves but little anxiety for the future.

With a good education, picked up as he could by snatches, a sprightly disposition, and a talent equal to any thing, young Vibert of Hazledell was as welcome abroad as he was at home; and it was argued that his handsome figure and countenance would stand him in the stead of the best profession going. The young ladies would turn from any beau at the country-ball to greet his arrival, and never think of engaging themselves to dance till they were quite sure that he was disposed of. One remarked upon the blackness of his hair, another upon the whiteness of his forehead; and the squires who were not jealous of him would entertain them with his feats of horsemanship and adroitness at bringing down, right and left. Still Vibert was not spoiled; and the young ladies pulled up their kid gloves till they split, without making any visible impression upon him. His obstinacy was quite incomprehensible. Each ridiculed the disappointment of her friend, in the hope of concealing her own; and all turned for consolation to the young master of Heroncliff.

Marcus of Heroncliff, was nearly of an age with Vibert, and was perhaps still more popular with the heads of families, if not with the younger branches; for he had the advantage of an ample fortune. His person, also, was well formed, and his features were, for the most part, handsome; but the first had none of the grace of Vibert, and the last had a far different expression. His front, instead of being cast in that fine expansive mould, was contracted and low, and denoted more cunning than talent. His eye was too deeply sunk to indicate openness or generosity; and the *tout ensemble* gave an idea of sulkiness and double-dealing. It was held by many that his outward appearance was not a fair index of his disposition, which was said to be liberal and good-natured. The only fault which they found with him was, that his conversation seemed over-much guarded for one of his age. He appeared unwilling to show himself as he really was, and the greatest confidence which could be reposed in him produced no corresponding return. He walked in society like one who came to look on rather than mix in it; and although his dependants lived in profusion, his table was rarely enlivened save by the dogs which had been the companions of his sport.

Vibert, whose character it was to judge always favorably, believed that his manner and mode of life proceeded from the consciousness of a faulty education, and a mistrust of his capacity to redeem lost time. He felt a friendliness for him, bordering upon compassion; and their near neighborhood affording him frequent opportunities of throwing himself in his way, a considerable degree of intimacy was, in course of time, established between them. Vibert was right, as far as he went, in his estimate of his friend's mind; but he never detected its grand feature. Marcus was sensible that he was below par amongst those of his rank, and a proud heart made him bitterly jealous of all who had the advantage of him. It was this that gave verity to the expression which we have before noticed in his features; made him a torment to himself; and rendered him incapable of sympathising with others. If a word were addressed to him, he believed that it was designed to afford an opportunity of ridiculing his reply; if he chanced to be contradicted, his visage blackened as though he felt that he had been insulted. Vibert, so open to examination, was the only person whom he did not suspect and dread. They hunted, shot, and went into society together; and it was observed that Marcus lost nothing by the contact. His confidence increased, his reserve in some degree disappeared, and Vibert secretly congratulated himself on having fashioned a battery to receive the flattering attentions from which he was anxious to escape. His ambition, indeed, was otherwise directed.

At a few miles' distance from Hazledell was a pretty estate, called Silvermere, from a small lake, which reflected the front of the dwelling and the high grounds and rich timber behind it. It was inhabited by persons of consideration in the county, who were too happy at home to mix much with their neighbors. In fact, of a numerous family, there was but one daughter old enough to be introduced; and she was of a beauty so rare, that there was little danger in keeping her upon hand until her sister was of an age to accompany her into society.

In this family, Vibert had been for some time a favorite, and had been fascinated on his first introduction to it. The beauty of whom we have made mention, and her sister, a year or two younger, were placed on either side of him; and it was hard to know whether most to admire the wild tongue and laughing loveliness of the younger—the fair-haired Edith; or the retiring, but attractive dignity of the black eyes and pale fine features of the elder—the graceful Marion. They were, perhaps, both pleased to see the hero of the county conversations, but the younger one was the foremost to display it; without being a flirt, she was frank, and had the rare, natural gift of saying and doing what she pleased without danger of misconstruction.

The daring but feminine gaiety of this young creature speedily dispelled from the mind of Vibert all idea of his recent acquaintance. On his showing any recollection of it, she assured him that, on her part, the acquaintance was by no means recent, for she had heard him discussed as often as any Knight of the Round Table.

"To place you upon an equality with us," she said, "I will tell you what sort of persons we are, and you can judge whether, at any future time, when your horse happens to knock up in our neighborhood, and your dinner to be five miles off, you will condescend to take advantage of us. Papa and mamma, who you see have been a handsome couple, and would think themselves so still if they had not such a well grown family, are by no means rigid, exacting, fault-finding, and disagreeable, like papas and mammas in general. They have had the good taste to discover our precoce talents, and profit by being our companions instead of our rulers, from the time we learned the art of spelling words of one syllable, and doing as we were not bidden. Instead of scolding us for our misdeeds, they used to reason with us as to their propriety, and generally got the worst of the argument; so, saving that in virtue of our old companionship we make them the confidants of most of our dilemmas, they have brought us up charmingly undutiful and self-willed.

"As for Marion, she is a young lady erroneously supposed to be the pride of the family, who presumes to regard me with a patronising complacency, and to encourage me in the idea that, one of these days, I shall really learn to talk. She is a sedate personage, who tries to reflect upon things; but, as the same deep study has shaded her brow as long as I can recollect, I imagine that she does not often come to a conclusion. Yet the falsely-styled pride of Silvermere does not blanch her cheeks in the unwholesome atmosphere of learned tomes; nor by spinning the globes, nor by hunting the stars. Her character is a little touched with romance, and her study is how to mend a bad world, which continues ailing in spite of her. She gives all her consolation, and half of her pin-money, to a tribe of old dames and young damsels, who, under such patronage, only pull our hedges in greater security, or add fresh colors to the costume which is to flaunt triumphant on the fair day. The urchins whom she teaches 'to guess their lessons,' and buys off from aiding in the toils of their parents, are the most mischievous in the neighborhood; and, in short, things go on worse and worse, and poor Marion does not know what to make of it. From the humbler world, so different from the Arcadian affair of her imagination, she turns with despair to the sphere in which she is herself to move, and shudders at the prospect of disappointment there also. Where, amongst such a community of young ladies battling for precedence, and young gentlemen vowing eternal constancy to a dozen at a time, can she look for the friend of her soul, or the more favored being who is to console her for the want of one? Alas, the pride of Silvermere! with feelings so delicate that a gossamer might wound them, how can she accommodate herself to any world but that of the fairy tales which delighted our nursery, or expect tranquility in any place but a cloister?"

Vibert's calls were repeated often, each one affording a pretext for another, and each visit growing longer than the last. The father of his two attractions was required frequently by his affairs in London, where he spent weeks at a time, and their mother was generally confined by delicate health to her chamber. Thus Vibert's intimacy with them had but little ceremony to restrain its rapid advancement; and he soon felt, what has perhaps been felt by many, that the simple smile of the dignified and retiring is more perilous than the brightest glance of wit and vivacity. Indeed, Edith was too gay to be suspected of any thought beyond that of amusement; but the actions of Marion were more measured, and her approbation was the more flattering. Vibert laughed when he encountered the first; but his pulse beat quicker at the sight of the last.

There seems in the affairs of the heart to be an unaccountable intelligence, by which, without the use of external signs, the tremors of the one generally find their reverberation in the other. Often as Vibert entered to share in the morning amusements of the sisters, to give an account of the horse that he was breaking in for Marion, or the dog that he was teaching antics for Edith, it was impossible for him to be insensible to an increasing flush of satisfaction at his appearance, and by degrees he gave up all other society, and had no pastime to which Marion was not a party. Both young, both interested in the other's happiness, it was not likely that they should reflect how the brightest flowers may be the seat of poison, and the sweetest moments the parents of misery. Their intimacy became more confidential; and Edith left them more and more to themselves to seek amusement elsewhere. Still there was no question of love. Vibert knew that, without fortune or expectations, he could have no pretension to Marion: and that the number of her young brothers and sisters must render it impossible for her father to remedy the deficiency. It was then that he felt the extent of the sacrifice he had made in devoting himself so entirely to his uncle. Had he adopted any profession, he might have obtained a home of his own, to say the least; and, however humble that home might have been, would Marion have shrunk from it? Would Marion have failed to make it the richest spot upon earth? He was yet only of an age when many commence their career; his mind was too active and too brilliant to suffer his habits to become so fixed but that he could turn them to any thing. He determined upon breaking the matter to his uncle; and, as Edith was now eighteen, and the sisters were just about to appear in public, there was no time to be lost. If Marion were not to go forth with a hand already engaged, what had he not to apprehend? Fortune and honors would be at her feet—friends would reason—parents might command—and what had she to reply? She loved an idler who lived upon another's bounty, and whose future means were something worse than precarious! He seized upon what he thought a good opportunity, the same evening. His uncle was enjoying his arm-chair and slippers beside an ample fire, to which the pattering of a November storm gave additional comfort.

"Vibert," said he, "what have been your adventures to-day?"

"I have been to Silvermere."

"Folks tell me you have been there every day for the last twelvemonth—and who have you seen there?"

"I have seen Marion."

"Well, nephew, she is good-looking, you say; and sensible, and all that. Why do you not marry her, and bring her home to make tea for us?"

"Alas! I would willingly do so, had I the means."

"We can get over that obstacle, I think, by doubling your allowance."

"My dear sir, you do not understand its full extent. Marion's family would never consent, unless she were to be the mistress of an establishment of her own."

"We can remedy that, too, Vibert. Divide the house with me at the middle of the cellar, and brick up the communications. Divide the stables and the horses; have new wheels and new arms to the old family rumble-tumble, and make any farther arrangements you please. You have been a good boy, to bear with a crazy old man so long, and I should not like you to be a loser by it."

"My dear uncle, there was no need of this additional generosity to secure my gratitude, and my endeavors to prove it. I did not speak for the purpose of placing any farther tax upon you, but merely to consult you whether it were not better that I thought of some profession, by which I might attain a position in life not liable to reverse."

"A profession!—what, one that would call you away from Hazledell!"

"I fear all professions would subject me to that affliction."

The uncle's color rose and his brow darkened.

"Vibert leave me in my old age, when I have become entirely dependant upon him! Vibert knock away the only crutch that props me up from the grave—bequeath me to the mercy of hired servants, with not a soul to exchange a word of comfort with me! What fortune could you obtain which would compensate for reflections like these?

"Stay, nephew, and see me into my grave—the reverse which you apprehend—I never thought that you could so coldly contemplate my extinction; but it is right and natural that you should do so. Only stay—and I promise you that I will not keep you long—I will curtail my expenses, banish my few old friends, dismiss my servants, and live upon bread and water, to save what I can for you from the estate. I cannot cause it to descend to you; but, at all events, I can save you as much as you would be likely to make by leaving me. Yet, if it be your wish to go, even go; I had rather you would leave me miserable, than stay to wish me dead."

The old man had worked himself into a fit of childish agitation, and Vibert saw that argument was useless.

"Uncle," he replied, with a look and voice of despair, "make yourself easy. Marion will find another husband, who will perhaps render her happier than I could, and I will remain with you as I have done hitherto."

From this time, Vibert spared no effort to overcome his ill-starred passion, as well for Marion's sake as for his own; seeking every possible pretext to render his visits less frequent, and to pay them in company. Marion perceived the change at the moment it took place, and, although she could not dispute its propriety, her sensibility was wounded to the quick. She commenced her first round of provincial gaiety with a fever at her heart, and an ominous presage of sorrow.

The appearance of the Silvermere party formed an epoch in the annals of the county—and, as Vibert had forseen, there was not a squire of the smallest pretensions who did not address himself sedulously to make the agreeable to them. They had little encouragement, however, in their attempts, excepting from Edith. Her heart was free, and her tongue was full of joy; but Marion was looking for the return of Vibert; and the reserved glance of her eye kept flattery at a distance, and hope in fetters. Still he returned not—she never met him in society, but she constantly heard of his having been at balls and merry-makings where she was not. It was in the vain pursuit of his peace of mind; and she was too generous to attribute it to any thing else. On his occasional visits of ceremony she received him as if nothing material had happened; but the flush was gone from her cheek, and the smile that remained was cold and sickly.

Meantime, rumor was liberal in assigning to each of the sisters her share of intended husbands. Vibert listened to the catalogue with all the trepidation of a lover who had really entertained hopes. Alas! if that selfish principle of denying to another what we cannot enjoy ourselves be excusable in any case, it is so in love. The loved object which belongs to no other still appears to be in some degree our own; and fancy conjures up, in spite of us, an indefinable trust in the future, of which the total destruction falls like the blow of an assassin. It was thus with Vibert, when, after writhing long in secret anguish at the mention of any name connected with that of Marion, report from all quarters concurred in the same uncontradicted tale. Marion was receiving the addresses of Marcus of Heroncliff: of him, for whom he had himself, from motives of the purest kindness, secured the good thoughts of her family—him whom he had made the confidant of his love—him who had professed himself to be only waiting for encouragement to throw himself at the feet of her sister! That he should have met him daily, and never hinted at the change in his intentions! Yet might it not

have been that he feared to inflict pain! That he should have deserted Edith when his conduct had implied all that was devoted! Yet, was it not for Marion! But then, that Marion should have become the rival of her sister! Yet, oh! how soon she had overcome the remembrance of him, and how natural was it for the cold in love to become the faithless in friendship. Thus Vibert went on arguing for and against all the parties, and winding up with a forced ejaculation of—"It is nothing to me—it is no affair of mine." It was meant to confirm his pride, but only proved his wretchedness.

Upon this principle, and from a sense of his want of self-possession, the name of Marion never passed his lips in the presence of Marcus, who, on his part, was equally silent.

The report upon which this conduct was adopted was not so destitute of reason as those which had preceded it. Marcus, with the failing already noticed, was incapable of being a true friend; and, though at his first introduction at Silvermere, the marked intelligence between Marion and Vibert reduced him to the necessity of devoting his attentions to Edith, yet the circumstance of her sister's preference for another was sufficient to kindle in his heart the most burning anxiety to obtain her for himself. Without considering Vibert's earlier acquaintance, he felt himself eclipsed, and his honor wounded. The moment, therefore, that his friend's visits were discontinued, his own were redoubled. They were naturally, from his previous behavior, laid by the family to the account of Edith; and, upon this conviction, Marion often used him as a protection against the advances of her unwelcome host of admirers. If she was asked to dance, she was engaged to Marcus; and his arm was always ready to conduct her to her carriage. It was observed that she received much more of his attention than was bestowed upon her sister; and insensibly their manner in public became the practice in private, where there was no need for it. His hopes rose high, and he scrupled not to advance them by endeavoring to extirpate the last kind feeling which he thought might yet linger for poor Vibert. One while he affected chagrin, and invented excuses on the part of his friend as the cause of it: at another time he was incensed at injurious words, which he alleged to have been employed by Vibert towards herself. At last, when he thought himself quite secure, he disclosed his passion, and was rejected with astonishment.

The sting, for one like him, had a thousand barbs: he loved the beautiful Marion with all the energy of a soul which had never before loved a human being. Common report, and his confidence in her resentment against Vibert, had made him consider her as already his own. His triumph over all the competitors that he had feared, envied, and detested, was, as he deemed, on the eve of completion; and now he was to be the object of derision and mock pity! The means which he had used to ingratiate himself would probably be divulged. The inmost core of his heart would be exposed and scorned; and Vibert, whom he felt to be the latent cause of his rejection, was, perhaps, finally to be reinstated, and to flaunt his triumph daily before his eyes! The very evils which bad minds have attempted to inflict upon others, become a provocation to themselves: they have been defeated, and therefore they have been injured; and the rejected suitor returned home pallid and quivering with an ague fit of mortal hate.

The attentions of Marcus had never been discussed between the sisters until the occurrence of this catastrophe. He left them in a shaded alley of the pleasure-grounds, which were beginning to be strewed with the yellow leaves of autumn; and a clouded sunset cast a few long streaks across the sward, and made the deep recesses look still more sombre.

There are few who do not feel a melancholy peculiar to this period of the year. Marion had a double reason; for it was about the same time in the preceding autumn, and in the summer-house but a few steps before her that she had passed the last happy hour with Vibert!

"Marion," said Edith, as they walked on, with their arms fondly resting upon each other's neck, "you are not well. It is long since you were well; but I had hoped that the attachment of Marcus would have dispelled a deep grief, of which you forbade me ever to speak. I trusted that your heart had been arrested in its progress of sorrow, and I was silent, lest you should think me jealous of my sweet rival."

"Heavens! that my apathy should have been so great as to mistake his intentions. I only bore with him because I thought him yours."

"Marion, I never should have wished him loved by you, had I not felt that your life depended on the diversion of your thoughts. I have been mistaken; you have been dying daily, and, unless you would have me die with you, let me write to Vibert. Sweet Marion, let me write, as from myself, in my own wild way, merely to bid him come and dance on my birthday."

"No, Edith, no. He would suspect the reason; it is too humiliating. I have still pride enough left to save me from contempt, if not to support me from—— Edith, let us talk of other things."

She leaned her head upon her sister's bosom, and both were weeping, when they were startled by the gallop of a horse, and a ring at the garden gate. Edith saw that it was the servant of Vibert, and she sprang like a fawn to inquire his commission. He brought a letter for Marion, and thus it ran:

"The relations who stood between me and the succession to the estates of Hazledell are dead. I am now my uncle's heir; but I fear too late. The sorrow of withdrawing myself to my proper distance when I was poor is probably to be followed up by the anguish of being forbidden to return now

that I am rich. I dare not appear before you till I hear the refutation of your reported engagements with Marcus—till you bid me look forward to a termination of the misery which a feeling of honor obliged me to inflict upon myself."

Marion sank for support against the ivy-twined pillar of the summer house. Edith kissed her pale cheek, and fondly whispered, "I told you so: what answer will you send?" After the first moments of tremulous agitation—after an interval of silence, to lull the tumults of her heart, Marion merely ejaculated, "Poor Vibert! I thought he had forgotten me!"

"Rather say, poor Edith," replied her sister, with a burst of that natural gaiety which had of late almost forsaken her; "poor Edith has now the willow-wreath all to herself. Alas! for some doughty champion to twine it round the neck of the false lord of Heroncliff!

"Here—here is a pencil—the servant waits for a reply."

Marion tore the back from her letter, and wrote—"The reports are unfounded—the future is in your power."

"Edith!" she said, when the messenger was dismissed, "give me your arm back to the house, for I feel faint. In the midst of all this happiness, there is a sickness at my heart—a strange boding, that I am only tantalized by chimeras, and meant for misfortune. Perhaps I deceive myself. Perhaps it is only the strange bewilderment occasioned by this revolution in all that interests me. I cannot help it."

It was a gusty and querulous night. The old trees by their window groaned as though they were in trouble, and the scud swept along the sky like a host of spectres. Marion's distressing fancies were not to be calmed, and grew even more excited by the restless and apparently preternatural spirits of her sister, who discussed their prospects in her wildest vein. She arranged that when Marion became the lady of Hazledell, she also was to call it her home, make herself the sole object of attraction and tournament to all the squires round about, and display her true dignity by remaining a scornful lady and a respectable maiden aunt. By degrees, her fancy ceased castle-building—a few unconnected sparks of vanity grew fainter and fainter, and she dropped asleep. Marion had no wish or power to repose; her nervous sense of apprehension continued to increase; she tried every effort to direct her thoughts to other subjects, but they invariably became entangled, and again pressed with a dead weight upon her heart. In this mood she was startled by Edith laughing in her sleep, with a sound which terrified her.

"Edith!" she cried, shaking her till she partially awoke; "Edith—you frighten me—why do you laugh in your sleep?"

"I laughed," replied Edith, drowsily, and scarce knowing what she said, "I laughed at some one who preached to me of the vanity of human expectations." She again muttered a laugh, and a second time dropped asleep.

Notwithstanding the note of Marion, the night at Hazledell had seemed to bring with it a sense of sadness, no less than it had done at Silvermere. Vibert's uncle had retired to rest with an ominous feeling of distress at the news of his deceased relations. After a while he had come back to shake hands with him again. The young ones, he said, were dropping about him, and leaving him desolate to lament the luckless humors which had impeded him from adding to their comforts as he might have done. Every joint of him trembled lest he should live too long. "God bless you, Vibert!" he added, "you have always been a good boy, and have borne kindly with my infirmities—God bless you! God bless you! Vibert, you will go to-morrow to Silvermere? I have long prevented you from being happy, and you owe me no thanks that you are so at last. Go to bed—you have grown thin from want of sleep; and it is all my fault."

He quitted him again with affectionate and almost childish reluctance; and Vibert paced his room, in a fever of anticipation, till the rising of the sun, which had seemed as if it never meant to rise again. It was still too early to set out for Silvermere, but he knew that Marcus rose with the dawn for his field-sports, and his generous mind was unwilling to lose an instant in acknowledging and asking pardon for the suspicions which he had entertained of his friendship. He walked rapidly to Heroncliff, and found Marcus, as he had anticipated, up and dressed; in fact, he had passed the night in the same manner as he himself had done, and his face looked haggard and wild.

"Marcus," said Vibert, "I come to tell you a piece of strange news"

"I know it already," replied Marcus, with an attempt to look glad. "I met your servant going to Silvermere with it. Your uncles in India are dead."

"I scarcely recollect them, and it would therefore be ridiculous to affect much grief for their loss; but the circumstance has been the means of showing me an injustice committed against yourself, at which I am sincerely grieved. I believed that you entertained an intention of supplanting me in the love of Marion; and although my reason had nothing to object to it, my heart felt that it was not the part which I would have acted towards you. I have accused you bitterly; but see, Marion has herself exculpated you; and you must even forgive me as one who has been too unhappily bewildered to be master of himself."

Marcus took his offered hand and laughed, but with a fearful expression, which he strove to hide casting his eyes on the ground.

"Then Marion," he observed, "looks forward to being the lady of Hazledell?"

"Ay, and to do the honors of it to her sister, the lady of Heroncliff. My son shall marry your daughter, and we will join the estates in one."

Marcus drew in his breath with a harrowing sound.

"Vibert," he said, "we had best remain unmarried; we are more independent to pursue our pastimes: we are not obliged to receive the society which is odious to us; and, whilst we are free, we are the more welcomed abroad. Promise me you will think no more of it."

"You would not ask it, if you felt, like me, that you were beloved by Marion. What do I care for independence and my reception abroad, when I have such a thraldom and such a paradise at home!"

"You are determined, then?"

"Can you doubt it? I am even now on my way to Silvermere. I should arrive too soon on horseback, and am therefore obliged to walk, for I cannot be easy till I find myself on my way thither. Come, take your gun, and accompany me."

"I will accompany, in the hope of dissuading you, and bringing you back before you arrive there."

"And I will drag you into fetters whether you will or not. Come; it is time to start, if we would be there by breakfast-time. What ails you? You look pale and shivering, this morning; and see, for the first time in your life, you have forgotten your gun."

With that he kindly took it from where it stood, and presented it to him.

"I will not take it," said Marcus, vaguely; "I am nervous, and cannot shoot."

"Tut, man; take your gun, I say; a good shot will put you in spirits. There is an outlying deer from Hazledell in the Black Valley, and you must kill him for our wedding feast."

Marcus bit his white lips, and did as he was bidden; and the companions set out upon their walk.

The weather was still gusty and uncertain. The faint gleam of the sun was rapidly traversed by the clouds, which seemed to overrun each other, in wild and fearful confusion. Several large trees were blown across the pathways, and the crows skimmed aloft in unsettled course, as though they were afraid to perch.

"How I love this bracing air!" said Vibert. "I feel as if I could fly."

"You feel elastic from your errand. I have no such cause, and I would fain that the morning had been calmer. I think that long usage to blustering weather would have a strong effect upon men's passions, and render them too daring and reckless."

As they descended the brow of fern and scattered plantations, from his bleak residence, his persuasions that Vibert would return became more and more urgent. He used, in a wild, disjointed manner, all the vain arguments to which the selfish and the dissipated generally resort to dissuade their friends from what they call a sacrifice of liberty. They were easily overruled, and his agitation grew the more violent. In this manner they arrived at the entrance of the Black Valley, a gorge of rock, and varied earth, choked up by trees and bushes, chance-sown, by the birds and the winds. This valley was between two and three miles in length, its gloom was unbroken by a single habitation, and it had been the witness of many atrocities. It was a place usually avoided; but it was the shortest road to Silvermere, and Vibert never visited it by any other.

"I do not like this valley!" said Marcus; "we will take the upper road."

"It is too far about—come on—you are not yourself this morning, and the sooner Edith laughs at you the better."

They were making a short cut through the tangled thicket, from one path to another, and had reached a more gloomy and savage spot than they had hitherto encountered. Marcus sat down upon a piece of splintered timber, and motioned Vibert, with a gasping earnestness which was not to be disputed, to seat himself beside him.

"Marcus," said the latter, as he complied, "your conduct is inexplicable. Why are you so anxious that I should not go to Silvermere, nor renew my acquaintance with Marion? You must have some reason for all this; and, if so, why conceal it from me?"

"If nothing short of such an extremity will induce you to follow my counsel, I must even come to it. Marion is not what you have supposed her. You imagine that her love for you has kept her single. Ask of whom you will, if such be the general opinion. Till yesterday, she gave herself to another, who cannot aspire to a thousandth part of your merit, but who happened to be more favored by fortune. Last night, you became the richest, and she changed; but would Vibert be contented with a partner who preferred another?"

"Marcus!—this other! It is of yourself you speak?"

"Ask all the world, if she did not make herself notorious with me. She made me distrust all womankind. Vibert, let us both leave her to the reflections of one who has deserved to be forsaken."

"May it not be that you, and not I, have mistaken her? She might have preferred your company because you were my friend, and you might have fancied that she loved you because you loved her. It is needless to contradict me—men do not tremble and turn pale because their friends are going to marry jilts. I do not blame you; for not to love Marion is beyond the power even of friendship. Let us only be fair rivals, and not attempt to discourage each other by doing her injustice. Let us go hand in hand, and each prefer his suit. For my part, I promise you, that if you succeed, I will yield without enmity."

Marcus staggered as he rose. Vibert's countenance was grave but not unfriendly.

"Go on then," said the former, in a deep broken voice, and with every feature convulsed; at the same time, he turned himself homeward; and Vibert, seeing that it was advisable to part company, pursued his course towards Silvermere. Marcus made but a few strides and paused. He clenched his teeth, and cast a wild glance at his rifle—made one or two hesitating steps, and then bounded after.

Long and intense was the watch which the sisters kept that morning in the direction of the Black Valley, but no one was seen to come forth from it.

"In other times," said Marion, "Vibert could arrive to breakfast, and it is now long past noon."

Edith was not mistress of the gay consolation which had so often turned a tear to a smile, and framed an excuse out of the wild and stormy weather, which it was evident her own heart could not admit.

"He did not use to mind stormy weather," returned Marion. "Besides, we heard a shot fired, and we know that no one has the range of the Black Valley but Vibert and his friend Marcus."

"It was, perhaps, only the cracking of some time-worn stem, giving way to the hurricane; and, if it *was* a shot, we must take into consideration the peculiar nature of our cavaliers of the world, and make allowance for what they cannot help. How can we suppose that Vibert could pass the Badger's Bank without paying his compliments to the wild cat, or enjoying the shriek of the bird of prey that comes thither to tear his victim? He will be here to dinner, and make amends for his slowness by a strange tale of the wonders which caused it."

"Edith, you are drawing the character of Marcus—this is not like Vibert."

"Well, well, then—do not speak with such a tremor, and he shall be a bright exception; and the only punishment he shall have is to be dismissed from your mind, just whilst I tell you why I have been thinking of the faithless Marcus. Do you listen? Yes. Why, then, dear Marion, I must have you guess the reason for my sage determination to obtain reverence as a maiden-aunt."

"Edith——!"

"Yes, yes—I see you have guessed aright. 'Tis a false-hearted——but, Marion, he was my first; and to be deserted for *you* is not a crime which makes him an absolute monster. Come away from this window, and let us rest our eyes, for they have followed the battling of the kites and crows till we grow giddy, and dreamy, and fanciful. Come, come, my bride of Healedell, and listen to the lost wits of the soon undisputed pride of Silvermere."

It was late in the day when they joined the rest of the family, and still no tidings had been heard of Vibert. There was a silence in the circle which proved that their uneasiness was not confined to themselves, and presently the consternation was completed by the mysterious countenance of a servant who called out his master. Marion and Edith clasped each other's neck in the sure presentiment of something fatal. The truth was less cruel than their suspense, for though communicated with all the care and tenderness which its nature required, it left them insensible to the horrors of which they had been the victims. The sisters and the two friends were doomed never to meet again. The fate of Vibert had been discovered by the game-keepers as they were taking their evening round, by the spot where he had been left bleeding and breathless by the dastard hand of his rival. That of Marcus was best known to the fiends which pursued him.

We will not swell our history with an account of all the gradations by which a thrilling horror may settle down to a calm and lasting woe. The first news which followed the foregoing events related to Vibert's uncle. His infirm frame had sunk beneath his affliction, and he lay in the family-vault beside his unfortunate nephew. Of Marcus, nothing had ever been heard. A stranger had been found, apparently self-destroyed, in a distant part of the country, but nobody had come forward to recognize him. There was, of course, a surmise that this might have been the fugitive, Marcus, and, whether true or false, he never gave grounds for any other.

Years passed away, but the characters of Marion and Edith resumed no more their natural tone. The last was never seen to resume her smiles, nor the first drop a tear. Their feelings had been trampled down too rudely to spring again. What were their fates eventually is an inquiry of small importance—the history of their hearts is concluded.

"ELLE ME VOIT."

Though I may roam Italia's plains,
And with her fairest daughters toy,
Whilst listening to their magic strains,
My heart still whispers, "Elle me voit."

And while in mirth's most joyous round,
And gaiety that scarce can cloy,—
The happiest moments still I've found,
Have been while thinking, "Elle me voit."

Tho' gayest scenes my visions fill,
And all my waking thoughts employ;
Tho' for a time I'm happy, still
I think and feel but, "Elle me voit." FRED.

THE ETERNAL FIRE

ON THE BANKS OF THE CASPIAN SEA.

BY JOHN EICHFELD.

This fire is in the peninsula of Apscheron, twenty versts from Baku, and is justly called one of the wonders of southern Russia. I have visited this spot. It is a burning desert, from the surface of which subterraneous flames here and there issue, which are occasioned by the exhalations of the naptha. Though this fire may not be eternal, yet it is extremely old, for there are traditions of the origin of similiar phenomena* in other parts; for instance, in the Ural, on the river Mangischlak, in the village of Sulp-Aul (*v.* Pallas) and that which I have seen in Wallachia, on the little river Slanika, near the village of Lapatar, on Mount Klaschna. But the origin of the fire in the neighborhood of Baku is buried in the obscurity of the remotest antiquity.

The first appearance of this fire, in an age when the phenomena of nature were so little known and explored, might appear supernatural. It is well known that Media was the seat of Zoroaster's doctrine, and the introduction of those mysterious receptacles of the eternal fire, which the Mahometans every where destroyed. Only the miraculous flame of Baku arrested the blind fury of the Mahometans. The temple consecrated to fire is still preserved by the remnant of the ancient Parsees, or fire-worshippers, who, though scattered over the immense tracts of Persia and India, come hither to perform the prayers imposed on them by their vows. This temple, however, is no beautiful specimen of architecture, but a simple stone square, in the centre of which stands the altar, from which issues the eternal fire. The flat roof is supported on four columns, from which a constant fire, conducted by tubes, likewise ascends. On the roof, above the altar, is a little belfry.

On dark nights this temple is descried even at a great distance, and is the more interesting and majestic in the eyes of the traveller, as the brilliant flame does not resemble Vulcan's destructive fire, but is like some mysterious phenomenon awakening sublime recollections of antiquity.

Within the wall which surrounds the temple, there are some stone houses, and a small garden, the residences of eight Parsee monks.† During the time of worship, they strike the bell once, generally on their entrance into the temple, and then prostrate themselves before the altar. After remaining for a pretty considerable time in this position, they arise, strike the bell once more, and then finish their prayers. They give the fire the firstlings of every sort of food. They eat no meat, and live entirely on vegetables. Their particular affection to animals is probably the cause of it; the guardians of the Holy Fire keep a great number of dogs, which they treat as friends and companions.

It is evident that they prefer their religion to all others, and consider themselves as purer than other men, because they are favored with the purest notions of the divinity. In conversing with persons of a different religion, they protect themselves by certain prayers, which they repeat in an under voice. They seemed much displeased when my companions were going to dress their dinner at the same fire as theirs. To satisfy them, I had the kettle removed to another part. When they carried water near us, they always cried out, Brama, Brama, Brama, doubtless to counteract our influence upon it. Perhaps they have a particular respect for water; at least, in remote antiquity, it was considered, by many of the followers of Zoroaster, as a divinity.

The atmosphere in the temple, and in the surrounding court-yard, is very warm, on which account the monks wear a very light clothing.

It is reported that the monks, in former times, frequently made singular vows; for instance, to remain for several years in a constrained attitude, with their arms raised, or holding up one foot, etc.

* They originated, at no very distant period, by the lightning having rent the upper hard layer of the mountain, which made an issue for the inflammable vapors, and, at the same time, caused the flames to arise.

† The Europeans call them, as well as all other fire-worshippers, Gusbers; which seems to be a corruption of the Persian word Giaur, by which they designate all those who profess a different religion. They call the Russians, Sare-Giaur, or Sare-Guebr, *i. e.* light brown idolators; probably because they observe fewer persons with black hair among them, than among the people of Asia.

This, indeed, has ceased; but they still endeavor, as they used to do, to prevent the women from approaching the sacred fire; probably, that their presence may not divert their attention.

In every thing that surrounds them, these monks are very neat and cleanly. They have no superfluity, but poverty is unknown among them. Their cells are likewise lighted by the subterraneous fire; which is easily extinguished by covering the vent through which the gas issues. The verdure of the garden on the other side of the court-yard of the temple, and the delightful shade of the trees, afford these hermits a refreshing coolness. If superstition finds, in the evanescent flame, an object of adoration, no inconsiderable advantage is derived from the naptha, which is so common here, and in the neighborhood, and yields to the crown an annual revenue of 200,000 rubles.

FOR WHOM IS THE MEED OF THY LOVE?

Say, lady, for whom is the meed of thy love,
And the glance of thy languid eyes,
Where beameth the soul of the sinless dove
Ever gazing, at evening's hour, above
On those of thy kindred skies?

Is it for him whose fearless flight
Is over the rolling sea—
Who smiles on the storm, and braves the fight,
And seeks, thro' the gloom of the wild-sea night,
No beacon of love but thee?

Or is it for him whose warrior plume
Is dabbled with crimson brine,—
Who, thro' prairie battle and forest gloom,
Wins laurels of bright immortal bloom
To lay on thy beauty's shrine?

Or for him who holds the high debate
In the nation's council hall,—
Who, grasping at power and glory and state,
Feels, deeply feels, that, tho' good and great,
Thy guerdon is worth them all?

Is it for him who meets disease
By palace or road-side cot—
Who leaves his chamber of classic ease
That the sigh, and the care, and the reckless breeze
Of the world should reach thee not?

Or for him, who, full of Isaiah's fire,
Tells of a holier sphere,
Where seraph and saint and golden lyre
Awaken the sweet celestial choir
Inviting thy spirit there?

Or for him, the bard, who, by moonlight, strung
His harp on lake or lea,
While echo replied, as beauty sung,
But who found, 'mid the fair, the gay, the young,
No kindling theme but thee?

Thus sang a young crusader, when the stars
Of evening shone like gems on beauty's brow.
The spirit of the night, in magic wrapp'd,
Folded her wings to listen to the lay;
While, phrenzied with enjoyment, echo sprung
From moss-grown couch, and breathed the spell around!

To Zion's land, to free Christ's sepulchre,
That youth with marshall'd Christendom repair'd.
Passion of soldier-fame, th' emblazon'd pomp
Of Europe's multitudinous chivalry:
Th' escutcheon'd banners thro' the royal camps;
The rich caparisoned steeds and gallant knights,
With silken scarf, worn in fair *ladye's* bower;
The spirit-stirring trump; the onward charge,
And all the blazonry of Crusade war,
But sent his pilgrim spirit back again
To warm Italia's land of song and love,
And gentle Isabel's rewarding smile.

Absence is but love's life to faithful hearts,
Which, as the tie that links two parted doves,
Vigor derive from distance. But the joy
She felt in hearing how the banner cross
Was, by Vincenzio, wav'd from Zion's walls,
Refused her soul to contemplate the deed
And yet outlive the rapture.
She expired!

* * * * * * *

A war-worn figure droops o'er yonder grave,
Where streamlets, murmuring, glide and willows wave.
It is Vincenzio! not the cavalier
Whose victor-shout burst on the Paynim's ear,
Or turned his lute to love for Isabel
On moonlight lake or in romantic dell.
No, but Vincenzio of the tearful heart,
To which no Hope sweet balsam can impart;
Nightly he seeks that grave-spot, cold and deep,
Where Death and Beauty in dark wedlock sleep;
And all the warmth that urged the warrior's brow
Dwells there, alas, in furrowing rain-clouds now.
Thus teaching us that love's the only light
To guide us thro' this sublunary night;
And hope, with beacon smile, to shine afar
On worlds whose joys no earthly ills can mar—
Bright, mystic, pure, celestial realms of soul,
The sage's wonder and the christians's goal.

Philadelph'a, Jan: 24th, 1839. SIGMA.

THE PRIVATEER.

A TALE OF THE LATE AMERICAN WAR.

CHAPTER I.

THE COUSINS.

It was a soft evening in May, 1812, when Catharine Harman, a lady of noble bearing, and imperial beauty, was strolling in a grove of oaks that ornamented the grounds of a mansion on the banks of the Chesapeake. Far beyond the share of the most favored was the loveliness of the lady, and the fairest of her sex in her charming presence, might have wondered at nature's partiality. Apparently the showers of but eighteen springs had freshened the bloom of her beauty, yet the next evening her twentieth birth-day was to be commemorated at the noble mansion of her family. Fairer than all the lover dreams of paradise was the exquisite symmetry of her person. The outline was swelling round, and softly undulating as if finished by angels from heaven's rarest models. At rest, the matchless proportions were health and beauty deified; but in motion, best was their wonderful loveliness developed. And her walk had the imposing dignity of the high dama nurtured in the olden courts of lady-love and troubadour, combined with the elegant, the tripping simplicity of a Hebe. She stepped—oh! she floated, joyous and inspired, as if to the voluptuous melody of an Italian opera; and as her elegant figure, traced so faint, yet so roundly full, in a rich close robe of the times, swept the long grass, noiseless as the sailing albatross, and wound among the whispering trees as a virgin cloud from the court of the moon, a painter might have sketched the portrait of a celestial huntress alighting in her groves. Her ankle and foot—for ah! there is a dangerous coquetry in a pretty foot—small, and charmingly shaped—the indispensable of womanly beauty—were barely seen ere they vanished in their mysterious ambush, as if one glance were enough to enchant. Her face! alas! the artist's finest touch were even Apollo the artist, could not breathe its passion, its divinity; to look on it were to wither the heart, and give memory immortality. It was not the cherubic laughingness of the playful girl, but the matured, the superb, and fascinating loveliness of the woman.

Her complexion was that happiest union of color, seen only in female cheeks and in the perfection of painting—the softest blending of the lily and the rose—yet it rivalled the fairest lily or the richest rose. Her head was of splendid mould, and her forehead high and queenly. A few short curls clustered like the locust flowers on its ravishing fairness; and waving masses of dark brown hair, straying in ringlets from under a jewelled clasp, flung their wild profusion over a neck of snow, and a bosom whose faultless contour rivalled the proudest creations of the Grecian chisel, in which nothing of beauty or grace is unfinished. That glossy, voluptuous hair, was like the luxuriant seagrass in the mermaid's bower, floating over, yet slyly showing its virgin pearls.

The jetty eyebrow was pencilled with the rainbow's curve; her lashes were long, black, and exquisite; and there was that thrilling and mystic depth of soul in her lustrous black eyes which the flower of nature's nobility only have. By turns they were soft as the houri's glance—by turns they flashed as the moonlit-rill, or beamed with the still enthusiasm of the stars. Truly the eye is the mirror of woman, for its reflection is mystery; even in sleep it has a spell we dare not trust.

The nose was strictly Grecian—that classic inheritance of so many fair claimants; the sunny, oval cheek was a delicious repose of blushes; and the round superb chin, when drawn proudly up, was slightly doubled. But her scarlet lip of scented ripeness—ah! there was a witchery there that mocks the power of pen. Even anger cannot rob a woman's lip of its magic, for in its pout there is death to the young heart. In joyous love, it is a cradle of smiles tempting an impassioned caress—a fount of delicious nectar intoxicating to sip—or rather it is the honeyed altar of passionate love. But in offended pride and bridling beauty, how ravishing its toss, its quiver! The lips of the dangerous Catharine Harman wore the softest smile, the rosiest pout, the proudest curl, and in their vermilion shadow were arrayed a set of teeth whiter than the foam of the sea.

The expression of her countenance was difficult to define. In pensiveness, it was poetry in its richest garb; in animation, it copied the wave of the laughing lake; and, again, it wore that lofty something, that hauteur perhaps, that springs from a noble and cultivated intellect; but at times its

wondrous meaning was as changeful and exhaustless as the picture of the cloud in the rippling spring. Her face was a gay masquerade of expression.

A child of sorrow was this beautiful being—amiable as she was lovely, yet unfathomable in a passing acquaintance. Outwardly lively and dashing, she was one of that strange few who, when they list, can stand calm, dark, and unread under the scrutiny of the world.

Grief has been said to exert a chastening influence, but sometimes it nurtures dangerous predispositions—but of this again. At the age of fifteen, Catharine Harman had lost a sainted mother. Two years after, an only brother, led by that fever of travel and adventure so seducing to youth, had left his home, and been killed in a duel in a distant state. His blooming sister was left with but two relatives on earth—a passionate indulgent old father, and a portionless male cousin, two years her junior, who was away at college.

The fair Kate Harman had been brought up a pretty pet, which is to say that she was self-willed, though, like many pets, her heart was in the right place. The rose that flowers in a garden of weeds is the sweeter by contrast, for it is at once associated with some inherent excellence which defied neglect. So with the happy pet, whose innate goodness cannot be spoiled by parental indulgence. By natural consequence of her rearing, Catharine was somewhat of a coquette. Start not! nor cross thyself, guileless reader, for thou art generous, and coquettes are a much abused race. What a brilliant world of song and loveliness, of sighs and smiles, of tears and thrilling tones, of wild reproach, sweet repentance, and eloquent sorrow are embodied in that single name of coquette! At once the delighted fancy pictures a superb and accomplished female luxuriating in the "purple light of love." The very name implies beauty, talent, and amiability; in that these alone win admiration, and by these only will gentlemen admit they are conquered. That wretched ambition, which publicly displays the peacock's feathers, is not the intoxicating play upon hearts of a beautiful and polished woman. The first is the toy of vanity—the other, the innocent love of being loved—an evidence at once of overflowing kindness. This is the pleasing difference between the painted flirt and the witching, glorious creature who coquettes from conscious nobleness—claiming homage as the prerogative of her heavenly nature. If her smile is a lure, (sure it is a pious fraud to lead mortals to heaven!) it honestly shows the gilded barb, and adoring man takes it with a rapture which breathes, "'tis delicious to yield when angels tempt." Nothing in this world is half so harmless and unasking as love; emotion so gentle and so gratuitous, cannot fail to awaken a regard in its object, thus bringing into play commendable exercises of feeling. Females delight in the gentle charge of heartless coquette.

Now, coquetry in a cottage proves at once that it is natural; and, zounds! who, in this christian age, will say that adored woman shall be rifled of her birthright! Rivalry is the soul of love, as jealousy is its test; and the real lover of a dashing coquette feels a delicious uncertainty which teaches him truly to value her. He must be a happy man, who is loved by one of these captivating beings; there must be—oh, there *is*—an intensity of devotion in the love that prefers him to the world of its choice. Vanity—than which no feeling is more slandered and more disinterested—shares the giddy triumph. To think that she is the queen of hearts, and he the queen's king! Many may have heard the story of Oran al Bekar, who was the devil amongst women—a very prince of coquettes—and Zelire, his queen. They reclined in a nuptial bower, and the prince whispered—"You are beautiful, Zelire, and love me; I am happy, for all men envy me," and he kissed his delighted bride. "You love me, Oran," murmured she, "and I am happy, for all women envy me." Can a prospect of domestic felicity be more flattering!

To the belle in polished, or perhaps artificial society, coquetry is an armor of security—one of the acquired luxuries of society. Tears are a woman's weapons with her husband, sighs with her lover, but she must fight the cruel world with coquetry. There is less of the amiable weakness in the other sex, from lack of power; for, alas, they all *would* if they *could*, and *do* as they *can*. Where, then, is the credit of good motives for its condemnation by gentlemen! Ladies seldom cast the charge on one another.

Star-gazers may have seen before now a gay, innocent-looking cloud suddenly darken and shoot forth lightning which it seemed too gentle to have harbored. So it was sometimes with Catharine Harman. To look on her faultless face, one would have never thought it passion's throne, yet she had that flavor of prettiness called "temper." There is something "interesting," highly so, in the female of holy placidity of disposition—one whose spirit glides unruffled along the calm tide of the ocean of life, and floats into port without a gun or a flag. How sweet, how heavenly!—yes, a little too much so for this world. That "interesting" is an equivocal compliment, at best. Give me the woman who has a leaven of mortality; a spirited girl, who will bridle up and argue, for nothing is so surpassingly delightful as the making up of a lovers' quarrel. A lake, sheltered by mountains, is very pretty, and all that, in its sweet repose; but who delights not more in the sea—the wild, majestic, beautiful, and laughing sea—which also has its hours of bewitching rest? Oh! the spice of variety!

Well, Catharine, in addition to the sin of coquetry, had temper. Yet there was but one chord, waking but one tone, to but one touch. The untimely and mysterious end of her brother had wrought a perilous effect on her sensitive nature. Few feelings are so beautiful as a sister's love—

trusting as the dove in kindness returned, and, like the dove, unmurmuring in neglect. Its influence is holy and lasting; for few brothers of amiable sisters are ever unkind to the sex. But this theme is for gifted pens. Catharine Harman had loved her brother Charles with an intensity equalled only by its return. At the restless age of eighteen he had left his paternal roof with a hard wrung consent, and the first news of his wanderings was that he had fallen in a duel at New Orleans. Mournful is the grief for the wanderer whose eyes are closed by strangers' hands, for it has no consolation. It seems so hard to be robbed of the last look, the parting message, of those who are dear. Had his sister drunk his last sigh, and planted the willow on his youthful grave, tears had been a luxury; but as it was, memory had no farewell look or word to cheer its melancholy. The glad stream that has been dammed across, is slow and silent, yet at some time it will burst the barrier that gave it strength. As Catharine brooded over her brother's death, a new and powerful passion crept over her young heart—an unyielding abhorrence of duelling and duellists. This strong and absorbing feeling lit up disdain in her glance, and lent her tongue the withering eloquence of passion at the name or sight of a duellist. Each blighting sarcasm was an expiation to the shade of her brother. At such moments, how different was she from the winning Catharine, the courteous and animated belle!

Gifted, accomplished, and wealthy; at home in the graceful dance, or waking the melody of Euterpe from her harp; the light of the gay saloon, and the toast of the private circle; it was not wonderful that this brilliant favorite of nature should exercise the dangerous power of her inheritance. Many a conquered youth had knelt impassioned at the shrine of her beauty, and thought himself blessed with a tear of pity. The rich and powerful had courted her alliance; but, with the air of an empress, she answered, "My liberty is dearer than thou."

But the fair Kate has been walking all this time in the grove by herself. She neared the skirt of the wood that sloped to a grassy bank, and flung its image on the tide. Leaning on the trunk of an ample oak, while the leaves of a pendent bough were wooing her lips and ringlets, she put on a poetical face, and gazed musingly on the water.

The scene was brilliant and beautiful. Mysteriously charming it is to trace the landscape's shadow pencilled bright as its copy in the waveless tide. Fair earth is a vain baggage, and delights to take a peep at herself, as some pretty school girl, who carries a mirror in her bosom to dress her ringlets by. There, curiously inverted in that glorious bay, stood every quiet tree and yellow cliff, the setting sun, the anchored clouds, and the bandit fish-hawk watching still by his naked nest. It was nature sketching her own portrait from her looking glass. Far from the shore, hung dizzily between two heavens, sat a slight pilot schooner, raking true to her own weblike outline, on which she rested keel to keel. Here and there a stout bay craft was dozing on the crimson couch, and a thin column of smoke curled up amidships. At the distance of a mile, a gay looking ship, the palace of the cabin-king, appeared dotted with painted ports, and her sails and colors hanging sleeping in their pride. The sailor's favorite lay, "the girl I left behind me," wandered from the rigging to the shore, plaintive as an unheard farewell. Far down, a long low point stole away into the channel, with its sentinel lighthouse stark at the end; and, beyond, the blue Chesapeake rolled his funeral tide till sky and sea were blended in the enchantment of distance. Around the embowered mansion a profusion of trees flung the mingled shade of the classic elm, the collonaded poplar, the whispering locust, and the lordly oak. Rows of white outhouses glanced among the foliage; and, around the neat negro quarters, troops of noisy young "tow heads" were gamboling with dogs of all degrees. Near by, an orchard of choice and various fruit was sending an odorous tribute to the sky; and a spacious garden on the southern wing, with its jetting fount, its silver rill, and vine-clad bower, its winding walks, and delicious shrubbery, spoke the culture of a refined and finished taste. From a flowering lawn to the bay, there stretched a beautiful grove of oaks, the play ground of a pair of fawns, and the favorite stroll of their lovely mistress. It was a striking and animated picture of southern comfort and elegance. Over all, the setting sun brushed his burnished mantle, for he is a rare and skilful artist. The exquisite blending of ray and shade, the light in gay relief, and the mystic tints of the far blue hills, are each and all his patent of matchless artistry.

That flow of soft delight which lovely scenery awakens in the gifted mind, stole over the lady as the floating serenade of the lute, and she murmured, "it is beautiful."

"The scene," answered a low and melodious voice, "is insipid, for beauty is by comparison. An angel is an angel only on earth, in heaven she is but a woman. This scene is dull, for its charms have fled to deck a fairer shrine. Nature is jealous of you, peerless Catharine, as your music master was when his fair pupil excelled him."

A graceful form of rounded eighteen was bending before her, and a sad and handsome face beamed upon the startled lady. She knew him not, and the stranger enjoyed her confusion with silent vanity—for there is a singular delight in the incognito of one returning among his friends after an absence of years. No youth, especially at such a time, can bear to be saluted with familiar recognition. That careless "how are you! why you have not changed much," is chilling enough to the fancied unknown. A stare and a distant bow are the most subtle flattery—for vanity reads in them a change of personal appearance—for the better of course. Thus it may have been in the present

instance, and the youth looked at Catharine, as she thought, with provoking impudence—but then he was so handsome!

"And I," again spoke the stranger, folding his arms, and bowing his head in eloquent melancholy, "have mused for years on that only balm of absence, remembrance of the loved, to find that I am forgotten. Would for his peace that Walter de Berrian were blessed with his cousin's forgetfulness."

"Walter, Walter! my own dear cousin, I did not know you," exclaimed Catharine, quite taken by delightful surprise, as she extended her hand, and almost herself. In another moment she retired, sweetly confused, before the trembling and grateful gaze of the youth. The easy belle was abashed, and there was mischief in her soft confusion. The young man at her side was an orphan, under the guardianship of her father. Four years ago he left for college, a bashful stripling, whom his wild romping cousin had often kissed just to see him blush. She had read his letters, breathing a poetry of feeling which she could scarcely realize from the pen of the retiring Walter. But Catharine was flashing on her career of beauty and triumph, and seldom thought of her absent cousin, unless with a wonder of ideal interest. He stood beside her now an elegant gentleman, with thought upon his brow, and soul in his sad black eye—her equal in knowledge and mind—for a moment the change embarrassed her.

"Your hand only!" ejaculated the young De Berrian, in strangely musical tone, as the blushing lady drew back. "This is a cold meeting—a slander to *our* heart. Why, my cousin, if we *are* glad to meet, should our joy be locked in this unmeaning shake! Why not take counsel of our feelings!"

"I do," she answered, with a pretty curtesy.

"We did not meet so once, Catharine, nor is this the greeting of kindred spirits—excuse me for complimenting myself."

"Oh sir, since you are so disinterested, you are welcome to my share of the compliment. But what of our meetings once! I have'nt any memory; you know when I used to climb that cliff yonder for the flowers on its brink, while you were praying me to come down, I never looked behind, it made me giddy."

"Ah it is true of all conquerors that they drown the cries of the wounded in the music of victory. But I meant, dearest cousin, that our hands formerly met after our lips—thinking they were safe in so innocent an example," returned Walter doubtfully.

"Why *then*," answered the laughing belle, "you were a sly pretty boy, and I, a little woman, for I had already broken some dozen of hearts, and worn as many miniatures. But now you have grown so tall and handsome, with such meaning in your eyes—I—you would not have your cousin kiss a man?"

"No, loveliest girl! Never may that monster of beard and brutality wound my cousin's cherry lips. Reserve their dew and breath for the caress of thy softer sex and the warm touch of adoring boyhood. I am just eighteen," and, as the pleasing Walter spoke, his arm warily circled the round waist of the half-willing Catharine, and, amid slaps and stifled screams, he sought her averted lips. After a tantalizing chase, he snatched a lily hand from over the blushing fugitives, and printed upon them a long, delicious kiss.

"How dare you sir?" demanded Catharine, drawing up her pretty chin.

"I am dying—my life is the forfeit of my rashness."

"See what you have made of my hair, you impudent boy!" she said with a fatal glance, as she shook out the disordered tresses.

The youth stood as if he had suddenly waked in the bower of a Peri: and well might the exquisite being before him have brought in question the reality of sight. The rich blood was planting roses in her superb cheeks, and through the splendid curls, that showered over her face, he saw a pouting lip and a witching eye.

"Saint Mary!" whispered De Berrian, as if he feared to frighten the vision, "what crime, fairest exile, did you commit in Heaven?"

"Theft sir," she returned with a penitent sigh. "It is my only fault; I stole Cupid's arrows."

"Then it is no mystery that they never wound yourself," said Walter, recovering his mortality. "Fatal huntress! now that the stolen quiver is nearly empty, in that you have more beaux than arrows, you kill with the more deadly artillery of your eyes. Such is the boasted progress of refinement. Yet spare a triumph so poor as I! Fire not from that murderous ambush again. The next glance will read the treasured secret of years," and his head fell mournfully upon his bosom.

"Oh! is there a casket there that will hold a secret so long? Give it to me, my own kind cousin, and I won't look death at you again," and she leaned imploringly on his arm.

"It is yours, my adored Catharine," he murmured low and passionately, "I love you."

"Love me! I hope you do: I would not have a cousin that did not love me." She looked the sweetest surprise, and turned a demure face to the perplexed youth.

"Roguish counterfeit, and ridiculous me!" thought he, "I must pretend innocence too. The surest lure for a butterfly is a painted rose." De Berrian had read much, seen much, and thought more. His fancy was rich, and his conversational powers of the first order. He adverted to the beautiful scenery around them, and, insensibly, Catharine was drawn from her perfection of sim-

plicity. Her gifted cousin was spreading a rare repast with a tasteful hand, and she partook with kindred enthusiasm. They descanted on the "beauties of nature," "painting," and "music," and wept over "poetry" and the "*pathetics.*" The cousins were shining in a new and dazzling light. They were surprised at the extent of their powers, delighted with themselves, and with each other. Love, in the natural order of events, was the next theme, and they both seemed aware of the law, for Walter was trembling, and playing with an unsuspecting little hand, and Catharine gave her head the *naïve* droop to one side, and looked delightfully simple.

"To me," said Walter with a speculative air, "it is inscrutable that actions and feelings should contradict each other. In this I am unblest, for my tongue is the confidant of my heart, which, as with your sex, means, that it keeps secrets by calling in assistance. Now, my cousin, I love you—see how my tongue betrays its faith—do you love *me?*"

"Why what do you take me for, Walter? Do not the laws of heaven and earth command us to love our relatives?"

"Why will you not understand me?" he asked, with a passionate vehemence. "My love, beautiful woman, is not that calm, unanxious instinct of kindred. Oh! it is the freshest dew of the soul falling on its favorite rose! Catharine, we were children together, and the youngest tendril of the vine circles the nearest flower, and it never loosens its clasp for another."

"Beautiful," she interrupted, with enthusiasm; "but the vine grows, puts forth other tendrils, and the youngest is first to decay, while the poor flower has long since perished in its withering clasp. Heaven save this frail flower from such keeping!"

"They died faithfully together—an emblem——"

"But I don't want to die, dear. I'll tell you, skeptic—I named a wreath of flowers, "love," and threw it on the stream of isles in our garden. It floated gayly on, coquetting with every wave and bough, lingering a while on the golden sands of a flowered islet, and gliding away with a promise to come back. A fairer spot was ever in view—some far sweet isle, in the majesty of distance, witched the loitering voyager along, till the poor withered thing of vanity was stranded on a bubble. First love may be sincere while it lasts, but the same beauties of person and mind, by the same impulse, will charm in another. Absence conquers love by love's own weapons."

"Thank you, sweet coz, for the lesson you teach; for, since my idol is the fairest and best, my faith will never be tempted."

"Mine is not equally guarded," she rejoined laughing, "or rather I never loved. I don't believe in that lisping romance of the nursery. I have frailties enough."

"Frailties!" said De Berrian shortly." I cannot understand that senseless affectation which can name the noblest passion in the gift of heaven a frailty. Yet listen, Catharine," he softened as he lip put on its haughtiness, "I know that you are kind and gentle as your fawns, for the child never forgets the playmate of his cradle. Your bosom thrills with sympathy at the tale of sorrow, and that liquid eye is lit with heaven's light when virtue triumphs. Surely love would sue to nestle in a heart like yours. Ah! there is a remembrance, sweet with the fragrance of other years, which bids me speak. Here, under these trees, we have woven the blue hare-bells together, and you have sportingly kissed me! O then, even then, I could have held your soft sweet lips to mine, and wished that moment eternity. Then I learned to adore you, and if there is one feeling unmixed with self, one trait that hallows frailty, it is the delicious love of early years, which blooms and smiles when the head is white, and the eye rayless. From birth my nature named you happiness, my honor was woven with you as glory, and my young ambition saw in you its heaven. Mine is the love that loves but once, and mine I offer thee."

"Thank you," answered the beauty, in a rapture of modesty. "How proud I am of my cousin—so eloquent, so tender. I am in torment to show my triumph."

"Is this your answer?" demanded Walter, hastily.

"What is the question, sir?"

"Do you love me?"

"That's not fair," she returned, sweetly; "do you love *me?*"

"Oh! devotedly, my first and fairest," and he caught her hand.

"Not so fast," she exclaimed, pretending surprise; "the first flowers of spring are fairest, and frailest, too. Your offer is painful and unexpected; speak of it no more."

Yet Catharine felt proud, gratified at his long cherished affection, which, as a romping, teazing girl, she had slyly seen in a thousand adoring looks and silent rambles. As a lovely and winning belle, there lingered amid all her giddy triumphs a tender interest for her pensive cousin. His love she felt was a feeling tribute to her worth, and then he was a proud and portionless orphan. But it would never do that the hunted coquette should be won so easily. She would not admit to herself that she loved him; yet, as she stole a look at his faultless figure and handsome face, eloquent with vexation and disappointment, something whispered—"If ever I should love, my noble cousin will be the happy man."

[To be continued.]

THEY CALL ME COLD AND PASSIONLESS.

They call me cold and passionless—ah! little do they know
How deep and strong the current is that silently doth flow;
The babbling brook and rivulet in noisy murmurs plash,
And loud the mountain torrent's heard from rocky height to dash;
But plainly are the pebbles seen these streamlets murmur o'er,
And soon is dried the rocky bed whence broke that torrent's roar.

But give to me—for unison it holdeth with my soul—
The river's calm and noiseless, yet never ceasing roll;
The proudly firm and onward pour of waters on their course,
Alike unchecked by luring smiles, as unrestrained by force,
That kisses now the flowery bank, the drooping willow steeps,
Unchanged then past the castle's base, through frowning ravine sweeps.

They call me cold and passionless—ah! little can they tell
Beneath the mountain's cheerless side how many a spring may well,
Whose sweet refreshing waters, found by some divining rod,
Gush up to cool the parched brow, make glad the valley sod
Give nurture to the waving grove, and blooming fragrance spread
Around the path that beauty loves at even tide to tread.

How many a flower of loveliness by nature's left alone,
To add its sweetness to the air, from yonder cliff's high throne;
How many a gem of brilliancy, new lustre that would give
To kingly crown or diadem, in cavern dim doth live,
And waiteth but to answer back the torch's intruding ray,
Or flash and sparkle in the full and glowing blaze of day.

They call me cold and passionless—because I will not bow
At beauty's shrine the stubborn knee, nor veil the careless brow;
Because my heart no altar is, whereon to sacrifice
To every lip where wreathed in smiles a subtle Cupid lies,
To every eye from which may gleam a passion-kindled glance,
To every form that graceful floats adown the mazy dance.

Yet can I worship Woman with intensity of one
Who feels her power, and boweth as the heathen to the sun—
Who knows that life would be a cold, a dark and dreary night,
But that her smiles are round him warm—her presence ever bright;—
Who feels his soul would be like some unstrung and silent lyre,
Did not her breath awake its tones and every note inspire.

They call me cold and passionless—because they cannot read
In every changing lineament the foreshade of each deed;
Because the burning feelings that my inmost bosom fill—
The thoughts that glow within my breast, in every heart gush thrill—
Do not, in outward form and look, their secrets stern enrol,
While he that runneth by may read—a light emblazoned scroll.

And yet my soul resembles oft some cavern hidden deep
Beneath the calm and careless earth, where pent up thunders leap,
Where passion's bubbling lava boils and hisses in its rage,
Where lightnings whirl in fearful dance, and fires volcanic wage
A fretful war against the chains too firmly that do bind,
And hold their chafing elements obedient to the mind!

E. G. K.

Philadelphia, May 14th, 1839.

ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

PONTIAC, THE OTTAWA.

AN INDIAN TALE.

BY J. MILTON SANDERS.

CHAPTER I.

"CURSE the pale faces!" exclaimed a tall Indian who stood upon a ledge of rocks which jutted over a dark ravine, down which the mountain current whirled with the rapidity of an arrow, sounding like the deep and dull rumbling of distant thunder, and throwing up the spray in hazy wreaths which almost reached the ledge upon which the Indians stood.

"Curse the pale faces! dost thou think I can be subdued by the cubs whose dams I prostrated at my feet!" He who spoke was a tall Indian of a herculean mould, with a high and expansive forehead, and a pair of dark eyes, which glistened like the mountain tiger's as he spoke. His features were sharp and sternly set, while his shaggy eyebrows were naturally drawn down over his eyes, which gave to his features an ascetic expression not very prepossessing. The Indian to whom he addressed the expression, was a small man, with a narrow receding forehead, dark fiery eyes, and a countenance the unnatural distortions of which, when he spoke, would lead a physiognomist into the indubitable belief that this delectable individual might be one of that number whose qualms of conscience for evil deeds might be too frequent. The large Indian gritted his teeth as he finished speaking, and brandished his tomahawk towards fort Duquesne with a fearful vigor, which, with the dark scowl upon his face, caused the smaller Indian to recoil with fear.

"'Tis even so," at length spoke the latter, in a dry guttural voice. "The cubs have grown in strength, till they have risen to sweep us from the earth; already have they encroached into our hunting grounds, and our game is daily becoming less beneath their fiery weapons."

"Let them grow! the taller the tree grows, the easier 'tis blown down by the wind," said Pontiac, (for it was he,) who gazed so intently in the direction of fort Duquesne, as not to observe the countenance of the dwarf Pishairo, which assumed a sinister smile, while his small bright eyes glittered like the enraged snake when he watches in the grass for his prey. "'Tis said the pale warrior would wed the daughter of Pontiac; has the news yet reached the ear of our sachem?"

"The sachem glared upon the dwarf as if he would fathom his inmost thoughts, while the bitter smile which had spread over his features suddenly passed off, and a demure composure was the only expression observable. "Hast thou been among the pale faces contrary to my wishes? if so, better hadst thou be a snake than Pishairo," said the chief sternly through his clenched teeth, as he continued gazing upon the countenance of the dwarf. "Speak! how comest thou by this idle talk, which would better become one of thy own kind than me?"

"I have sought thee, Pontiac, for my breast is burdened with news. Listen! As the sun was sinking behind the mountain, and ere the birds had ceased their warbling, I beheld the pale face in his canoe, which he plied silently, scarcely disturbing the dark shadows in the waters as he passed; he landed, and with the stealthiness of the wild cat, when he crawls upon his prey, mounted he the green bank which rises by thy mountain wigwam; he gained the top—a low cry, and thy dark-eyed daughter——"

The fierce sachem sprang upon his feet, and fixing his fiery eyes upon the dwarf, drew back

his long spear, as if in the act of hurling it, while the informant crouched closer to th rock beneath which he sat.

"When the Ottawa sachem discovers Pishairo's tongue forked like the subtle snake's, then let him strike the base blood from his heart," and the dwarf laid his hand upon his bosom, and gazed steadfastly upon the chief, who, after scrutinizing his countenance, which was as expressionless as the cold marble, exclaimed in a voice of passion, "None of the pure blood of Pontiac shall mingle with the base blood of the pale face, unless it be in the struggle for life and death. I have said it! Curse the white race! Were I the father of a thousand daughters, whose eyes were as dark as the night, and whose hair were as beautiful as the raven's plumage, I would lay them all upon the dust and mingle their blood with the dirt ere it should mingle with that cursed race! I will stand in their path, and stop their journey, or, upon the bones of my forefathers, perish," and the chief shook his spear with vehemence towards the dwarf.

"These were words of truth," assented the small man, who still lay close to the rock.

"Pishairo speak," said the sachem in a peremptory tone, which was not to be disobeyed.

"The daughter of the Ottawa sachem gazed into the eyes of the pale face with those of the dove, and her voice was as soft as the nightingale when he sings to his love, as she whispered in a low voice, which reached my ear, 'Thy canoe did not darken the waters last setting sun; no ripple came to the shore from thy paddle; has the daughter of the Ottawa sachem grown cold in thine eye?' Then spoke the pale faced chief, and his voice was like unto the silvery tones of the dark-eyed maiden, 'The pale face loves the Ottawa maiden, but not for her lands—'tis the *maiden* he wants, and he would take her from this dreary forest to the bright land of his people—would the red maiden follow her pale lover?' and he placed around her neck a chain made from the bright metal, as he drank from her glowing eyes the confession that she would be his own. In a mellow voice he bade her meet him at the next setting sun, and then his canoe went its noiseless way and soon disappeared; these are not forked words."

The eyes of the chief flashed fire, he gritted his teeth, and clenched his spear with the power of a vice, but, with that tact peculiar to him, covered the fury which raged within him under features which indicated nothing more to an observer than their usual stern and determined expression. He strode off, and the features of the dwarf again assumed their usual cunning and sinister expression. The haughty Ottawa sachem had beheld with a jealous eye the daily encroachments of the white race upon the lands owned by his tribe. His foresight told him that the power which a while previously was unlimited among the tribes, was daily becoming weaker—and he already viewed, in anticipation, the whites as masters of the land of his ancestors, unless he adopted vigorous measures to drive them from it ere they increased to such numbers as would render futile all his attempts to expel them. Already had his name ceased to create that electric effect which it was wont ere the whites came to the country, and he determined, with one sanguinary blow, to regain that mighty influence which he had lost. He was determined that his voice should again be heard with reverence at the council fire, and that, when in his absence, his belt should summon a host of warriors to his standard, as it formerly did in the days of his glory. It is seldom we see one possessing power once, when levelled to the common standard of a private individual, who is willing to remain so; but with the never-tiring and never-quietted passion *ambition* continually spurring him on, he is never satisfied, never at ease, but unceasingly engaged in plotting and counterplotting for the prize which can never be reached, till at last he expires, a victim to the passion which burns alike in the breast of the savage and the king.

Pontiac still possessed unlimited sway over his own nation—yet the influence of the whites was also felt among his own tribe; they did not obey his wishes with the same alacrity as previous to the appearance of the whites on their soil. The dwarf, who belonged to the Peoria nation, whom the warlike Ottawas had conquered and reduced to slavery, was a *soi-disant* chief: but the fate of war had not only reduced him to a private individual, but also to a slave, in which capacity he served under the Ottawa sachem; which, after all, was more compatible with his talent than his former station, which was an hereditary gift. Love and jealousy are passions which rage in a savage with more energy than in a refined breast, and these were at this time the two predominant passions of Pishairo. He had seen Pontiac's beautiful daughter, and to see was to love; he had gazed upon her till he was intoxicated with her charms; long and ardently had he watched her expanding womanhood, and, like the rose bud, so beautiful at first, now that she had expanded to maturity, appeared more lovely still. This amiable lover had beheld the meeting of the preceding evening, and inflamed with jealousy, he sought the chief, whose irritable disposition he knew could be easily fanned into a flame, particularly when the subject was the white aggressors. His object for communicating this intelligence was the reverse of what the chief supposed it, who imagined he had read the countenance of the dwarf.

CHAPTER II.

As the trees were gilded with the last rays of the declining sun, a canoe silently glided towards the bank upon which stood the wigwam of the Ottawa chief. The person who sat in it, and noiselessly plied the paddle, appeared to be aware of his proximity to the hunting ground of the Ottawas, by the many anxious looks which he directed to every tangled coppice which he passed. After reviewing well the woods from the middle of the stream, he turned the prow towards the shore, and with one or two dips of his paddle, the canoe bounded to the land; he sprang out, and drawing it farther upon the bank, stealthily walked up the hill, observing to examine the priming of his pistols, which he carried in his belt, previous to commencing the ascent. He gained the top, and whistling softly, beheld the Ottawa maiden advancing from the direction of her father's wigwam. At this moment an Indian stepped from behind a tree near the white man.

"Ah, Pishairo, thou art here agreeably to thy promise," exclaimed the white man, as he grasped the Indian's hand, "and thou hast talked with the sachem's daughter—how can I reward thee?"

"Reward!" exclaimed the dwarf, as his features assumed the sardonic expression peculiar to them when he was over excited. "Thinkest thou a Peoria sachem *asks* reward? he *takes* it."

"This language is enigmatical; explain thyself, warrior," said the white man, whose face slightly reddened. "How couldst thou *take* thy reward unless *I* chose to give it?"

The dwarf burst out into a hysterical laugh. "Does the eagle ask the hawk for his prey? No! he pounces upon him and *takes* him"—and the dwarf walked off laughing immoderately.

The white man gazed after him, but the Indian maiden was in his arms ere he could give vent to an expression of anger. He imprinted a kiss on her forehead, and his eyes immediately lost their expression of anger with which he gazed at the dwarf.

"Is the Ottawa maiden ready to go to the land of the white man's people?"

The girl hung her head, and then looking him in the face with eyes beaming love, she answered, "The Ottawa maiden is ready to leave her people, and follow her white warrior to his bright land."

"Then we will hasten ere ——" and turning around, the white man beheld himself surrounded with Indians, who stood as many as the trees. He seized the maiden with the left hand, and with his right drew a pistol, which he discharged at the nearest Indian; they rushed on him, but with his knife, which he brandished in the air with herculean strength, he kept the warriors at bay, and slowly retreated towards the boat; thrice did they rush up, and thrice did he repel them; but finally he was overpowered by the savages, thrown upon the ground, and bound. The maiden was led to her lodge, and the white man borne to the densest part of the woods, where were erected the tents of the warriors. He was taken to a spacious tent, in which sat Pontiac and all of his oldest chiefs. A low guttural interjection from each man as he passed, indicated their knowledge of his capture; and then all were as silent and motionless as statues. The sachem motioned with his hand, and the white man was untied, and stood amongst them. The chief arose to address him, and from a spark of joy which appeared to twinkle in his eyes, it was evident he was striving to master feelings of exultation, which were so intense as almost to overcome him. The white man folded his arms, and looked steadfastly in the eyes of Pontiac as he spoke; and from the fearless manner in which he bore himself, it was evident that he could be no uncommon person. The sachem spoke slowly and distinctly, and his words embodied that sarcasm which strikes to the soul of the addressed.

"White man, listen! The red man and the white man were friends; they sat at the same council fire, and they slept upon the same blanket; they walked the same path, and they smoked together the same pipe; they ate of the same venison, and there was peace! White man, listen! Ye grew in strength, (for then ye were weak) till, like the tall oak, ye fain would spread your branches over the other trees, to guard them from the storm; ye are now grown high, but beware!—none but the tallest trees are stricken by the fire of the clouds. (Every warrior grunted a commendation.) Ye grew in strength till the land which you hunted upon grew small in your eyes, and then ye would have ours. Ye taught our young warriors to drink the fire water, which drove them mad, and they were no longer warriors. Is this all? No! Not content with our lands, ye would steal upon our hunting grounds to carry off our daughter; what does the pale face merit?" The sachem's eyes twinkled like two stars as he gazed around upon the rows of warriors.

"Curse the wild cat! he would prey upon his red brothers," said a clear eyed old warrior, whose scalp lock was blanched with years.

"And merits burning at the stake," said another, whose locks were no less white.

"And his bones cast to the dogs—curse him!" exclaimed a third.

"Curse him!" reiterated the rest in a low tone, as they involuntarily tightened their grasps around their tomahawk handles—"can the white chief find his tongue?"

The prisoner already knew of the mighty scheme against the whites which the sachem was projecting by his dutiful slave Pishairo, and he felt that his only chance for life would be to obtain, if possible, a protraction of his execution. He spoke firmly and frankly, and admitted what they already suspected. There was no cringing beneath the stern and steady gaze of Pontiac, but he threw

it back by one equally stern and defying; he spoke with powerful energy, for he was pleading for life; he described in glowing colors the impression the first sight of his daughter had upon him, and that he was resolved to wed her in order to cement the bonds of friendship firmer between the white and red men.

A demoniacal smile spread over the features of the sachem when the white man had finished speaking; he drew himself up to his full height, and fiercely demanded the war club—should be passed around, which was soon done, and it was decided that the prisoner should be burned at the stake the following morning. He was taken to a wigwam and firmly bound, and four lynx-eyed warriors were stationed over him, who had mingled their blood, and swore to take the life of any one of their number who should be so unfortunate as to fall asleep.

The prisoner was the young commander of Fort Duquesne, who had a short time previous left his native country, buoyant with hope, but in an unlucky moment beheld the pretty Indian maiden, whose native charms captivated him. None of the Indians were aware of the rank of their prisoner save Pontiac, and a very few of the veteran chiefs and warriors, who were all anxious for his death, more that the news might intimidate the soldiers of the fort, than for the heinousness of the crime of striving to steal a girl.

About midnight, a messenger stood before the lodge of Pishairo, who was tossing about on his blanket, a prey to the burning thoughts which tortured his brain. The Indian tore away the rude screen from before the place of entrance, and bade the dwarf arise and proceed to the council house, whither he repaired instantly. Pontiac sat at the farther end of the house, and at each side of him four chiefs, whose hair were snowy with age, and like all grave counsellors, when on duty, they sat stern and motionless, with the exception of their lips, which slightly moved as the smoke from them curled in thick wreaths over their heads.

"Pishairo!" The dwarf stood motionless, in a listening attitude.

"Pishairo has his ears sharpened," said he, in a firm tone.

"Listen," said the sachem; "travel with the wings of the dove to fort Duquesne, and bear its commanding chief this belt; look upon it! 'tis a broad one! the wampum is *red*. It speaks of war! Tell him the red men would have him leave his fort, and march his men from our soil ere tomorrow's sun climbs the sky, or their great chief, who is our prisoner, shall be burned at the stake. Listen! tell him the red warriors await his answer, in numbers as many as the leaves upon the trees—hasten."

The aged chiefs granted an assent; the dwarf received the belt and departed. Ere he had proceeded half a mile, a messenger overtook him, with orders from the sapient council to return. The dwarf measured the distance to the council house, and then turned back, and his eyes assumed a diabolical expression, and his eyes rolled with rage. The chiefs still occupied their seats, and appeared to take no farther notice of his return than by puffing larger volumes of smoke from their lips. Pontiac fixed his eyes upon the dwarf's countenance, and the gaze appeared to read the inmost thoughts which worked so wildly and energetically in his breast; his own countenance was as unmoved and expressionless as if he slept.

"Will the panther degrade himself and be a fox?" at length the sachem thundered out.

The dwarf laid his hand on his heart, and then throwing out his arms, exclaimed, "If the Ottawa sachem thinks the panther could be a fox, let him treat him as one."

"Fidelity lurks not in the fox, yet it is with the Peoria warrior, said an old counsellor.

"Methinks Pishairo is no snake," grumbled another.

A writhing smile played upon the sachem's face, as he respectfully nodded to the old men who spoke, and bade the dwarf depart, nor tarry on his way.

CHAPTER III.

By day-break next morning, the warriors of the surrounding tribes poured in from all directions, till the woods were filled with them. The large council house was occupied by the old men, while the young warriors went through their war dance, and excited each other's passions with songs of the white aggressors, and tales of their own chivalrous feats. At the council, the Ottawa sachem exerted his talents with the most skilful success. With a profound knowledge of the character of the members of the several tribes who sat before him, he spoke words which, to them, were as fire; nothing was left unsaid to arouse their passions against the whites. With oratorical powers, which could not be commanded by a white man, and an energy of gesture, which was natural, he painted in vivid colors to their imaginations, the usurpations of the white race since their arrival on the soil; how they had taken possession of their hunting grounds, and destroyed their game, and finally tried to steal away their children to make them slaves. He appealed to their prejudices and to their passions; and to render them more sanguine of success, promised them the assistance of the Great Spirit, who, he said, had visited him in a dream, and declared he would assist their cause, which was the holy one of freedom. The old warriors grasped their weapons, and, with suppressed interjections

of rage, shook them in the air. During this excitement a small man entered, and took his way through the rows of warriors, till he stood before the orator. It was Pishairo; he bore on the point of a long pole the war belt which he had received of Pontiac the previous evening; it was stripped of all its wampum, and was bare! The sachem snatched it from the pole, and held it before the excited members of the council, while his countenance was distorted with passion. The effect was instantaneous; the whole council arose with one burst of rage, and rushed out of the door, followed by Pontiac, who tore the belt to a thousand pieces, as he strode after them. The young warriors deserted the painted pole around which they danced, and with a wild yell crowded forward at the heels of the best which rushed forward with the irresistible impetus of the mountain torrent. They arrived at the wigwam where the prisoner lay, which they tore to pieces, and unbinding him, they bore him to the stake amid the deafening yells of the young warriors, while hundreds crowded in with arms full of dry faggots. The white man tried to speak, but his voice was drowned amid the loud curses of his enemies, whose fists and spear handles were as busy as their tongues. His clothes were instantly torn from him in rags, and his body was painted black; a buffalo thong was tied around his neck, and fastened to the stake, leaving a line long enough for him to move freely. The faggots were piled around at the distance of six feet, and a warrior stood with a torch to light them, when a shrill cry was heard, and the daughter of Pontiac sprang over the dry wood, and threw herself upon the breast of her lover, which she clung to as a drowning man to a straw. The warriors looked upon this sight, which was so suddenly and unexpectedly presented them, with astonishment; but there was no gaze of pity mingled with those looks—no compassion for her distress; they curled their lips with rage, which soon broke out in yells of impatience. Pontiac drew back a moment with surprise, and then, with the fury of a demon, he grasped his tomahawk, and rushed upon his daughter to dash out her brains, when his arm was caught by Pishairo, the violent and secret lover of the maiden. With a thundering exclamation of contempt, the sachem seized the dwarf, as if he had been the smallest infant, and hurled him far over the heads of the warriors. The Indian sprang upon his feet, and stung with rage, rushed at Pontiac, whom he reached in time to suspend a second blow, when a famous chief of another tribe interfered, and saved the life of the maiden. She was torn from the prisoner, and borne back to her wigwam; the faggots were fired, and the dreadful work commenced. At this moment, a discharge of rifles burst upon the astonished warriors, and many of them were laid low with the dead; but the rest, who were excited to phrenzy, fought like lions. Before the English could load their guns, the Indians, led by Pontiac, were among them with the dreadful tomahawk, which they wielded with their usual force and success. The battle was now hand to hand, and each man was engaged in a struggle which was for life or death. During this time, the Indian maiden rushed through the burning faggots and cut the cord which bound her lover, who joined his people, now losing ground beneath the desperation of the Indians. Long and deadly was the contest, but finally the whites were forced to give way before the fury of the savages. They retreated with tolerable order, under the example of their naked and blackened commander, who had lost none of his bravery with his clothes. They regained their boats, and after striving once more to gain an advantage, without success, paddled off, followed by the curses of the warriors, whose rage was none appeased by being deprived of the consoling sight of a prisoner burnt at the stake. Pontiac mounted a log, and in a few moments succeeded in fanning their already excited passions to a furious flame, and then the whole savage host marched for Fort Duquesne, as the exciting war song, from a thousand voices, swelled upon the air.

CHAPTER IV.

Among the warriors was a Chippewa chief, named Minavana, gifted with a powerful eloquence, which, with an indomitable disposition, rendered him a formidable rival of the Ottawa sachem. The Chippewas were at that time the strongest, with the single exception of the Ottawas, of the tribes inhabiting that vast wilderness stretching between the lakes and the Ohio river. This chief beheld, with a jealous eye, the ascending influence of the Ottawa sachem, whose power he imagined was on the ebb, and with all the secret intrigue which he possessed, caballed against Pontiac. But these intrigues did not escape the wily sachem's notice, who, by means of some of the Chippewa's own warriors, received daily information of the progress of his plots.

The sun was high in the heavens, when the host of warriors reached a ravine, formed by a mountain torrent, which, for ages, had rolled down the path. Here they encamped for the night, and after placing sentinels around the neighborhood of the camps, the Ottawa sachem took his spear, and strode up the mountain side. He went alone—there was no human being to whom he could communicate his secret projects, for there was no red man whose mind appeared to him gigantic enough to share his ambitious schemes. He strode up the mountain, looking upon either side, as he held his spear ready to strike into any of the wild animals, which, at that time, inhabited the mountainous countries in great numbers. The sun was now sinking behind a bed of clouds at the far west; the birds were singing their evening songs; the wind was lulled to sleep, and even the stern as-

chem's breast was influenced by the repose around him; his fierce spirit was calmed, and as he sat on a high rock, overlooking the whole country, he reasoned dispassionately on the probable chance of his succeeding in his bold design of driving the whites from his country. "Then again," said he, "will I be the sole king of this broad and blooming hunting ground: there will be no white men to teach our warriors cowardice, nor to create dissatisfaction among our young men. All will be as it were in the olden times ere the pale faces visited our shores; and when the sachem's runners were not treated with contempt." The sachem's voice sank lower, but he was so absorbed in his ambitious thoughts, as not to observe two individuals who stood upon a rock just above him. They gazed eagerly upon him, and then spoke earnestly, but in a tone sufficiently low as not to reach the ear of the dreaded chief. The smaller warrior, who was the dwarf Pishairo, stealthily disappeared behind the rock; the other, who was the Chippewa sachem Minavana, made a noise which attracted the attention of Pontiac, and then appeared to be looking in another direction, apparently unconscious of his proximity to the Ottawa.

"The Chippewa sachem is a panther in the fight," said Pontiac, in a tone of commendation.

The Chippewa turned around, and, apparently surprised, saluted the sachem with dignity and marked respect.

"Would the sapient Pontiac practice his spear upon the heart of the bloody panther ere he plants it in the white man's?" said the Chippewa, with a deferential inclination of the head, as he strode to the rock upon which sat the Ottawa. "I have sought thee eagerly; the pale face warriors are upon our grounds, and our young warriors pant for battle—they want Pontiac."

The Ottawa sprang to his feet, and followed Minavana. They wound their way around huge rocks—now upon the edge of a frowning precipice, where one false step would hurl them to atoms, and then at the bottom, where rocks rose above them, like the towers of some tremendous castle; but they trod their way with a precision which could not be learned but by one who had spent years among the mountains. They finally reached a deep ravine, half way to the encampment of the Indian army. The rocks rose high on each side, leaving a space between them of but a few feet. The Ottawa walked some distance before, wholly occupied in anticipating the battle, in which he hoped to be a formidable participator; while walking, he heard a voice, and turning around, the Chippewa chief was no where to be seen; but in the gloom of the evening, he beheld a party of his warriors, armed alone with knives; they slowly advanced, dispersing, apparently with a view of taking him alive. The Ottawa hurled his spear in the breast of one, and, with his war cry, attacked them with a fury which was irresistible; he broke through them, and leaving four of their number dead, bounded down the mountain side; a shrill yell before him, by its peculiar tone, informed him a Chippewa was near; he drew his knife, and bounded forward—the sachem Minavana stood before him.

"Curse thy false heart, Chippewa, thou art a squaw!" and with one jump, they stood facing each other, their eyes gleaming hate, and their lips curled with the scorn with which they pretended to view each other.

"Thou art but a little girl, Ottawa, when the Chippewa sachem stands before thee," and with these approbious epithets, they fought with fury. Their physical powers were well matched, but the dread in which the Chippewa held Pontiac, might have weakened his energies, and he appeared to quail beneath the glare of the Ottawa's eye; but he fought with the desperation which his situation required. They were now locked in each other's firm embrace, and, after writhing awhile, they fell from the rock upon which they fought, upon a ledge a few feet below. They sprung upon their feet, and stood a moment to regain energy for their last struggle. They viewed each other with gestures of scorn.

"The Ottawa squaw can't fight—his arms are too weak," panted the Chippewa in a contemptuous tone, while he knew he had been worsted in the scuffle.

"The Chippewa is a fox, he is unworthy to live among warriors," cried the other, and with drawn knives they again rushed at each other; and the Chippewa, who was the most excited by the other's taunting language, threw himself off his guard, and received the Ottawa's knife, which penetrated to his heart. Pontiac tore from his head the scalp, and went his way to the camp. The war song rang upon his ear, and the young warriors were dancing around the painted war pole, while the old men had already assembled in the council house, and with impatience awaited the presence of their sachems. Pontiac entered with the reeking scalp of Minavana in his hand; he took his station at the head of the council house, and held up before them the scalp, from which yet dropped the warm blood. The house was now full to overflowing; the young warriors had ceased their dance, and repaired to the council *en masse* to hear of the next day's operation; every wigwam was deserted, and all the warriors choked up that spacious yet temporary house, till there was not room for one more spectator. With his usual strength of voice, the Ottawa sachem recounted to the listening multitude the manner in which he had procured the scalp he held before them. In the most glowing colors he depicted to them the struggle he had to save his life, which he declared was valueless to himself, but of infinite value to his nation at this critical moment. He shook the scalp in the air, and called upon his people to revenge the attempt upon his life, which he assured them was only the beginning of a long concocted plot to undermine the power of his nation, and build up another on its ruins. His eloquence ran like lightning through the ranks of warriors, and their various

passions were shown conspicuously upon their features. The young shook their tomahawks in the air, and with demoniacal gestures, desired to be led against their enemies.

At this moment, when all was excitement, the dwarf Pishairo stepped before Pontiac, and after eyeing him for a moment, came closer to him, as if to impart an important secret. The sachem stooped down in a listening posture; the dwarf suddenly drew a knife and stuck it to the handle in his breast—the blade pierced the heart of Pontiac! he sank upon the earth and died; the mighty Pontiac, whose name carried terror even among the whites, expired at the feet of his base slave, the dwarf Pishairo. A loud burst of rage rang from the lips of every warrior present, who rushed up, and seizing the murderer, bore him from the council house; they no longer thought of their chief, their whole thoughts were completely absorbed with revenge. They carried the traitor into an open space, and by piece-meal, they cut his flesh from his body. The wretch was one hour expiring. Their revenge satiated, they returned to their fallen sachem, who lay upon the ground dead and stiff. They all silently gathered around, wrapped in profound and solemn thought, for now their rage had passed away. Long did they stand and silently gaze upon the marble features of him, whose frown could have awed so many. At length a chief arose, his hair was as white as the driven snow, and his once powerful frame was bent with years; his voice trembled with age and emotion as he spoke, and he was listened to with reverential attention. He recanted the bold exploits of the fallen lion who was at their feet, and he dwelt long upon his virtues, which were as many and as bright as the dew-drops upon the leaves. The impression could not be resisted even by the stoical warriors; the large tear-drops trickled down their cheeks despite their efforts to conceal them, as they looked upon all that remained of Pontiac, the last of the Ottawa sachems. And well might they weep! for the gigantic mind, which kept their tribe to its pinnacle of power, had departed forever!

* * * * * * * * * *

The daughter of Pontiac wandered about like a restless spirit, till at length she suddenly disappeared from among them; and for many moons did the red man search after her, but she was not to be found, and they finally concluded she had followed her father to the "great hunting grounds far away to the rising sun." At length she was discovered—she was the wife of the young commander of Fort Duquesne, and many of her descendants are living to this day. J. M. S.

Dayton, March 18, 1839.

TO IANTHE IN HEAVEN.

BY E. A. POE.

Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine
All wreath'd around about with flowers—
And the flowers, they all were mine.

But the dream, it could not last;
And the star of Hope did rise
But to be overcast.
A voice from out the Future cries
"Onward!"—while o'er the Past,
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies,
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For alas! alas! with me,
Ambition, all, is oer—
"No more, no more, no more"
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree
Or the stricken eagle soar.

And all my hours are trances
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams,
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

REFLECTIONS IN A COUNTRY GRAVE YARD.

Come, let us recline awhile beneath the wide-spreading branches of this ancient pine, and steal from the busy hours a few moments for wholesome meditation. Around us are reposing, in the calm tranquillity of dreamless sleep, the friends of our childhood—the beloved of our riper years. A holy melancholy, a subdued sorrow, rests with brooding wings upon this solemn bourne. These pale violets mark the hallowed spot where slumbers the young mother's darling—the proud father's hope. Tears, pure as parental love, have bedewed their opening buds—tears prompted by affection so deep and true that the pure offering has found acceptance in the sight of Him, and a sweet and tranquil sorrow steals o'er the hearts of the youthful mourners, purifying and preparing them for the solemn change that awaits all mortality. Yon marble column glancing in the sunlight, a sculptured wreath encircling its cleft brow, tells us of the deep-springing affection of years by thy hand severed, oh! death—of kind tones hushed—of the young household desolate—of the prattling cry of laughing infants for their dear mother's voice and smile stilled. The wife, the mother, rests beneath. Mark that venerable monument, by wind-reft pines and time-worn oaks o'ershadowed! Let us, with reverential step, approach and gaze upon its solemn face! No more is heard the voice of admonition, or of calm advice. No more the joyous grand-children climb about grand-pa's knees, and shout with merry hearts at his jokes, or weep with breasts o'ercharged with sympathetic grief, while breathless listening to the old man's legendary tales. No more beside the cheerful hearth is seen that venerable form—that noble brow—those silvered locks. The old man here from his labor rests, and his fond family know him no more. Turn we to this simple slab of modest gray; no name—no date proclaims who rests beneath. These deep-hewn lines will tell, perhaps, the story of his life.

STRANGER, STOP!

Offspring of dust, I dream'd
A worm might soar;
By death to dust return'd,
I dream no more.

Stranger, pass on!
Nor farther seek to learn;
I am, what thou
Ere long shalt be—a worm.

Sleep on, afflicted spirit, sleep! Thy soul was seared by grief, and the pride of thy mortality hath steeled thy heart against its holy influence. Truly, thou hast died as the worm dieth; but thy soul—thy vivifying spirit—hath it gone out with thee? Has the inborn power—the clear comprehending intelligence—the calm, all-grasping reason—the deep, devoted affection—the all-sacrificing love—have these all ceased with the throbbing of thy heart? Has the inner life—the ethereal essence—partaken of the decay and annihilation of thy material frame? The soft breath of the flower-scented morning whispers "No!" The soothing calm of summer's twilight eve murmurs "No!" The sheeted lightning and the crashing tempest thunder "No!" The insect humming through its happy hour—the shy bird sheltered in some quiet nook—pour forth their voice of love and inward sense of happiness. Think you, there mingles no tribute of the heart with their harmonious hymnings? And thou! man! whose mortality rests at my feet—thou, alone, had'st no offering for the great Jehovah. He who was, and is, and is to come. Well hast thou called thyself *worm*, if thou did'st feel not the immortal spirit within thee, like the imprisoned bird, beat at the material bars that caged it in, and bound it down, and barred it from the sun.

Oh! the dim memories, and twilight remembrances! How like spirits of the air do they flit across our souls, wakening to life strange and mysterious recollections of things that have been—but when, or where? And the echo of the soul only answers, "When, or where?" Who has

not thrilled with those entrancing dreams—born of solitude and meditation—as if the soul struggled to o'ermaster its earthly doom, and, like a repentant wanderer, return to its old familiar haunts!

Say, skeptic, say!

Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?

It is the echo of a departed existence; it is the far-off voice of the *Past* hailing the hurrying *Present*. Its tones are only heard in the calm of the hushed evening, or in the solemn stillness of the midnight hours. Then, when the listening spirit may almost hear the stately music of the revolving spheres, 'tis thus she speaks—"Oh, *Present!* why, with fleet step and agitated mien, speed'st thou onward to thy bourne? That which I was, thou art—what I am, thou shalt become. The doom is on thee, and thou can'st not wander from the one path. Why, then, oh why, by the silent way-side wilt thou not sit down and listen to my voice? Thou can'st not hear it in the city's busy haunts, or in pleasure's lighted halls. And I will tell thee, oh! Present, that thou art but a shadow—the shadow of the future, as I was of thee. Thou can'st not attain the real or the permanent with all thy strugglings. They appertain unto the *Future*. Let this solemn truth arrest thy anxious steps! Cease to seek that which thou can'st not find, and suffer thyself silently to be borne on the calm waters of hope to the bosom of thy destiny. With liberal hand and thankful heart, pluck the sweet-scented flowers around thee springing, and let their fragrance sooth thee to rest. A happy and a contented spirit is the noblest and the fittest offering thou can'st place upon the altar of thy worship. Therefore, be wise, be contented, and thou shalt be happy." C. R. T.

SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

I.

Thy soul shall find itself alone
'Mid dark thoughts of the gray tomb-stone—
Not one, of all the crowd, to pry
Into thine hour of secrecy:

II.

Be silent in that solitude,
Which is not loneliness—for then
The spirits of the dead who stood
In life before thee are again
In death around thee—and their will
Shall overshadow thee: be still.

III.

The night—tho' clear—shall frown—
And the stars shall look not down,
From their high thrones in the heaven,
With light like Hope to mortals given—
But their red orbs, without beam,
To thy weariness shall seem
As a burning and a fever
Which would cling to thee for ever.

IV.

Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish—
Now are visions ne'er to vanish—
From thy spirit shall they pass
No more—like dew-drop from the grass.

V.

The breeze—the breath of God—is still—
And the mist upon the hill
Shadowy—shadowy—yet unbroken,
Is a symbol and a token—
How it hangs upon the trees,
A mystery of mysteries!—

A CHAPTER

ON

FIELD SPORTS AND MANLY PASTIMES.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

ARCHERY.

SOME WORDS CONCERNING ITS ANTIQUITY—AN ACCOUNT OF ITS IMPORTANCE, AND HIGH ESTIMATION AMONG OUR BRITISH PROGENITORS—ITS MODERN REGULATIONS AS A PASTIME—ITS VARIOUS IMPLEMENTS AND THEIR USE.

The use of the bow is of remote antiquity—its obvious simplicity of construction, as well as the purposes to which it is adapted, having rendered its employment almost universal from the very earliest periods of which we have any distinct account. But we do not wish to trouble our readers with a disquistion upon its ancient history. It was originally formed, no doubt, of the rough bough of a tree, but improvements would be almost immediately discovered. The simple branch would speedily be rendered more convenient by a little cutting, so as to make the curve regular on both sides of the centre. Homer tells us how the bow of Pandarus was fashioned—

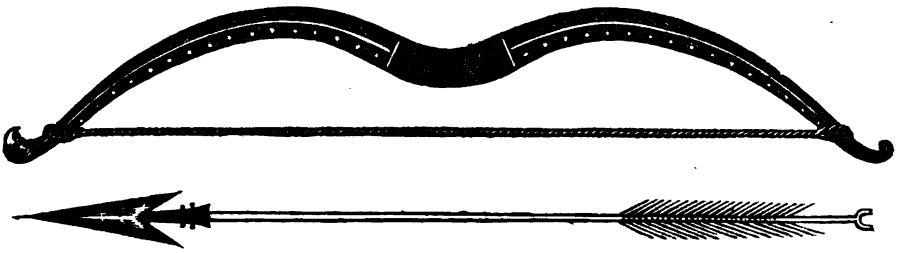
> He heard, and madly at the motion pleased,
> His polished bow with hasty rashness seized.
> 'Twas formed of horn, and smooth'd with artful toil;
> A mountain goat resigned the shining spoil,
> Who, pierced long since, beneath his arrows bled;
> The stately quarry on the cliff lay dead,
> And sixteen palms his brows' large honors spread;
> The workmen joined and shaped the bended horns,
> And beaten gold each taper point adorns.

Herodotus says that the bows of the Ethiopians were four cubits, or not less than six feet long. The Grecian bow is said to have been of the figure of their own letter *sigma*. The Scythian bow was somewhat of the same form. The bows used by the Daci were made in a very beautiful curve. It has been supposed that the Romans introduced the bow into Britain, or at least very much improved those which they found in use among the natives, and in course of time it became the national weapon of the class of inhabitants called yeomen.

But the Anglo-Saxons and the Danes were certainly well acquainted with the use of the bow; a knowledge they derived at an early period from their progenitors. The Scandinavian Scalds, speaking in praise of the heroes of their country, frequently add to the rest of their acquirements a superiority of skill in handling the bow. It does not, however, appear that this skill was extended beyond the purpose of procuring food, or for pastime, either by the Saxons or by the Danes, in times anterior to the conquest.

Representations of the bow occur frequently in the Saxon MSS. The cut annexed, taken from a manuscript of the tenth century found in the Cotton Library, gives the figure of a Saxon bow and arrow. The bow is curiously ornamented, having the head and tail of a serpent carved at the ends; and was probably such an one as was used by the nobility. In all these old Saxon bows we may observe one thing remarkable, that is, the string not being made fast to the extremities, but permitted

to play at some distance from them. How far this might be more or less advantageous than the present method, we cannot presume to determine.



It is well known that the Normans used the bow as a military weapon; and, under their government, the practice of archery was not only much improved, but generally diffused throughout the kingdom.

In the ages of chivalry the usage of the bow was considered as an essential part of the education of a young man who wished to make a figure in life. The heroes of romance are therefore usually praised for their skill in archery; and Chaucer, with propriety, says of sir Thopas, "He was a good archere."

In the seventeenth century archery was much commended as an exercise becoming a gentleman to practice, and greatly conducive to health. The ladies also were foud of this amusement. It was usual, when they exercised the bow, for the beasts to be confined by very large enclosures, surrounded by the hunters, and driven in succession from the covers to the stands, where the fair sportswomen were placed; so that they might readily shoot at them, without the trouble and fatigue of rousing and pursuing them. It is said of Margaret, the daughter of Henry the Seventh, that when she was on her way towards Scotland, a hunting party was made for her amusement in Alnwick Park, where she killed a buck with an arrow. It is not specified whether the long-bow or the cross-bow was used by the princess upon this occasion; we are certain, that the ladies occasionally shot with both, for when queen Elizabeth visited lord Montecute at Cowdrey, in Sussex, on the Monday, "Her highness tooke horse, and rode into the park, at eight o'clock in the morning, where was a delicate bowre prepared, under the which were her highness musicians placed; and a cross-bow, by a nympth, with a sweet song, was delivered into her hands, to shoote at the deere; about some thirty in number were put into a paddock, of which number she killed three or four, and the countess of Kildare one."

The foregoing observations refer chiefly to the *long-bow*, so called, to distinguish it from the *arbalist*, or *cross-bow*, which was not only much shorter than the former, but fastened also upon a stock, and discharged by the means of a catch or trigger, which probably gave rise to the lock upon the modern musket. We cannot pretend to determine at what period the cross-bow was first brought into England, but we believe not long before the commencement of the thirteenth century; at least, we never meet with any representation of such an engine prior to that period. On the continent, where probably it originated, its appearance might be somewhat earlier. Historians assure us, that Richard the First was wounded by an arrow from a bow of this kind, while he was reconnoitering the walls of the castle of Chalezun; which wound was the occasion of his death.

The courage, discipline, strength and skill, displayed by British bowmen, during a period of more than six centuries, are so much a matter of ordinary history that it is hardly necessary to enlarge upon them here. In all the expeditions of which they formed a part, they proved to their adversaries a terror and a scourge. Even the bare appearance of a body of English archers in the field, often led to a bloodless victory; and, as experience had proved that the best armor was no protection against their arrows, their bold and confident spirit often led them into very unequal contests.

Secured in their position by an ingenious mode of fortification,—the materials for which each archer carried on his person,—the English bowmen laughed to scorn the fiercest charges of the steel-clad chivalry of the middle ages. Of all the European nations, none suffered more severely, or more requently, from the effects of their archery than the French. Like the Italians, when invaded by the Huns,—another nation of formidable bowmen,—they composed a mass, expressly depreciating the calamities it inflicted upon them:—"*Ab Anglicorum nos defende jaculis!*"—"From the arrows of the English, defend us, O Lord!"

The ancient legislators, ever on the watch to encourage and enforce the practice of this art, once the sole guardian of the national independence, passed many judicious laws to prevent its falling into disuse. By these, a fine of one mark was levied on every master of a family who permitted any of his male inmates to be without a bow and three shafts, for the space of a month.* The local autho-

rities were required to superintend the erection of public butts, in the environs of every town and village. Many of their ancient positions are yet known, however different the uses to which the ground where they once stood, is at present applied.

The nobility and spiritual persons were, by law, excepted; but men of every other rank and calling assembled, at these public shooting-grounds, to ply the sturdy yew and gallant gray goose wing. Thither the lordly baron sent his feudal vassals; thither came the squire, the independent franklyn, the wealthy yeoman, the rude peasant, and the unwashed artizan. All formed one promiscuous multitude, of which the numbers, in populous districts, were so considerable that, after the first season, the grass never grew around these public marks.

The sabbaths and other holidays were appropriated, by the statute, for these exercises of archery. But our British progenitors, enthusiastically attached to their favorite weapon, rendered all penal enactments, for a series of ages, unnecessary. The intervals of labor were all devoted to the shooting-ground, and their bows and arrows accompanied them in every excursion.

The extreme range of a flight shaft, when discharged from one of their ancient bows, is stated to have been four hundred yards, or nearly one quarter of a mile.† At about a fourth of this distance, the war arrow would penetrate any ordinary breast-plate, and slay man or horse at little short of two-thirds of it. To maintain and promote this strong and vigorous shooting, the statute of the 33d of Henry the Eighth forbade any man, above the age of four-and-twenty, to use the lighter kind of arrows, unless the butts were *upwards* of two hundred and twenty yards apart. After the promulgation of this law, the strong and dexterous archers frequently increased the distance, of their own accord, to two hundred and forty yards. The practice is alluded to by Shakspeare, who, beyond all question, was not only a bowman, but an accomplished one. A contempt for mediocrity is one of the characteristics of genius. The pursuits of his juvenile days—for we have all read of his moonlight excursions to Charlecot Deer-Park,—the law of the land, which permitted no youth of his age and rank to remain one month without a bow and shafts—are sufficient evidence; and, if more were wanting, we have it under his own hand.

Burke once playfully observed—and the pointed sally is characteristic of that great man—that fox-hunting formed no an important balance of the British constitution. His meaning is sufficiently obvious. The chase, by bringing the aristocracy into familiar contact with the gentry and middle classes of society, broke down the bar of exclusiveness, and led to a mutual interchange of good offices, socially, and in many instances, politically advantageous to each.

"And surely"—says a very agreeable writer, and one evidently well conversant with the subject—"the praise of these excellent qualities belongs more especially to modern archery. No visitant of the splendid bow-meetings which each revolving summer recals into existence, throughout the sylvan glades of this romantic land, ever remained uninfluenced by the joyous hilarity, the delightful ease and freedom which light each countenance with smiles. There, where men of various ranks, and, *grace á Dieu!* women too assemble, to bear away—

The arrow with a golden head,
And shaft of silver white,—

the plumed hat and forest green place all upon a temporary equality. Superior adroitness alone confers distinction. The possessor of a ducal coronet, whose ill-aimed shaft flies wide of the mark, cheerfully yields precedence to the untitled bowman who has placed *his* within its broad circlet of gold.

Hail then to the free, frank, and joyous spirits which compose an assemblage of British bowmen! No doubt but the circumstances under which the archer pursues his amusement, have considerable influence in producing this happy condition of mind. The balmy breezes of summer,—the charms of picturesque scenery,—the romance with which glorious tradition has invested his pursuits,—and the emulation engendered by the knowledge that most of his competitors boast a skill little inferior to his own,—keep the spirits in a state of agreeable excitement. He cannot be unconscious that he is 'the observed of all observers;' for every attitude—whether it be the preliminary action of stringing the bow, or the final one by which an arrow is discharged against a distant mark,—displays unrivalled manliness and grace. His bow, arrows, belt, bracer and shooting-glove are, for the most part, exact counterparts of those used by England's yeomanry, five centuries ago. Even the attire in which he shoots bears a general resemblance to the costume of the same warlike period. These things never fail to tinge imaginations at all excitable with a strong feeling of enthusiasm; and which the regulations of an archery fête are certainly not calculated to weaken. The contest takes place in the presence, and amidst the plaudits, of assembled hundreds.

Store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence and adjudge the prize,

are there; and from the hands of female beauty he receives the reward of his dearly-earned triumph.

* Hints for a Justice of the Peace.
† Neade's Double-armed Man. 4to., 1627.

It is to the good sense and discernment of the 'Woodmen of the Forest of Arden' that we owe, in modern times, the introduction of the bow, as a suitable and healthful recreation for their fair *countrywomen*;—and it was fortunate that their individual position in society entitled them to dictate laws to fashion, under whose powerful auspices the practice of archery by females was introduced to the world.

Attended by a fair portion of the excitement peculiar to the chase, but without its perils and its cruelty—requiring no excessive corporeal exertion—offering a combination of the most graceful positions appropriate to every other exercise,—and invariably associated with refined and polished society,—archery, from that time, made rapid advances in public estimation. The British fair quickly emancipated themselves from the ancient tyranny of back-bones, embroidery frames, spinnets, harpsichords, and all the other foolery of their grandmothers.

In the goode greene woode,
Among the lilie flower,

they sought that health and vivacity which pure air and active exertion can alone confer.

The ladies associated with the woodmen were, originally, restricted to their own immediate family connexions. Soon, however, the admissions became less exclusive. The prizes awarded by this society have always been distinguished for their splendor and variety. But the Ayleafords, the Mordannts, the Adamases, the Molands, and the Bagots, of the last—with the Boultbees, the Parkers, the Gresleys, and the Wises, of the present, age—the fair victors who have won, or still 'win and wear them'—have displayed a skill in all respects worthy of their magnitude.

Mrs. Crespigny's public breakfasts were another interesting feature in the annals of female archery. Many a delightful morning's lounge did these same breakfasts afford to such of the 'fashionable world' as had the good fortune to obtain cards of invitation. They were the most literal and practical illustrations of the *utile dulci* that I ever knew. The company shot 'games,' as they are called in the technicalities of archery. Eleven was the decisive number; and the arrows count according to their positions in the target. A shot in the gold circle reckons as nine,—the red, seven,—the inner white, five,—the black, three,—the outer white, one. Fines of half-a-crown were paid by the losers, the amount being appropriated to the support of a Sunday-school. The girls of the charity attended these archery meetings, attired in dresses of grass-green.

One hundred yards was the space between the targets. When the gentlemen had shot, they walked, in procession with the ladies, thirty paces forward; and the latter then discharged their arrows, at the unusual distance of seventy yards. Many will agree with me in thinking that these archery breakfasts might be judiciously revived, at the present day."

(To be Continued.)

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the Navy of the United States of America. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

In appearing before the public with this History of our Navy, Mr. Cooper has had two serious difficulties to surmount—one of prejudice, and one of exaggerated anticipation. It cannot be denied that, for many years past, he has been rapidly sinking in the estimation of his countrymen, and indeed of all right minded persons. Even his firmest friends were becoming ashamed of the universality of his cynicism; and his enemies, ceasing in a measure from open hostility, have been well content to abide the apparently inevitable self-ruin which his own unconquerable ill temper was so speedily bringing about. A flashy succession of ill-conceived and miserably executed literary productions, each more silly than its predecessor, and wherein the only thing noticeable was the peevishness of the writer, the only thing amusing his self-conceit—had taught the public to suspect even a radical taint in the intellect, an absolute and irreparable mental leprosy, rendering it a question whether he ever would or could again accomplish any thing which should be worthy the attention of people not positively rabid. In this state of affairs, it was not at all wonderful that the announcement of a Naval History of the United States, by the author of the attack upon Sir Walter Scott, was received with apathy and general distrust—with a feeling very different indeed from that which would have agitated the whole reading world at a similar announcement during the golden days of the celebrated novelist, and once exceedingly popular man.

Among the few, on the other hand, who had better opportunities of penetrating the mystery, and fathoming the extent, of that obstinate disease of the spleen which had so long made the author a burden to himself, and an object of compassion to his friends—among those who knew the disorder not altogether incurable, and who had good reason to rely firmly upon the innate vigor and elasticity of the constitution—even among these we have noticed a want of proper consideration in regard to the subject matter of the anticipated work—a misconception of the extent and capacities of the theme—which has operated to the temporary disadvantage of the historian.

Mr. Cooper's strength in sea narrative was well known, and justly appreciated; and in a work on Naval History, much was expected of a character very similar to that which had afforded its charm to the "Pilot," and rivetted attention in the "Red Rover." This expectation would have been comparatively well founded had the announcement been that of a Naval Biography. Here, an allowable minuteness of detail would have given vigor and vitality to the narration, and the personal adventures of the several heroes would have been overspread, in the simple discussion of fact with all the warm hues of the most spirit-stirring romance. In no general naval record, however, should we look too confidently for interest, beyond that grave species which is attached to the mere statement of fact. In records of our own marine, especially, we should look for little farther than this. The story of the simple events of our experience (for we are a nation of single ships) must always be deficient in that excitement which is derivable from the unity and majesty of the combined operations of fleets. Here then our sea-history labors under disadvantages not experienced by that of Europe. The tales we have to tell, of detached combat after combat, can form, at best, but a series of monotonous episode, where if the mind seeks, as it will, for connexion, this can only be established by means of a dry and barren mass of documental and statistical detail.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, however, (whose importance we have by no means adequately pointed out) Mr. Cooper has succeeded in writing a book which cannot fail to do him lasting honor, not more in a literary point of view, than as affording evidence of the final triumph of his kindlier and more manly feelings over the promptings of Satan and the spleen. The very preface is redolent of a returning good humor—of a recovered modesty—of a resuscitated common sense. Mr. Cooper is evidently Mr. Cooper once again, and as such we most cordially welcome him home to the good will, and to the affections, of his countrymen. That *he*, in preference to any one, should have written the Naval History of the United States, is a matter about which there is but little difference of opinion; and we rejoice, from the bottom of our heart, that he has arisen to the good work, from the moral death which has so long enwrapped him, while it is yet a convenient season for the undertaking—before the veteran actors in the drama have all passed away from among us—while there is yet many a tongue to tell what the eyes have seen—many a living witness to the gallant and glorious exploits which have had so much to do in the rendering us, and in the preserving us, a free people.

It is not our design, of course, to speak at length of any portion of a History which will speak so very eloquently for itself. The narrative commences with the first settlement by the English, proceeds with some details respecting the earliest achievements of the rival French and British colonies, connected with a clear and rapid survey of the condition of the maritime powers of Europe, and after discussing, in a masterly manner, every momentous event in the annals of our Navy, terminates with the contest of 1812. The war of the Revolution is brought to a close about the middle of the first volume, and the more important subsequent occurrences occupy the remainder of the publication.

The work, as a whole, has, we think, all the great requisites of a proper History—distinctness of narration, rigorous impartiality, an evident anxiety for truth, and a concise philosophical discussion of fact, rather than a shadowy speculation upon motive. Every similar book, as a matter of course, is liable to objection—to cavil—in regard to its detail; and, in the present case, we have heard occasional censures upon which we scarcely think it necessary to comment. Battles, whether by sea or land, (and battles form our staple here) are seldom witnessed by distinct authorities from the same points of observation, and this fact alone is sufficient to account for a thousand immaterial discrepancies.

In regard to style, let us hear Mr. Cooper himself.

"Some of the greatest writers of the age have impaired the dignity of their works, by permitting the peculiarities which have embellished their lighter labors to lessen the severity of manner that more properly distinguishes narratives of truth. This danger has been foreseen in the present instance, though the nature of the subject, which seldom rises to the level of general history, affords a constant temptation to offend. A middle course has been adopted, which, it is hoped, while some defects of execution may probably be detected, will be found on the whole to be suited to a recital of facts, in the familiar form that, in a measure, the incidents have demanded."

The mere English of our author was never, at any period, remarkable for precision of arrangement, and however easily, in a work of pure romance, such defect may be disregarded, we must own that it derogates very materially from the beauty of an otherwise excellent historic style. In the volumes before us sentences occur, by far too frequently, where positive ambiguity arises from sheer negligence in regard to the ordinary proprieties of grammar.

"Republicanism itself is brought into disrepute, in denying the just rewards of long services to officers, by attaching to it the weakness of a neglect of incentives, an ignorance on the subject of the general laws of discipline, and the odium of injustice. It is by forgetting the latter quality, more through the indifference of a divided power, than from any other cause, that republics have obtained their established character of being ungrateful."

Here is great confusion of expression. By "the latter quality" *justice* is intended, while *injustice* is implied.

"A territorial aristocracy, promotion, in both the army and the navy, is the inevitable fruit of favor, or of personal rank."

This sentence, as it stands, is utterly unintelligible, and can only be comprehended at all by placing before it the words immediately antecedent—which are "The nature of the English government is no secret." It now appears that the English government is "a territorial aristocracy." But every properly constructed sentence should have within itself the means of its own (grammatical) comprehension.

"The man who, refusing to adopt remedies that he believes unsuited to his constitution, is discreet, when he carries his system so far as to forget to look for others to supply their places, becomes careless and culpable."

This exceedingly ambiguous proposition is rendered perfectly plain by merely a different arrangement of the same words.

"The man who is discreet in refusing to adopt remedies that he believes unsuited to his constitution, becomes careless and culpable when he carries his system so far as to forget to look for others to supply their places." But upon this topic quite enough has been said.

Mr. Cooper's observations on the subject of our general marine policy are, we think, among the very best portions of his book. They are strikingly comprehensive in view, and evince a profound knowledge of the true incentives of human action. Our limits will permit us to give but a small portion of his remarks.

"A careful review of these facts and principles must satisfy all who study the subject, that the United States of America have never resorted to the means necessary to develope, or even in a limited sense, to employ their own naval resources. As a consequence, they have never yet enjoyed the advantage of possessing a powerful marine in time of war, or have felt its influence in sustaining their negotiations, and in supporting their national rights in a time of peace. As yet the ships of America have done little more than show the world what the republic might do with its energies duly directed, and its resources properly developed, by demonstrating the national aptitude for this species of warfare.

"But the probationary period of the American marine is passing away, and the body of the people are beginning to look forward to the appearance of their fleets on the ocean. It is no longer thought there is an unfitness in the republic's possessing heavy ships; and the opinion of the country

in this, as in other respects, is slowly rising to the level of its wants. Still many lingering prejudices remain in the public mind, in connexion with this all important subject, and some that threaten the service with serious injury. Of these, the most prominent are, the mode in which the active vessels are employed; a neglect of the means of creating seamen for the public service; the fact that there is no force in commission on the American coast; the substitution of money for pride and self-respect, as the aim of military men; and the impairing of discipline, and lessening the deference for the justice of the state, by the denial of rank.

"Under the present system of employing the public vessels, none of the peculiar experience that belongs to the higher objects of the profession is obtained. While ships may be likened to regiments as regards the necessity of manœuvring together, there is one important feature in which they are totally dissimilar. It may be pretty safely thought that one disciplined regiment will march as far, endure as much, and occupy its station as certainly as another, but no such calculation can be made on ships. The latter are machines, and their qualities may be improved by human ingenuity, when their imperfections have been ascertained by experiment. Intelligent comparisons are the first step in this species of improvement.

"It will be clear to the dullest mind, that the evolutions of a fleet, and, in a greater or less degree, its success, must be dependent on the qualities of its poorest vessels; since its best cannot abandon their less fortunate consorts to the enemy. The naval history of the world abounds with instances, in which the efforts of the first sea-captains have been frustrated by the defects of a portion of the ships under their command. To keep a number of vessels in compact order, to cause them to preserve their weatherly position in gales and adverse winds, and to bring them all as near as possible up to the standard that shall be formed by the most judicious and careful commander, is one of the highest aims of naval experience. On the success of such efforts depend the results of naval evolutions more frequently than on any dexterity in fighting guns. An efficient fleet can no more be formed without practice in squadrons, than an efficient army without evolutions in brigades. By not keeping ships in squadrons, there will also be less emulation, and consequently less improvement.

"Under the present system three principal stations are maintained; two in the Atlantic, and one in the Mediterranean. On neither of these stations would the presence of a vessel larger than a sloop of war be necessary, on ordinary occasions, provided a force of heavy ships could periodically and unexpectedly appear on all. It is seldom that a single ship of the line is required on any service; and it is certain that a solitary two-decked vessel could have no great influence on those important interests which it is the practice of the rest of Christendom to refer to the agency of fleets. By putting in commission six or eight two-decked ships, and by causing them to appear, from time to time, on all the more important stations this side of the two great southern capes, the country, at no material additional cost, would obtain the several objects of practice in fleets, of comparative trials of the qualities of the most important class of vessels in the navy, of a higher state of discipline, and of a vast improvement in the habits of subordination on the part of commanders, a defect that all experience shows is peculiar to the desultory mode of service now in use, and which has produced more naval disasters in the world than probably any other one cause. In a word, the principal ends of a navy can no more be obtained, by the services of single ships, than wars can be decided by armies cut up into battalions."

Lecture on the Study of History, applied to the Progress of Civilization. Delivered by Appointment before the Union Literary Society, May 2d, 1839.

A brilliant and bold production, bearing the impress of the mind of its author. With the tenets, however, here so well supported by Mr. Dimitry we will not altogether coincide. They border somewhat too closely, in our apprehension, upon the eloquent madness of Turgot, Price, Priestly, Condorcet, and De Stael—yet, strange to say, none of these names occur in the Lecture with the exception perhaps, of that of Priestly, in an incidental manner! There can be no doubt, however, at what sparkling fountains our author has imbibed his scarcely tenable notions of the perfectibility of man. For to this end, more than to any other, tend the doctrines and the arguments of the essay. In the position itself we have little faith, but great faith in the ability of our friend to make the best of a bad topic. This, in the present instance, he has undoubtedly accomplished, as the spirited passage annexed will testify more fully than any assertion of our own.

"The highest degree of perfection to which man is, by nature, destined, grows out of the free and complete development of his individuality, under the influences of beauty, goodness, and truth, and of his close and brotherly union with his fellow-laborers on earth. The principle of human perfectibility will, therefore, when fully developed, induce a state in which mind and matter, reconciled to each other, will produce a lofty and splendid harmony; in which each special order of mind will find a corresponding object, and a proper sphere of action and usefulness; in which man, instead of wasting his powers in fruitless strifes, will exert them in subjugating material nature; in which the in-

jury, accruing to one member, and profiting no one, shall be considered, by all, as wrong inflicted on the whole of society; in which the shackling of evil passions will put an end to the conflict between virtue and vice—a conflict which will be survived by a generous emulation, only, among the worthy, to do the most good; a state of rest, which will not be indolent inaction, and a state of action, which shall have ceased to be tumultuous agitation. Then, and then only, shall the promises of the martyr-God be realized. Then, and then only, shall it be truly said of man that he loves his neighbor as himself; for he will love him as a part of a whole, of which he himself is but another part. Then, and then only, shall Japheth's daring seed, as the Roman lyrist calls us, reconquer the symbolical Aiden, forfeited by the common ancestor, exulting in the choice spoils which they shall have gathered during their centuries of toil in the fields of the arts and the sciences.

Such is the society which awaits the futurity of the world. Under what combination of circumstance and time it shall be fashioned, cannot be ascertained. But history unerringly points to it—reason sanctions it; while, at the same time, it teaches that it shall be given to man to compass its attainment; for reason embodies certain invariable principles which, when once asserted and grasped by the people, are used by them as a resting point for farther and extended operations. In regard to the principles themselves, their progress will no longer consist in variation, innovation, or change; but their immutability shall be the basis of all improvement, which, out of this condition, would be liable to the same oscillations and doubts, in the midst of which man has hitherto all but fruitlessly consumed his powers and his strength. Now, those principles will obtain so soon as natural law—I mean the law deduced from human reason, as a criterion of truth—the law inherent to our sociable nature, and harmonising with humanity in all places and time; so soon as that law, in accordance with the *moral* law of Christianity, shall have every where supplanted the conventional law, which is not based, however we may try to conceal it, upon the general constitution of human nature, but upon the partial interests of individuals, corporations, cities, provinces, and States—upon the necessity of circumstances and the will of the lawmaker.

That such a society may be realized in a given time we are bound to believe with as much certainty as we believe that we are gifted with the exercise of reason. We must, otherwise, surrender to the harrowing conviction that our appearance here is but an aimless and fantastic farce; that some evil genius, after having engraved in our nature an instinct of that which is impossible, mocks at our insatiable appetences and our panting efforts round a charmed circle, in which we ever return to the starting point; that, after all, the tradition of Tantalus is no fable; and that this world is but a vast gehenna, in which perpetual torture and perpetual disappointment are the inevitable lot of man. But how can we withhold our faith from a doctrine co-extensive with the mind, and brilliant as hope itself? A doctrine for which the Savior suffered on earth; and which martyrs and sages have vindicated with their blood and their lives, offered up in testimony of its truth? Many may view these monitions of history as phantasms of the brain; or brand rational inductions as Utopian dreams. Let them! When the first troglodyte issued from his cavern into the social world, and returned to his fellow-intelligent brutes with the story of civilization abroad, they met his words with derision and scorn! They, bound in the darkness of their caves and the filth of their clay hovels, could not realize the splendors of the palace and the comforts of its life. They too—had the supercilious word, invented by their imitators, been known—they, too, would have exclaimed, Utopia! They, whose inch-deep intellect, or whose all-controlling prejudices, stop at the surface of things, and, viewing the evils only which still afflict society, pronounce the notion of perfectibility to be chimerical and vain, they do not intelligently attend to the sober teachings of reason and truth. Man, as a sensual being, belongs to the world of the senses; and that is an habitual state of war between his physical powers—a *bellum omnium contra omnes*—a war of all against all. But, again, man, as a rational being, also belongs to the world of mind; and, as such, he is destined, by the law of his spiritual nature, to subdue the material world. The complement of that law will be to defeat the belligerance of material forces; and, at some providential period, to assert the full and definite triumph of reason, and the consequent prevalence of happiness and peace. Individuals now enjoy that triumph of reason and blessing of peace. Why should they not extend to the collective being called society? To argue that it cannot, is to argue that there is no essential law that will equally apply to man in his individual and social capacity: it is to advance an unnatural, an anti-social, and a degrading paradox: it is to strike at the vitality of virtue, through the freedom of man's will, and madly to insult the superhuman wisdom of Him who made man the proxy of his power!"

Francia's Reign of Terror, being a Sequel to Letters on Paraguay. By J. P. and W. P. Robinson. E. L. Carey and A. Hart, Philadelphia.

The "*Letters on Paraguay*" were exceedingly well received by the reading public, and this is a matter not at all to be wondered at. Previous to their publication, little, comparatively, was known of the country they described, and that little was shadowy and vague. We knew that Paraguay existed; that it was an inland region of South America; that it had been the seat of the Jesuits

that it had become independent of the mother country, and finally fallen under the dominion of a certain Doctor Francia. All farther than this has been a knowledge of recent date, due to the literary labors of the Robinsons.

Dr. Francia is, beyond doubt, one of the most remarkable characters of the age, and a man whose entire nature has been misunderstood. An array of startling facts here given, will go far to prove him a stern despot and a blood-thirsty tyrant, rather than the prudent and amiable pacificator which our imaginations have hitherto painted him.

Isabel; or Sicily. A Pilgrimage. By Henry T. Tuckerman. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

Mr. Tuckerman is known as the author of the "*Italian Sketch Book*," and of many very readable articles in the magazines and annuals. Without much of profundity, of originality, or vigor, he is more than usually pure in style, and orthodox in sentiment. The present work will, we think, greatly enhance his reputation as a graceful and agreeable writer. The general plan has apparently been suggested by that of Bulwer's *Pilgrims of the Rhine*—although here the similarity ceases. Frederick Otley, an American gentleman, travels in Europe with the view of alleviating his grief for the loss of a beloved wife, leaving in his southern home a daughter, in charge of her uncle, his brother. The absence of the traveller is long continued, and the daughter, having grown to womanhood, forms the design of surprising him by a visit in Sicily, of which country Otley, in his last letter, expressed an intention of making the tour. The uncle accompanies her on the voyage, and the volume concludes with the re-union of the family. The main, indeed the whole design, is to present the reader with a picturesque account of Sicily, and with the author's own reflections during a tour in that comparatively little travelled portion of the old world. The chain of fiction above mentioned, (which appears to us somewhat supererogatory) is given, says Mr. T., for the purpose of avoiding that egotistical tone from which it is difficult to escape in a formal journal, as well as to obviate the necessity of dwelling upon those unimportant details and circumstances which are common to every tour in Europe, and therefore too familiar to be interesting. There is an air of quiet enthusiasm pervading the whole of this little book, which, insensibly, has its influence upon the mind of the reader—disposing him to think well of Mr. Tuckerman as a man, not less than to be pleased with him as an author. There is much in his character, as we gather it from "Isabel," of the warmest poetical impulse—of a perfectly unaffected romance.

Memoirs of Celebrated Women. Edited by G. P. R. James, Esq., author of De L'Orme, Life of the Black Prince, etc. etc. E. L. Carey and A. Hart, Philadelphia.

In general we dislike such title-pages as this. There is a misty atmosphere of humbug all about them, through which we peer with a suspicious eye. Time was when the duties of an editor were matter of perfect simplicity—at least so far as concerned the public comprehension of these duties; but "we have changed all that" as the world grows older, and in every such announcement as we find here, there always lies *perdu* a very pretty little enigma.

In its solution there are several points to be considered. Sometimes, as in the case of those superb passionate tales the "Recollections of a Chaperon," the work will be written, as well as edited, by a Lady Dacre. Here there is an affectation of modesty—yet the affectation is not altogether ungraceful. Of all the modern editorship this is, beyond doubt, the species least objectionable.

The editorship protective is of a different class. Here, as in the case of Mr. Willis, (whose fine taste should have taught him more intelligible things,) the author makes a somewhat droll bow to a foreign audience, holding fast (God only knows why) to the arm of a Barry Cornwall. However, there is no harm in the world done, and the worst that can happen is a good hearty laugh on the part of the public.

But there is a third order of this editorial humbuggery which is positively no joke, and which should never be regarded as such by any decent individual. An example is found in the case of the London publisher, Bentley, who had the downright impudence to get up, some time ago, a reprint of our own admirable "Nick of the Woods," and announce it (no doubt to the great edification of Dr. Bird,) as under the editorial supervision of Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli.

In the present instance Mr. James evinces, we think, a sort of half consciousness of being engaged in a rather silly affair. The whole preface has the countenance of *un mouton qui rêve*. "To day," he says, with the air of an injured man, "it is necessary for an editor to state what he really has done for the work he edits, lest any false impression should be adopted by the public." Having premised thus much, he goes on to show very clearly that in the case now in question he has done—precisely nothing at all. We could not wish a better commentary upon the whole editorial system.

The work itself (which we are told, is by an aunt of the author of Richelieu) is a plainly written compilation of interesting matters, sufficiently familiar to every ordinary reader of history. We have memoirs of Joan of Arc, of Margaret of Anjou, of Lady Jane Grey, of Anna Commena, of Madame de Maintenon, of Elizabeth of England, and of Donna Maria Pacheco.

Advice to a Young Gentleman on entering Society. By the Author of the "Laws of Etiquette." Lea and Blanchard. Philadelphia.

Taking up this volume with a strong feeling of prejudice, induced by a certain *ad captandum* air in the title, our attention was rivetted by the very initial sentences, and before getting through with the second page we acknowledged the hand of a master. The book is replete with a wordly wisdom even profound; it is the product of a vigorous and cultivated mind, imbued with a thorough knowledge of its subject, and discussing it *con amore*.

The leading truths here inculcated, are, we think, the more important, because, being through their very nature confined to superficialities, or apparently so confined, the world at large is easily disposed to fall in with those frequent opinions of the grave and learned which declare them inessential. But in this case we challenge the judgment of the tribunal, and will not abide by any decision which shall be "grave and learned." *Pour savoir ce qu'il est (Dieu) il faut être Dieu même*, says the Baron de Bielfeld, in speaking of a more august subject; but the spirit of his remark is abundantly applicable to the present matter in hand. To form any just estimate of the importance of habitual intercourse with our fellows, and, more especially, of an attentive regard to the modelling and polishing of our social habits, we must already be men of the world—we must have felt all the miseries of a *mauvaise honte*, and have revelled in all the luxury of a disenthralment from its bonds.

Upon the evils of an absolutely unsocial existence it is folly to comment. He who has, at any period, entered with heart into the proper spirit of a high society, will find even a temporary withdrawal from its usages (urged, let us say, by necessity, or induced by disgust, or sought for the severer purposes of study) followed by very serious inconveniences, often by poignant mortifications, always by a thorough conviction of man's unfitness for such existence, and of its enervating and debasing influence upon his intellectual powers, if not upon the whole organization of his moral being. Collecting and concentrating in his retirement an imaginary strength, the solitary student makes at length, for some long designed effort, a step into the world of busy life—but this step is feebly and irresolutely advanced. A farther progress fully awakens him to his weakness and his folly. The volition is in abeyance, which should vivify his forces, and impart to them decision. He now feels and perhaps acknowledges his error.

We could name no book whatever, in which are better exemplified the truth of opinions such as these than in the unpretending volume now before us. In almost every respect it is a valuable and exceedingly well written treatise. Among the detailed precepts which form its body there is, perhaps, little to be found which the letters of Lord Chesterfield have not already given. But without the offensive heartlessness of those very objectionable writings, this American work equals them, at least, in all their reputable points—in vigor of thought and diction, in acumen, in practicability, and in evidences of wordly knowledge.

A Synopsis of Natural History; embracing the Natural History of Animals, with Human and General Animal Physiology, Botany, Vegetable Physiology, and Geology. Translated from the latest French Edition of C. Lemmonnier, Professor of Natural History in the Royal College of Charlemagne; with Additions from the Works of Cuvier, Dumaril, Lacepede, etc. Arranged as a Text Book for Schools. By Thomas Wyatt, A. M., Author of Elements of Botany, a Manual of Conchology, etc. Thomas Wardle, Philadelphia.

Mr. Wyatt is favorably known to the public as the author of an exceedingly well arranged, accurate, and beautifully illustrated "*Conchology*," and has been mainly instrumental, we believe, in drawing that public attention to the science in this country which is now so obviously manifested. We hope that his success with the present publication will be commensurate with the wider range which he has taken. It cannot be denied that a *synopsis* such as he now puts forth has been long a *desideratum*. While there has been no deficiency of school books in any one of the sciences embraced within a proper course of Natural History, it must still have occurred to many as singular, that in a study whose very existence may be said to depend upon *method*, there should have been, hitherto, no attempt at collecting the parts into an easily discernible *whole*.

As the work of Mr. Wyatt professes to be simply a translation of the well known *Tableaux* of M. Lemmonnier, we need say little more in the way of recommendation than that all the useful spirit of the original has been preserved—and this we say from personal knowledge, and the closest

inspection and collation. In changing the tabular form of the French publication to one better suiting the purposes of our American schools, some little latitude was of course admissible and unavoidable. The book is a large octavo, beautifully printed on fine paper, and illustrated by forty-nine well executed plates. Copies, colored with accuracy, under the superintendence of Mr. James Ackermann, are for sale at our principal bookstores. The whole work does credit to all parties, and should be patronized, not less for its intrinsic value than as a matter of just policy, by all Philadelphians who have the publishing interest of the city at heart.

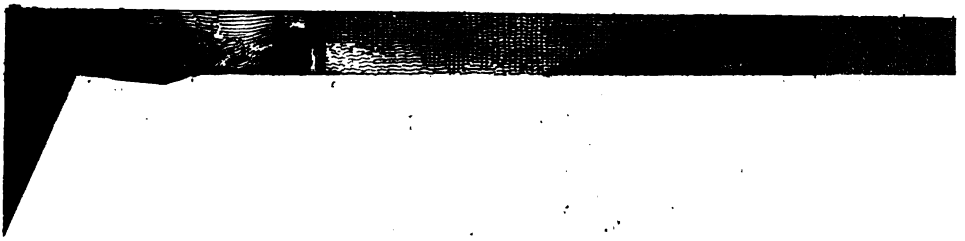
Sketches of Public Characters, Discourses, and Essays. To which is added a Dissertation on the Eloquence of the Ancients. By Henry Lord Brougham. Philadelphia, E. L. Carey and A. Hart.

This is an exceedingly interesting work, and should be in the hands of every one who reads at all. The first volume is made up of the introductions to the different speeches of Lord Brougham, which were intended to elucidate the history of certain measures discussed, and, incidentally, of the periods to which they related. The aim is, to give a picture of the times, in an account of the persons who bore the chief part in their transactions, in the supposition that the course of state affairs, their posture at any given period, and the nature of the different measures propounded from time to time, can only be well understood by giving an accurate representation of the characters of those who figured most remarkably upon the stage. This portion of the book embraces a world of detail concerning Cobbett, Stephen, Perceval, Roscoe, Lord Castlereagh, Horner, Wilberforce, Bentham, Sir James Mackintosh, Canning, Huskisson, Grattan, and others.

The second volume is occupied with Lord Brougham's inaugural discourse on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; practical observations upon the education of the people; and a dissertation on the eloquence of the Ancients; with an appendix of translations from Demosthenes. In the matters here contained, Lord Brougham fully sustains his reputation for sound scholarship, as well as profound and luminous criticism. The whole work is imbued with the racy spirit of the author's own intellect—an intellect essentially Demosthenic in the almost rude strength, directness, and impetuosity of its operations. We cannot too pointedly press this excellent publication upon the attention of our readers. The following passage is from a paper on marriage, divorce, and legitimacy.

"To illustrate by example his (Sir William Scott's) singularly refined and pungent wit in conversation, or the happy and unexpected quotations with which he embellished it, or the tersely told anecdotes with which he enlivened it, without for an instant fatiguing his audience, would be difficult—because it is of the nature of the refined essence in which the spirit of the best society consists, not to keep. When some sudden, and somewhat violent changes of opinion were imputed to a learned judge, who was always jocosely termed Mrs. ——, "*Varium et mutabile semper fœmina*," was Sir William Scott's remark. A celebrated physician having said, somewhat more flippantly than beseemed the gravity of his cloth, "Oh, you know, Sir William, after forty a man is always either a fool or a physician!" "May'nt he be both, Doctor?" was the arch rejoinder, with a most arch leer, and insinuating voice, half drawled out. "A vicar was once," (said his lordship,* presiding at the dinner of the Admiralty sessions) "so wearied out with his parish clerk confining himself entirely to the 100th psalm, that he remonstrated, and insisted upon a variety, which the man promised; but old habit proving too strong for him, the old words were as usual given out next Sunday, 'All people that on earth do dwell.' Upon this the vicar's temper could hold out no longer, and, jutting his head over the desk, he cried, 'Damn all people that on earth do dwell!'—a very compendious form of anathema," added the learned chief of the spiritual court."

* Sir W. Scott was, during the latter years of his life, created a peer, by the title of Lord Stowell; but it is by his former name that he is known to the profession, and to the world.



BURTON'S

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1839.

THE GAMEKEEPER'S FIRESIDE.

IN ILLUSTRATION OF AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.

Mr. Hancock here represents a veteran Scotch gamekeeper, enjoying himself with his pipe, by his own homely fireside, in company with his dogs, who appear to partake with him of the satisfaction attending a good day's diversion. From the bald head and wrinkled brow of this experienced sportsman, he must be nearly approaching that period which is called by the Psalmist "the age of man;" still, from the muscular frame of his body, and the undiminished size of his limbs, it is evident that he has many more years' work left in him, the almost sure result of the health-giving pursuits he has followed, and the pure air he has breathed, since he breathed at all.

The dogs here represented, are rare specimens of their sort. The one apparently the most attached to his master, is a fine Russian Setter, a breed much esteemed on the moors, from their general hardiness of constitution, and being less given to thirst than those of the English kind; which is a great desideratum to the grouse shooter, in many parts of Great Britain, where good limpid water is sometimes not to be met with, in a beat of considerable extent. In their natural formation and effect, they are far from being the most beautiful and attractive of the canine species; in fact, they have neither that uniformity of shape, nor elegance of figure, which so much distinguish the English and Irish setter; neither do they exhibit the pleasing variegation in color, which we find in them:—in short, their beauty may be said, in a great part, to consist in their ugliness, the true test of their pure blood being a long wiry coat, from which their heads are not even free, extending beyond the eyes, nearly to their exclusion from our view, and oftentimes with a *moustache* which would satisfy the Great Mogul. There is also another point of difference between the breeds. The Russian generally stands to his game and dogs, after the manner of our pointer, which is an advantage in a wide range of moors. This dog is also good as a retriever, and by no means shy of taking water.

The dog lying down by the fire, is a portrait of a blood-hound, the property of the late lord Middleton, of Wollaton Hall, Nottinghamshire, England, who was celebrated for his dogs, of almost every description used in the field,—as well as for having been a master of fox-hounds during the greater part of his life, and considered a superior judge of the animal, (dog,) generally. The blood-hound, or Sleuthe-hound of the Scots, although a fine subject for the painter, is not a general favorite, from the character he bears of decided enmity to man; for which he is indebted, not so much to his nature, as to a property ascribed to him, of pursuing human beings by their footsteps, and not quitting the scent until he has seized them, or marked them to their place of retreat. That there has existed, and does exist, a species of dog of this description, trained to discover the haunts of robbers

and to trace the road of run-away negroes, there does not remain a doubt. We learn from Rainsford's "History of St. Domingo," that they were trained to the scent of the human footstep, by being fed on blood, and rewarded at the end of their long chase, by being encouraged to pull down a figure representing a negro, stuffed with the blood and entrails of beasts. On the authority of Strabo, they did more than this; they were made the means of attack, in a body, on the Gauls, and within our own time, of bringing back the run-away negroes of Jamaica to their duty, having been hired, at a great expense, from Cuba, for the purpose. But there is as much difference between the dogs now alluded to, and that which we call the English blood-hound, as there is between an English fox-hound and an Irish greyhound. In fact, we are well persuaded, that the animals hired on this occasion from Cuba, were, as nearly as possible, the sort of animal that the celebrated sportsman, Nimrod, saw, and gave a description of, in his "German Tour," at the seat of Count Hahn, in Germany; which are not altogether unlike the old Irish greyhound, with the exception of being possessed of still more power, as well as great apparent ferocity,—which indeed, they stand in need of, as they are used for the chase of the wild hog. It may be recollected by some of the readers of this work, that he described the way in which these boar-hounds, as they are called, were kennelled, to guard against danger to strangers. They were chained to the walls of a long gallery-like building, at a certain distance from, and opposite to, each other, only leaving a sufficient space for persons to walk between them, quite secure from their gripe; for they were most of them savage, and exhibited sundry scars from the tusks of the beasts with which they had contended.

When speaking of those dogs, he thus expressed myself as to their kind: "They seem to be a cross of the old mastiff and the lurcher greyhound, but with more power than belongs to each individually;" whereas, the old and true blood-hound is supposed to have sat for the picture which Shakspeare drew of the dog of the highest repute in the sixteenth century:—

> My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away with the morning dew;
> Crook-kneed and dew-lapp'd, like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
> Each under each.

Mr. Tickell, the friend and fellow-laborer of Addison, thus introduces the blood-hound, in his "Poem on Hunting," and with the full license of a poet:—

> Thy care be first the various gifts to trace,
> The minds and genius of the latrant race:
> In powers distinct the different clans excel,
> In sight, or swiftness, or sagacious smell.
> By wiles ungen'rous some surprise the prey,
> And some by courage win the doubtful day.
> Seest thou the greyhound, how, with glance severe,
> From the close herd he marks the destin'd deer:
> How every nerve the greyhound's stretch displays,
> The hare preventing to her airy maze;
> The luckless prey how treach'rous tumblers gain,
> And dauntless wolf-dogs shake the lion's mane?
> O'er all the blood-hound boasts superior skill,
> To scent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill;
> His fellows' vain alarms rejects with scorn,
> True to the masters' voice and learned horn.
> His nostrils oft, if ancient fame sing true,
> Trace the sly felon through the tainted dew;
> Once snuff'd, he follows with unalter'd aim,
> Nor odors lure him from the chosen game;
> Deep-mouth'd he thunders, and inflam'd he views,
> Springs on relentless, and to death pursues.

We do not, however, wish to be understood to assert, that a dog, known by the term "blood-hound," has not been made use of in Great Britain—in Scotland in particular, in the civil wars of Wallace and Bruce, for example, whose poetical historians relate very interesting anecdotes touching the service they rendered their masters; as, likewise, on the confines of England and Scotland, where the borderers were continually preying upon the herds and flocks of their neighbors; and in England as well, in the early part of the last century, when deer-stealing prevailed so much, and was accounted a capital offence. The celebrated Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal, Yorkshire, England, indeed, had a leash of these animals during his residence at Clapham, in Surry, within the last half century, which were the terror of the neighborhood, partly from the name they bore;—neither do I doubt that such dogs might have been, in the course of time, brought to hunt the dry foot of man, having been trained to hunt it when touched with something that left a stronger scent behind it.

But we must not give credit to all the marvellous stories handed down to us of dogs and their breeds. We read of those which were individually more than a match for the lion;—perhaps it was in honor of the memory of one of this description, that Alexander the Great gave his name (Perditas) to a city! Plutarch speaks of dogs of such courage as outstrips all we experience in our own breed of bull-dogs, forasmuch, as he says, they would suffer amputation of their limbs—aye, even of their heads—rather than quit their hold!!

The two dogs on the right-hand in this picture, are what are called Deer-lurchers, in contradis-

tinction to the term Deer-greyhound, and peculiar to Scotland. It is difficult to define this variety of dog; but we may conclude that he is mongrel bred, of great power; and resembling those which we are told pulled down sixteen bucks, one day after dinner, in Cowdry Park, Sussex, for the amusement of Queen Elizabeth. In fact, the word "lurcher" is not definable by the sportsman, farther than that it implies a fault—that of running foul—for which a thorough-bred modern greyhound is certain to obtain a halter. Perhaps the *canis Gallicus*, which is spoken of by Ovid, and held in such estimation among the ancients for his pot-filling accomplishments, was much such an animal as this, "as inferior in make and symmetry," as the editor of the "Courser's Manual" observes, "to the modern greyhound, as the hog-maned top-heavy cobs, which served as Hobson's choice of models to Phidias and his brother sculptors, were to Sorcerer and the Darley Arabian."

The following description of the lurcher is given by Laurence (not good authority) in a work called "Scott's British Field Sports," but acknowledged to be from his pen. "The lurcher, a breed some years since on the decline, is a mongrel (*quere*—if a *mongrel*, how can he call him of any particular breed? He should have said *variety*,) between the greyhound and shepherd dog, or the smaller and mongrel mastiff. He is a poacher's dog, or kept for the purpose of deception, under the pretence of not being of the hunting species. The lurcher will catch up hares in an enclosed country, and some of them, though slow, will run long and well." Some years back, a gentleman in North Wales had a breed of greyhounds, very raw-boned and wiry-haired, and so far resembling the lurcher in their propensities—indeed we may say excelling him—as to have been often known to go out by themselves, and, having killed their hare, to bring her home in their mouths. As we are always shy of the *marvellous*, these dogs were well known in the neighborhood of Pwllheli, a small market town in Carnarvonshire. That there did exist several varieties of the greyhound, is a fact well established; and that they chaced indifferently the fox, the hare, or the buck. They would, indeed, on the fattest and best buck in a herd being shown to them, pursue it by the eye, and if lost for a time, recover it by their singularly distinguishing faculty of sight, even should it have regained the herd; but we have reason to believe the species is now lost, and the Highland greyhound is become very scarce. The last-named dog is of great size and strength, covered with long rough hair, and was much esteemed by the powerful Highland chieftains in their magnificent hunting matches. The Irish greyhound, used in the chase of the wolf, is not now to be found in this part of Europe—at all events he is become rare.

THE SONGS WE USED TO LOVE.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

There is a charm in music's breath
To chase the shades of care,
To bid the wrinkled brow of age
A gleam of sunshine wear—
A magic spell that makes us yearn
Again in joy to rove
Through those glad scenes where first we heard
The songs we used to love.

It brings us back our youth again,
The sunny days of life,
It strews fresh roses o'er our paths,
With blooming beauty rife;
The echo of a long loved voice
Now swelling strains above,
Comes whispering in gentle notes
Through songs we used to love.

We hear the stranger's careless lip
The pensive numbers swell,
And the quick fluttering of our hearts
Attests its mighty spell.
And tears—thick tears, we fain would hide,
The power of memory prove,
And we call back the days of yore
In songs we used to love.

The songs, the songs we used to love,
Oh! we remember still
How oft their echoes sweetly stole
Around the grass-crown'd hill;
Like viewless wings, by spirits borne,
They seem'd through air to move,
Still flying faster than pursued,
The songs we used to love.

Then come, young spirit of sweet sound—
Bright soother—bring again
The faded days of long ago,
In thy remember'd strain.
And, hand in hand, mine early friends
Again with me shall rove,
And I will be a child once more,
In songs we used to love.

THE MAN THAT WAS USED UP.

A TALE OF THE LATE BUGABOO AND KICKAPOO CAMPAIGN.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

I CANNOT just now remember when or where I first made the acquaintance of that truly fine-looking fellow, Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith. Some one *did* introduce me to the gentleman, I am sure—at some public meeting, I know very well—held about something of great importance, no doubt—and at some place or other, of this I feel convinced—whose name I have unaccountably forgotten. The truth is—that the introduction was attended, upon my part, with a degree of anxious and tremulous embarrassment which operated to prevent any definite impressions of either time or place. I am constitutionally nervous—this, with me, is a family failing, and I can't help it. In especial, the slightest appearance of mystery—of any point I cannot exactly comprehend—puts me at once into a pitiable state of agitation.

There was something, as it were, remarkable—yes, *remarkable*, although this is but a feeble term to express my full meaning—about the entire individuality of the personage in question. What this something was, however, I found it impossible to say. He was, perhaps, six feet in height, and of a presence singularly commanding. There was an *air distingué* pervading the whole man, which spoke of high breeding, and hinted at high birth. Upon this topic—the topic of Smith's personal appearance—I have a kind of melancholy satisfaction in being minute. His head of hair would have done honor to a Brutus—nothing could be more richly flowing, or possess a brighter gloss. It was of a jetty black—which was also the color, or more properly the no color, of his unimaginable whiskers. You perceive I cannot speak of these latter without enthusiasm; it is not too much to say that they were the handsomest pair of whiskers under the sun. At all events, they encircled, and at times partially overshadowed, a mouth utterly unequalled. Here were the most entirely even, and the most brilliantly white of all conceivable teeth. From between them, upon every proper occasion, issued a voice of surpassing clearness, melody, and strength. In the matter of eyes, my acquaintance was, also, pre-eminently endowed. Either one of such a pair was worth a couple of the ordinary ocular organs. They were of a deep hazel, exceedingly large and lustrous: and there was perceptible about them, ever and anon, just that amount of interesting obliquity which gives force to the pregnant observation of Francis Bacon—that "there is no exquisite beauty existing in the world without a certain degree of *strangeness* in the expression."

The bust of the General was unquestionably the finest bust I ever saw. For your life you could not have found a fault with its wonderful proportion. This rare peculiarity set off to great advantage a pair of shoulders which would have called up a blush of conscious inferiority into the countenance of the marble Apollo. I have a passion for fine shoulders, and may say that I never beheld them in perfection before. His arms altogether were admirably modelled, and the fact of his wearing the right in a sling, gave a greater decision of beauty to the left. Nor were the lower limbs less marvellously superb. These were indeed the *ne plus ultra* of good legs. Every connoisseur in such matters admitted the legs to be good. There was neither too much flesh, nor too little—neither rudeness nor fragility. I could not imagine a more graceful curve than that of the *os femoris*, and there was just that due gentle prominence in the rear of the *fibula* which goes to the conformation of a properly proportioned calf. I wish to God, my young and talented friend Chiponchipino, the sculptor, had but seen the legs of Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith.

But although men so absolutely fine-looking are neither as plenty as reasons or blackberries, still I could not bring myself to believe that *the remarkable* something to which I alluded just now—that the odd air of *Je ne sais quoi* which hung about my new acquaintance—lay altogether, or indeed at all, in the supreme excellence of his bodily endowments. Perhaps it might be traced to the *manner*—yet here again I could not pretend to be positive. There *was* a primness, not to say stiffness, in his carriage—a degree of measured, and, if I may so express it, of rectangular precision, attending his every movement, which, observed in a more *petite* figure, would have had the least little savor in the world of affectation, pomposity, or constraint, but which, noticed in a gentleman of his

undoubted dimension, was readily placed to the account of reserve, of hauteur, of a commendable sense, in short, of what is due to the dignity of colossal proportion.

The kind friend who presented me to General Smith whispered in my ear, at the instant, some few words of comment upon the man. He was a *remarkable* man—a *very* remarkable man—indeed one of the *most* remarkable men of the age. He was an especial favorite, too, with the ladies—chiefly on account of his high reputation for courage.

"In *that* point he is unrivalled—indeed he is a perfect desperado,—a downright fire-eater, and no mistake," said my friend, here dropping his voice excessively low, and thrilling me with the mystery of his tone.

"A downright fire-eater, and *no* mistake—showed *that*, I should say, to some purpose, in the late tremendous swamp-fight away down south, with the Bugaboo and Kickapoo Indians. (Here my friend placed his forefinger to the side of his nose, and opened his eyes to some extent.) Bless my soul!—blood and thunder, and all that!—*prodigies* of valor!—heard of him, of course?—you know he's the man"——

"Man alive, how *do* you do? why how *are* ye? *very* glad to see ye, indeed!" here interrupted the General himself, seizing my companion by the hand as he drew near, and bowing stiffly, but profoundly, as I was presented. I then thought, (and I think so still,) that I never heard a clearer nor a stronger voice, nor beheld a finer set of teeth—but I *must* say that I was sorry for the interruption *just at that moment*, as, owing to the whispers and insinuations aforesaid, my interest had been greatly excited in the hero of the Bugaboo and Kickapoo campaign.

However, the delightfully luminous conversation of Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith soon completely dissipated this chagrin. My friend leaving us immediately, we had quite a long *tête á tête*, and I was not only pleased but *really* instructed. I never heard a more fluent talker, or a man of greater general information. With becoming modesty, he forbore, nevertheless, to touch upon the theme I had just then most at heart—I mean the mysterious circumstances attending the Bugaboo war—and, on my own part, what I conceive to be a proper sense of delicacy forbade me to broach the subject, although, in truth, I was exceedingly tempted to do so. I perceived, too, that the gallant soldier preferred topics of philosophical interest, and that he delighted, especially, in commenting upon the rapid march of mechanical invention. Indeed—lead him where I would—this was a point to which he invariably came back.

"There is nothing at all like it," he would say; "we are a wonderful people, and live in a wonderful age. Parachutes and rail-roads—man-traps and spring guns! Our steam-boats are upon every sea, and the Nassau balloon packet is about to run regular trips (fare either way only twenty pounds sterling) between London and Timbuctoo. And who shall calculate the immense influence upon social life—upon arts—upon commerce—upon literature—which will be the immediate result of the application of the great principles of electro-magnetics? Nor is this all, let me assure you! There is really no end to the march of invention. The most wonderful—the most ingenious—and let me add, Mr.—Mr.—Thompson, I believe is your name—let me add, I say, the most *useful*—the most truly *useful* mechanical contrivances, are daily springing up like mushrooms, if I may so express myself, or, more figuratively, like—grasshoppers—like grasshoppers, Mr. Thompson—about us and—ah—ah—around us!"

Thompson, to be sure, is not my name; but it is needless to say that I left General Smith with a heightened interest in the man, with an exalted opinion of his conversational powers, and a deep sense of the valuable privileges we enjoy in living in this age of mechanical invention. My curiosity, however, had not been altogether satisfied, and I resolved to prosecute immediate inquiry among my acquaintances touching the Brevet Brigadier General himself, and particularly respecting the tremendous events in which he performed so conspicuous a part—*quorum pars magna fuit*—during the Bugaboo and Kickapoo campaign.

The first opportunity which presented itself, and which (*horresco referens*) I did not in the least scruple to seize, occurred at the church of the Reverend Doctor Drummummupp, where I found myself established, one Sunday, just at sermon time, not only in the pew but by the side of that worthy and communicative little friend of mine, Miss Tabitha T. Thus seated, I congratulated myself, and with much reason, upon the very flattering state of affairs. If any person knew any thing about Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith, that person, it was clear to me, was Miss Tabitha T. We telegraphed a few signals, and then commenced, *sotto voce*, a brisk *tête-á-tête*.

"Smith!" said she, in reply to my very earnest inquiry; "Smith!—why not General John A. B. C.! Bless me, I thought you *knew* all about *him!* This is a wonderfully inventive age! Horrid affair that!—a bloody set of wretches, those Kickapoos!—fought like a hero—prodigies of valor—immortal renown. Smith!—Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C.!—why, you know he's the man"——

"Man," here broke in Doctor Drummummupp, at the top of his voice, and with a thump that came near knocking down the pulpit about our ears; "man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live—he cometh up and is cut down like a flower!" I started to the extremity of the pew, and perceived by the animated looks of the divine, that the wrath which had proved so nearly fatal to the pulpit had been excited by the whispers of the lady and myself. There was no help for it—

so I submitted with a good grace, and listened, in all the martyrdom of a dignified silence, to the balance of that very capital discourse.

Next evening found me a somewhat late visiter at the Rantipole theatre, where I felt sure of satisfying my curiosity at once, by merely stepping into the box of those exquisite specimens of affability and omniscience, the Misses Arabella and Miranda Cognoscenti. That fine tragedian, Climax, however, was doing Iago to a very crowded house, and I experienced some little difficulty in making my wishes understood; especially, as our box was next to the slips, and completely overlooked the stage.

"Smith?" said Miss Arabella, as she at length comprehended the purport of my query; "Smith?—why, not General John A. B. C.!"

"Smith?" inquired Miranda, musingly. "God bless me, did you ever behold a finer figure?"

"Never, madam; but *do* tell me"——

"Or so inimitable grace?"

"Never, upon my word!—but pray inform me"——

"Or so just an appreciation of stage effect?"

"Madam!"

"Or a more delicate sense of the true beauties of Shakspeare? Be so good as to look at that leg!"

"The devil!" and I turned again to her sister.

"Smith?" said she, "why, not General John A. B. C.! Horrid affair that, was'nt it?—great wretches, those Bugaboos—savage and so on—but we live in a wonderfully inventive age!—Smith?—O yes! great man!—perfect desperado—immortal renown—prodigies of valor! *Never heard!!* (This was given in a scream.) Bless my soul!—why he's the man"——

——"mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owd'st yesterday!"

here roared out Climax just in my ear, and shaking his fist in my face all the time, in a way that I *couldn't* stand, and I *wouldn't*. I left the Misses Cognoscenti immediately, and went behind the scenes for the purpose of giving the scoundrel a sound thrashing.

At the *soirée* of the lovely widow Mrs. Kathleen O'Trump, I was very confident that I should meet with no similar disappointment. Accordingly, I was no sooner seated at the card table, with my pretty hostess for a partner, than I propounded those questions whose solution had become a matter so essential to my peace.

"Smith?" said my partner, "why not General John A. B. C.! Horrid affair that, wasn't it?—diamonds, did you say?—terrible wretches, those Kickapoos!—we are playing *whist*, if you please, Mr. Tattle—however, this is the age of invention, most certainly—*the* age, one may say—*the* age *par excellence*—speak French?—oh quite a hero—perfect desperado!—*no hearts*, Mr. Tattle!—I don't believe it—immortal renown and all that—prodigies of valor! *Never heard!!*—why, bless me, he's the man"——

"Mann?—*Captain* Mann?" here screamed some little feminine interloper from the farthest corner of the room. "Are you talking about Captain Mann and the duel?—oh, I *must* hear—do tell—go on, Mrs. O'Trump!—do now go on!" And go on Mrs. O'Trump did—all about a certain Captain Mann who was either shot or hung, or should have been both shot and hung. Yes! Mrs. O'Trump, she went on, and I—I went off. There was no chance of hearing any thing farther that evening in regard to Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith.

Still, I consoled myself with the reflection that the tide of ill luck would not run against me for ever, and so determined to make a bold push for information at the *rout* of that bewitching little angel, the graceful Mrs. Pirouette.

"Smith?" said Mrs. P., as we twirled about together in a *pas de Zephyr*, "Smith?—why not General John A. B. C.! Dreadful business that of the Bugaboos, wasn't it?—terrible creatures, those Indians!—*do* turn out your toes, I really am ashamed of you—man of great courage, poor fellow—but this is a wonderful age for invention—O dear me, I'm out of breath—quite a desperado—prodigies of valor—*never heard!!*—can't believe it—I shall have to sit down and tell you—Smith! why he's the man"——

"Man-*fred*, I tell you!" here bawled out Miss Bas-Bleu, as I led Mrs. Pirouette to a seat. "Did ever any body hear the like? It's Man-*fred*, I say, and not at all by any means Man-*Friday*." Here Miss Bas-Bleu beckoned to me in a very peremptory manner; and I was obliged, will I nill I, to leave Mrs. P. for the purpose of deciding a dispute touching the title of a certain poetical drama of Lord Byron's. Although I pronounced, with great promptness, that the true title was Man-*Friday*, and not by any means Man-*fred*, yet when I returned to seek for Mrs. Pirouette she was not to be discovered, and I made my retreat from the house in a very bitter spirit of animosity against the whole race of the Bas-Bleus.

Matters had now assumed a really serious aspect, and I resolved to call at once upon my particular friend, Mr. Theodore Sinivate—for I knew that here at least I should get something like definite information.

"Smith?" said he, in his well known peculiar way of drawling out his syllables; "Smith?—why not General John A—B—C.? Savage affair that with the Kickapo-o-o-o-os, was'nt it? Say! don't you think so?—perfect despera-a-ado—great pity, 'pon my honor!—wonderfully inventive age!—pro-o-odigies of valor! By the by, did you ever hear about Captain Mann?"

"Captain Mann be d——d!" said I, "please to go on with your story."

"Hem!—oh well!—*toute la même cho-o-ose*, as we say in France. Smith, eh? Brigadier General John A—B—C.? I say—(here Mr. S. thought proper to put his finger to the side of his nose)—I say, you don't mean to insinuate now, really, and truly, and conscientiously, that you don't know all about that affair of Smith's as well as I do, eh? Smith? John A—B—C.? Why, bless me, he's the ma-a-an"——

"*Mr.* Sinivate," said I, imploringly, "*is* he the man in the mask?"

"No-o-o!" said he, looking wise, "nor the man in the mo-o-o-on."

This reply I considered a pointed and positive insult, and I left the house at once in high dudgeon, with a firm resolve to call my friend, Mr. Sinivate, to a speedy account for his ungentlemanly conduct and ill breeding.

In the meantime, however, I had no notion of being thwarted touching the information I desired. There was one resource left me yet. I would go to the fountain head. I would call forthwith upon the General himself, and demand, in explicit terms, a solution of this abominable piece of mystery. Here at least there should be no chance for equivocation. I would be plain, positive, peremptory—as short as pie-crust—as concise as Tacitus or Montesquieu.

It was early when I called, and the General was dressing; but I pleaded urgent business, and was shown at once into his bed-room by an old negro valet, who remained in attendance during my visit. As I entered the chamber, I looked about, of course, for the occupant, but did not immediately perceive him. There was a large and exceedingly odd-looking bundle of something which lay close by my feet, on the floor, and, as I was not in the best humor in the world, I gave it a kick out of the way.

"Hem! ahem! rather civil that, I should say!" said the bundle, in one of the smallest, the weakest, and altogether the funniest little voices, between a squeak and a whistle, that ever I heard in all the days of my existence.

"Ahem! rather civil that, I should observe!"——I fairly shouted with terror, and made off at a tangent, into the farthest extremity of the room.

"God bless me, my dear fellow," here again whistled the bundle, "what—what—what—why what *is* the matter? I really believe you don't know me at all."

"No—no—*no!*" said I, getting as close to the wall as possible, and holding up both hands in the way of expostulation; "don't know you—know you—know you—*don't* know you at all! *Where's* your master?" here I gave an impatient squint towards the negro, still keeping a tight eye upon the bundle.

"He! he! he! he-aw! he-aw! he-aw!" cachinnated that delectable specimen of the human family, with his mouth fairly extended from ear to ear, and with his forefinger held up close to his face, and levelled at the object of my apprehension, as if he was taking aim at it with a pistol.

"He! he! he! he-aw! he-aw! he-aw!—what, you want Mass Smif? Why, dar's him!"

What *could* I say to all this—what *could* I?" I staggered into an arm-chair, and, with staring eyes and open mouth, awaited the solution of the wonder.

"Strange you shouldn't know me though, isn't it?" presently re-squeaked the bundle, which I now perceived was performing, upon the floor, some inexplicable evolution, very analogous to the drawing on of a stocking. There was only a single leg, however, apparent.

"Strange you shouldn't know me, though, isn't it? Pompey, bring me that leg!" Here Pompey handed the bundle a very capital cork leg, all ready dressed, which it screwed on in a trice, and then it stood upright before my eyes. Devil the word could I say.

"And a bloody action it *was*," continued the thing, as if in a soliloquy; "but then one musn't fight with the Bugaboos and Kickapoos, and think of coming off with a mere scratch. Pompey, I'll thank you now for that arm. Thomas (turning to me) is decidedly the best hand at a cork leg; he lives in Race street, No. 79—stop, I'll give you his card; but if you should ever want an arm, my dear fellow, you must really let me recommend you to Bishop." Here Pompey screwed on an arm.

"We had rather hot work of it, that you may say. Now, you dog, slip on my shoulders and bosom—Pettitt makes the best shoulders, but for a bosom you will have to go to Ducrow."

"Bosom!" said I.

"Pompey, will you *never* be ready with that wig? Scalping is a rough process after all; but then you can procure such a capital scratch at De L'Orme's."

"Scratch!"

"Now, you nigger, my teeth! For a *good* set of these you had better go to Parmly's at once

high prices, but excellent work. I swallowed some very capital articles, though, when the big Bugaboo rammed me down with the butt end of his rifle."

"Butt end!—ram down!—my eye!"

"O yes, by the by, my eye—here, Pompey, you scamp, screw it in! Those Kickapoos are not so very slow at a gouge—but he's a belied man, that Dr. Williams, after all; you can't imagine how well I see with the eyes of his make."

I now began very clearly to perceive that the object before me was nothing more or less than my new acquaintance, Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith. The manipulations of Pompey had made, I must confess, a very striking difference in the appearance of the personal man. The voice, however, still puzzled me no little; but even this apparent mystery was speedily cleared up.

"Pompey, you black rascal," squeaked the General, "I really do believe you would let me go out without my palate."

Hereupon the negro, grumbling out an apology, went up to his master, opened his mouth with the knowing air of a horse jockey, and adjusted therein a somewhat singular looking machine, in a very dexterous manner, that I could not altogether comprehend. The alteration, however, in the whole expression of the countenance of the General was instantaneous and surprising. When he again spoke, his voice had resumed the whole of that rich melody and strength which I had noticed upon our original introduction.

"D—n the vagabonds!" said he, in so clear a tone that I positively started at the change, "d—n the vagabonds! they not only knocked in the roof of my mouth, but took the trouble to cut off at least seven-eighths of my tongue. There isn't Bonfanti's equal, however, in America, for really good articles of this description. I can recommend you to him with confidence, (here the General bowed,) and assure you that I have the greatest pleasure in so doing."

I acknowledged this kindness in my best manner, and now took leave of my friend at once, with a perfect understanding of the state of affairs—with a full comprehension of the mystery which had troubled me so long. It was evident. It was a clear case. Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith was the man——was

THE MAN THAT WAS USED UP.

FAIRYLAND.

The Fairyland of our correspondent is not orthodox. His description differs from all received accounts of the country—but our readers will pardon the extravagance for the vigor of the delineation.

Dim vales—and shadowy floods—
And cloudy-looking woods,
Whose forms we can't discover
For the tears that drip all over.
Huge moons there wax and wane—
Again—again—again—
Ev'ry moment of the night—
Forever changing places—
And they put out the star-light
With the breath from their pale faces;
About twelve by the moon-dial
One, more *filmy* than the rest
(A sort which, upon trial,
They have found to be the best)
Comes down—still down—and down
With its centre on the crown
Of a mountain's eminence,
While its wide circumference
In easy drapery falls
Over hamlets, and rich halls,
Wherever they may be—
O'er the strange woods—o'er the sea—
Over spirits on the wing—
Over every drowsy thing—
And buries them up quite
In a labyrinth of light—
And then, how deep! O! deep!
Is the passion of their sleep!
In the morning they arise,
And their moony covering
Is soaring in the skies,
With the tempests as they toss,
Like —— almost any thing—
Or a yellow Albatross.
They use that moon no more
For the same end as before—
Videlicet a tent—
Which I think extravagant:
Its atomies, however,
Into a shower dissever,
Of which those butterflies
Of Earth, who seek the skies,
And so come down again,
(The unbelieving things!)
Have brought a specimen
Upon their quivering wings. P.

THE PRIVATEER.

A TALE OF THE LATE AMERICAN WAR.

[Continued from page 41.]

CHAPTER II.

THE HASTY WORD.—THE PARTING.

Forget it, oh forget the sound
That had such fatal power to wound!
It was not meant to deeply dwell
With such a dark and withering spell;
It was not meant to give a pain
That kind tones could not heal again.
A hasty word will sometimes start
From out an overburdened heart,
That tears, however fast they fall,
Can ne'er again its sound recall;
And time, as still it onward rolls,
Divides yet more the once knit souls,
Until the heart is only stirred
With memory of a hasty word.

Miss C. H. Waterman.

For some moments the cousins were silent. To a third person it would have appeared quite a scene. The young De Berrian stood gloomily apart. He was a boy in years, but under a somewhat saddened demeanor, indicating a maturity of thought beyond his age—he hid the fire and haughtiness of a high-born southron. It is no comfortable thing—a flat rejection—for there is no humiliation so resourceless as that of personal vanity. Pride humbled has its balm in the "soul"—but wounded vanity, like a butterfly beaten down in a shower, only soils its wings the more when it tries to fly.

Catharine looked as smiling as a Hebe, for at first she wickedly enjoyed her lover's chagrin; yet she felt for him; her own pride, and she had a plenty, whispered the scorn of a refusal. She would not have forgiven another of her sex who had rejected her noble cousin. Ah! the archer's feathered messenger of sighs was on the air, and the aim was fatal. Her splendid eye languished behind their lashes strung with stealing tears. The roses, white and red, were vanquished by turns upon her cheeks, and her frame thrilled with the luxury of maiden fear as she thought "how delightful it will be to chase away his frowns! I'll smile my sweetest, for oh! this must be love!" Alas that our best resolves are often a moment too late! There is a fatality in every passing minute, and the traveller often hurries to the shore but in time to see his bark adrift.

Catharine *did* smile her sweetest, for her look was the tender charity of an angel. "Tell me, Knight of the Rueful Visage," she asked in tones of heavenly consolation, "why standest thou here forlorn! Hast basely left the college tilt and tournament for the bower of thy lady-love?"

"I am happy, exceedingly so, that I have something gratifying to tell you," answered Walter, with a bitter expression of pleasure—"I am expelled."

"Expelled! Walter De Berrian expelled! for what! my dearest cousin," cried she feelingly, as she took his burning hand, and looked with tears into his face.

"For fighting a duel," was the stern and measured reply.

The vision that paled before him haunted De Berrian for years through the moan of the sea and the stillness of the night-watch. Slowly her white hands pressed away from her ashy face the ringlets that would have hid its anger. She drew herself up, and scanned the astonished youth as if meditating whether he were worthy a curse. He would have given worlds to have recalled his reckless speech, for the withering gaze of the imperious and indignant Catharine was freezing his young heart.

"And you have dared," she spoke at length in wildest scorn, "to lay at my feet the insulting love of a duellist; you would lead me to the holy altar with a hand of blood—wreathe the brow of Catharine Harman with bridal flowers that hide a murderer's steel! Leave me sir, forever."

The first soft pencilling of the rising moon fell upon her face, before so beautiful in its coquettish play; but now it was pale and stark as of one who has met the shaft of death in the utterance of a curse. She turned away with a gesture of eternal parting, and desolation fell upon her unhappy cousin as when the leaves of the almond faint at the sweep of the desert's breath. Nothing in feeling is so intensely miserable as the shrinking wretchedness of the young heart before the gloom of a hopeless future. Starting distractedly, as a mourner denied at the prison gate, the young man caught his stately cousin by the arm, and wildly implored her thus—

"Hear me but a moment, unjust Catharine, for, by Heaven, I go as you bid me. When your brother and mine was taken away, you bowed to the woe of blighted promise—the misery of cheerless loveliness—oh! by that remembrance I plead a moment's hearing; for the grass is long on my mother's grave, who loved you no less than me—I am alone; for your curse—yes yours—is yet ringing on this air. Why is love—devotion—a crime? Why am I, who never breathed your name but as a votary at his shrine, spurned with words too damning for the doom of a fiend? It is hard when our feelings, our weaknesses, are slighted by the indifferent; but when our dearest hopes are scorned by those we love, it is more bitter than a dishonored grave—Catharine, my cousin and playmate, forgive me, for I go forever."

"Go, and never again may my eyes light on one of that hated class that murdered my brother."

"Yet that brother was a duellist."

"Leave me, leave me, never speak to me again!" she wildly shrieked.

"Never," slowly repeated De Berrian, folding his arms, more in sorrow than in anger, at the dangerous perversity of his adored cousin. She deigned not a look, but moved haughtily off; and then the fiery pride of his nature flashed in Walter's stern deep eye, and the blood of a lofty soul that scorns to clear up a causeless wrong, hurried and tingled in his cheek.

"Your lesson is bitter but well taught, Miss Harman. I can be as proud and unbending as you, for the Harman blood runs here in a heart as easily taught to hate as your own. Yet my hands are stainless. It was my glory to love you honorably. You have conquered, but never triumphed; for Brutus goes not bound to Rome. I am young," continued De Berrian, in the fulness of his injury, "and the world was beautiful before me. I felt within a soul of honor and love, and woman was my idol. Give me affection and happiness, I said, and fame will haunt me not; for even in ambition's wildest flight there are pauses when the fairest theme of fancy's muse is a cottage and a wife. Often when I have seen two trusting hearts twining together in the delicious confidence of wedded bliss, where fond eyes read each other's longing, and warm lips met to print it in a blush, I have said with the rapture of untried hope, 'I too will one day be like one of these.' I could have lived and died a gentleman and a benefactor, but that dream is past, and the hand of Catharine has lifted the veil."

No answer was made. Not a softening look or swimming tear told the youth that he was forgiven. In lofty silence the cousins threaded the moonlit grove, and walked towards the house, their tall shadows falling before them as dark as the future to each.

The gouty old papa was in the most forbidding temper. He had seated himself with a pipe in the piazza, and his ailing foot, redolent of camphor and penniroyal, and flaming in regimentals of flannel, was cushioned on a high-backed chair. The soft odor of the many flowers that Catharine had taught to twine along the railing and pillars stole sweet around with dew and moonlight, and soothed the martyr to gentility in spite of his gout. He was in a fair way to pass an hour without an oath, and wanted but a kiss from his daughter to be perfectly etherealized. The veteran was a famous hunter of foxes, and kept a community of hounds. He was, too, a lover of cats—a thing unusual with his sex, and singularly startling considering his antipathy to virgins of the old school. Now cats and hounds are mortal foes; with them every look is a national reflection; they are sparring day and night, not unlike a maiden aunt and a romantic miss when a lover is in question. Suddenly, an animated bark and a furious rustle in the shrubbery, nearly jerked the old gentleman from a sleepy obtuse to a stark right angle. It was the opening of his favorite hound, who, in a moment, was wheeling and dodging in full cry. The old hunter felt himself bounding over hedge and ditch, neck or nothing, on a clear frosty morning. Smacking his pipe by way of a horsewhip, he clapped his hand to his mouth and rung a lusty whoop, when his favorite cat, with his favorite hound in full chase in her wake, doubled the corner handsomely, and bore down the piazza under every rag of canvas. The fleet Grimalkin, being of clean run and lighter draught, hauled her courses, and made harbor under the chair that supported the rebellious limb. Instantly her long pennant was run up, and she opened a broadside of fire at the enemy beyond the *chevaux-de-frise*. The defiance was mutual, and, in the desperate cutting out, the chair was capsized, and the unlucky foot fell by the board in the hottest of the fight. The fierce Grimalkin, like some brimstone pirate with whom every strange sail is an enemy, threw her grapnels aboard the helpless prize, and a furious melée for possession ensued. Snaps, squalls, and clapper-clawings, in the earnest interchange of feline and canine courtesy, were showered on the fated foot—a lesson to all mediators. The old gentleman howled and swore tremendously, for he never did either by halves, and the staggered belligerents threw national honor to the devil, and made hasty sail with colors struck. By this time, the silent cousins were coming slowly up the walk. Seeing a stranger with his daughter, the wrathy old

gentleman swore less, and rounded off his last period as they approached. Catharine retreated without a word into the house, and Walter made himself known to his uncle. Neither was in the sweetest humor, and the interview was the essence of formality.

"You return somewhat unexpectedly," hemmed the uncle, with a grim glance at his bedraggled foot.

"I have left college," responded the nephew with a bow that would have done honor to an ambassador.

"Left sir! Left—when you were to graduate in a few months! I don't remember that you consulted me on the occasion"—and the uncle put an arm akimbo, and thrust his lips together till they might have been mistaken for a piece of putty that had accidentally fallen on a gravel walk.

"Nor I, sir—the formality of your advice was dispensed with. I am expelled," was the courteous reply.

"Expelled! hillo!" sung out the uncle, grabbing at his crutch. "How dare you sir? hey—what for, sir?"

"When you question me in a more gentlemanly manner I will answer. Pray keep your temper—it will aggravate your pain. I regret that I so rashly communicated the distressing intelligence; you are not equal to it," advised the affectionate nephew, as his uncle almost jumped out of his seat.

"High times, by Jupiter—you penniless dog!—jawed in my own house! what am I coming to!" thundered the old gentleman, stamping the wrong foot in his rage.

"Penniless dog!" shouted De Berrian, as a terrible frown gathered on his blackened brow, "ha! then this is the secret of my kind reception elsewhere," glancing at the agitated Catharine, who had hurried to the door. He stood erect and haughty before his astonished guardian. "When, sir, my dying mother gave her orphan son to her only brother's care, her pure soul was happy in its flight, for your tears bespoke protection. I thank God she witnesses not this humiliation. Farewell forever."

The young man wheeled away from his stupified uncle with a burning brain. As he neared the shrubbery, Catharine stretched her arms imploringly towards him, and hoarsely sobbed his name. The recall was never heard, and she pressed her hands upon her bursting forehead in a fearful struggle of pride and regret; her long magnificent hair fell darkly on her cheeks, and hot tears trickled fast between her tapering fingers.

Walter stood by the tree where, an hour before, in the dream of hope and thrill of love, he met his beautiful cousin after an absence of years. Her fawns came skipping to meet him, and fled frightened at their mistake. De Berrian bitterly laughed, and strode to the bank of the bay. The sails of the distant ship loomed bright in the moonshine like a tall bank of floating snow. A large flag, which arose and fell with a caressing breeze, appearing and vanishing as a thing of air, seemed to call him on. The ship was tacking towards him, and springing suddenly into a frail batteau, he plied the oars with a muscular arm. Soon his white and beautiful home, the grassy-green playground of his boyhood, the shore, the cliffs, and every well-remembered spot, were blended, softened, lost in the broad wake of the moon, rippling in a thousand smiles at the wooing of the gentle gale. A gruff voice hailed De Berrian from the bow of the ship, and shooting his boat alongside, he climbed actively over the gangway. And that gifted youth—that orphan boy—in one short hour was robbed of all of life except its bitterness!

The next evening was gay and lovely as May and light hearts could make it. The birth-night ball was a brilliant affair. The lighted and embowered promenades, the garden, pavillions of vines and roses, the piazzas, halls and saloons of the Harman mansion were echoing to music and revelry. Youth and beauty were teeming there in all their freshness and witchery, and the queenly and accomplished Catharine was the star of every eye. She played and sung, and the lips of beauty hushed their ravishing converse to hear the melody of a Seraph. She flashed in the witty *tête-a-tête*, and tongues were silent before her that elsewhere dropped the brightest gems of thought. And when she moved in the magic elegance of the dance, airy and graceful as one of those exquisite shapes that float in a half-remembered dream, every eye worshiped her, and not a heart around but sighed when the music ceased.

Catharine Harman stood before her mirror that night, and a lovely female friend unfastened the jewels in her superb hair, which the restless beauty tossed and flung in splendid negligence. That evening had been one of intoxicating triumph, and Catharine seemed in the highest spirits. Yet there was a wildness in her gayety, an unnatural thrill in her frequent laugh that startled herself. The eye was too rapid and unearthly in its brilliancy; the cheek too flushed, or, rather, the whole face wore that deep scarlet tint that tells of feverish excitement. How strange that the breaking heart should mock itself by the counterfeit of spirits! The wild and bounding stream hurries only to exhaust itself—though the sunlight plays on the summer cloud, there is trouble in its bosom, and a shadow behind.

The lovely friends had laughed long and gayly over the incidents of the ball. They had nearly finished their graceful task of disrobing ornaments from beauty that needed not their help, when Catharine abruptly asked—

"Do you know, Isabel, the secret of a woman's power over these boasting lords of creation?"

"I must ask you," she answered, "experience teaches well."

"Not another compliment to-night, sweet innocence. Their lightness has already ethereal ized your unambitious Kate—but yes, I will take yours up on second thought; for, coming from one of the sex, sure it is a priceless curiosity."

"Then be generous as I, and give me the secret."

"If you promise not to rival me, dearest," said the winning Catharine, softly pressing a hand on each cheek of Isabel, and kissing a pair of lips almost as tempting as her own. "Like the strength of Sampson, the spell of a woman's enchantment lies in her hair, her rich, curling, magnificent hair. What are your swimming eyes, without their moleskin brows and camel's hair lashes? Just imagine what the bewitching face and elegant head of yours would look like, were it shorn of its sunny dress of ringlets! Ah! Isabel, this is Cupid's own ambush, and see here!" she added, flinging the long, dancing curls over her friend's white and beautiful bosom, and turning her to the mirror, "there is nature's most lovely sight, beauty unadorned. Oh! if our husbands could not love us for ourselves, then indeed is love a phantom."

"Indeed, Catharine," laughed the amused and flattered Isabel, "beside affording a fatal ambush to the puissant boy-god, I think too that female hair furnishes him with his vaunted silken chains. When we were sweet, friendship-swearing sixteen, I think I saw such a chain on the wrist of your bashful cousin—when will he be home again?"

It was well that her unbound tresses shaded the instant paleness of her countenance, else Catharine had betrayed the intense emotion the question elicited. "I thought he might have been here to-night," she answered in a quivering tone.

An hour after, when nothing was heard but the gentle breathing of the sleeping Isabel, Catharine had stolen from her arms, and mingled her tears with the dew of the flowers that hung heavy with their sweet burden in the windows. Long and bitter was that reverie. The crowded incidents and giddy éclât of the past day had shut out reflection, or rather she had sought their excitement through dread of thought. But in that still hour when the moon taught gentleness, and the stars led memory home, she thought of her wronged cousin. It was the hour when the heart owns its truth. Truth, like echo, dwells in solitude, startling with her floating whisper the burdened soul that seeks her communion. He was gone forever! "Will he come back? will he forgive me?" she almost shrieked—"O I will pray the stars for tears—the dove for her imploring glance to plead a pardon; and then he is lord of this heart forever. He said *he loved me!* Love! mysterious power. I knew thee not before." She ceased, for the moon was sinking under the dusky line of the far-off shore; her shadow fell like a long still pillar of light across the sleeping bay, and then all was dark, still, and mystic.

One who trifles with affection is like the too envious seer who peers over the cavern's brink, holding only a slender switch. Love is the frail and beautiful flower reared in a lady's boudoir. Tender as the hand that caresses its leaves, it blooms the type of its lovely priestess. Sighs are its dew and its summer wind. A flower so fleeting, yet O! so exquisitely prized, perishes at the out-door blast.

CHAPTER III.

THE PORT—THE SAILING OF THE SEA-GULL.

It was an autumnal morn in 1812, and the domes, towers and steeples of the monumental city loomed bright and glancing above a sea of vapor, like distant ships becalmed. Here and there groups of roofs and chimneys, frowning with smoke, and port-like windows were anchored, like floating batteries, on the white expanse. The fire-wand of the magician Sun touched the heavy canopy; it folded grandly up, and the city stood awake. A rumbling noise of far off wheels and bells gathered depth and distinctness till the eternal roar of the crowded mart floated on the chilly morning air.—Yet it was not all the bustle of trade. The shrill music of the pipe, and the rolling tones of the drum lent an echo to the passing air. Hundreds of flags were hanging around and afar, from the heights and shipping; but they were not the peaceful telegraphs of commerce, for when the buoyant breeze unfurled their blazoned folds the banner of stars and stripes was proudly flung alee.

War had been declared between Great Britain and America. A billow of that tremendous storm that had lashed Europe into foam, had strayed across the Atlantic, and drowned the lights of peace along the coast. The spirit of a brave people had risen from vain fury at unprovoked aggression to a noble consciousness of equality. A chivalric eagerness for the contest at once pervaded all classes of the people; for already the iron thunder of the Constitution had rolled across the deep to tell the proud court of St. James that a rival star was shining on the sea.

Business was at a stand, yet every body was busy; thousands of citizens were thronging the streets.

Behind the ample flags that flaunted over them, the distant observer might note the solid ranks and even tramp of the military. The port was alive with boats passing and hailing. A few bay-craft were standing up, which were boarded by the curious and idle, who for once were determined to be astir for the good of the country. Every arrival seemed freighted with the destiny of the nation, and a large crowd, hungry for news, stood upon the wharves. Now and then a burst of artillery was heard, which called forth vast shouting and vociferous patriotism. The splendid and unexpected victory of the Constitution had elated a people "unused to conquest and uncertain of their own powers." Every soul was ready to fight—no matter what—the devil, or any thing in general—yet all had an especial hankering to cuff the stout corporation of old John Bull on his vaunted ocean home. Nor was this "all talk and no cider," for they of the monumental city have gathered laurels on hard-won fields, and their fleet cruisers, in distant seas, have overhauled and downhauled many a flag of the enemy. The brave will ever honor and reward valor, else whence that proud title "Monumental?"

A short distance from the wharf, at the lower part of the city, lay a small half-brig, half-schooner-looking craft, which at a glance fastened attention by the surpassing beauty of her model. She was of that peculiar and singularly elegant class well known in American ports as an hermaphrodite brig. Her masts were tall and wand-like, with narrow shrouds, and a beautiful rake; her white tapering spars were bright and clean, and her rigging throughout was in tasteful and elegant style. She sat long and low in the water, and swung with the breeze as gay and light as a floating plume. A single white streak of paint, clear and even as if cut out of pearl, swept, with a scarcely perceptible curve, along the dark leaden hull, and a small snowy sea-gull, with crouched neck and half extended wings, seemed ready to fly from the ornamented bow. There was a flourish of golden sea-grass on her handsome stern, which was almost brushed by the long stripes of the United States' flag as it flaunted over the taffrail. Four port holes on each side revealed the black mouths of as many cannon; a long eighteen pounder was poised upon a pivot abaft the foremast, and two ports for stern chasers opened on each side of the wheel. A pilot signal was flying at the fore.

The appearance of the vessel was that of a privateer, and the bustle and hurrah of recruiting discipline which a seaman's eye quickly detects, attached her at once to that daring and somewhat equivocal class. Her officers were brave and skillful, and she was manned by a choice crew of nearly one hundred men, whom patriotism, or the more seductive spirit of gain, had drawn together.

Privateering has been quaintly called "a school of piracy," and probably with some truth; but it is no prejudice to say that American privateers in the late American war are a noble exception. The navy was small as it was gallant, and private armed vessels might rather have been regarded sharers of the national defence than speculating plunderers. It is well known that they paid their respects to all vessels of the enemy, making no invidious distinction between armed and unarmed. Many gallant men played at that brilliant game from the purest national feeling; and what American, when reading the history of their daring victories in the last war, would withhold the meed of applause and gratitude?

But now there was a sudden stir on board the Sea-Gull. The boatswain's whistle split the air, and the loud "all hands up anchor," startled a gallant array of blue jackets to their duty. The numerous boats that had crowded around the brig put off, and cloud after cloud of clean new canvas boomed gladly in the gale. With a graceful careen to leeward, she glided like magic away. The drum and fife struck up a stirring march, and a long and thrilling shout burst from the admiring crowd on the wharves. She clipped it beautifully past the fort, her happy flag waving recognition to the large ensign that presided frowningly over the batteries. Another shout—a whiff of smoke from the deck—a single gun—and the Sea-Gull was away on the wave.

[To be continued.]

TO ——.

Fair maiden, let thy generous heart
From its present pathway part not—
Being every thing which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.

So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy unassuming beauty,
Thy truth—shall be a theme of praise
Forever, and love a duty.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY G. J. M., OF WILMINGTON, N. C.

A FEW years ago, I resided for a short time, during the summer months, in the little village of P******, the borough-town of one of the central counties of that unpretending state, to which the name of Irving's sleeping hero is now most usually applied. It was a retired place. There was little of the stateliness and pride, the gloss and tinsel show of more frequented spots. The surrounding country could boast no grand imposing views, yet the scenery was indeed lovely and picturesque. It needed the murmuring music of no Tivoli to give it interest, the blaze of no Ætna to lend a richer or more glowing tint to its skies. The prospect was one the eye delights to dwell upon. No appearance of the elaborate efforts of Art was visible, but all was clothed in the sweet simplicity of Nature's garb. To a mind such as mine, the quiet seclusion of the neighboring groves, vested in their own thick foliage, was always inviting. I was one the world might suppose habitually gay, yet was it otherwise. At times dark and burning thoughts crowded through my aching brain. I withdrew from the society of my fellow man, and rejected with embittered heart his proffered sympathy. Then did I love to wander forth alone, to breathe the free air of the hills, crowded with verdure; to listen to the rich melody of the feathered warblers, for they could soothe my gloomy feelings and divert from their rough channel my fevered thoughts. Among the many retreats of my melancholy, there was one peculiarly a favorite, but a short stroll from my dwelling. It was the humble cottage of a faithful servant, who had numbered more than a century of years; now sheltered in his decaying age by the affectionate gratitude of his master's only representative. Him, when a boy, he had often fondled on his knee and breathed for his welfare his simple prayer, with that purity and intensity of feeling that came from the heart. There was a wildness about his home that made it deeply interesting and romantic. Around his little dwelling, constructed comfortably yet without reference to taste, the luxuriant grass spread its tapestried freshness, and three or four giant oaks, veterans as himself, over its moss-covered roof had interwoven their branches, as if with solicitude to guard him from the heat of a southern sun. A few paces in the rear, embedded in a thicket of plum trees, was a modest grave, scarcely now to be distinguished. Above it the yellow jessamine hung in graceful festoons, filling the air with its exquisite fragrance, while the white rose, sweet-briar, and honeysuckle, clustered in loveliness, appeared here and there through the interstices of the shrubbery, as if to tempt the heedless stranger to the perilous adventure of reaching them. Such was his choice for the retreat of his declining years, near the mouldering remains of a master whom he ever tenderly remembered, and expected to join in a happier world with the mild piety of the christian's hope. For the last twenty years of his life he had seldom passed the immediate limits of his little farm. His wants, which were few, were weekly supplied from the village by the filial attention of a grandson, who had now attained the age of manhood, and his store of luxuries increased by contributions of his favorite weed from visiters, and the small presents I found it in my power occasionally to supply. In the worn outlines of a form attenuated and bent by the ravages of time might be detected the vestiges of a once athletic and vigorous frame. The presence of some he scarcely noticed, but me he always met with the smile of younger days. He was one of the few remaining links connecting the present and the olden time. Seated by his side, I have often listened with eager joy and throbbing heart to his many stories. He would seek to beguile my visits with all the wonted garrulity of old age—tell me of our fathers—paint the scene in which they moved in the strong color of truth. There in the distance, where the country court-house once stood, he would point out the spot where the haughty Briton dared to plant his tent on freedom's soil;—where his own cottage rose, encamped the patriot force. With kindling eye, he would trace the hasty retreat—the spirited pursuit, and the well-contested though unequal fight of the allies—the startling danger of a too gallant master, and his own successful efforts to rescue him, while the tear of remembered triumph stole down his furrowed cheek. Much to my regret, parental commands soon called me away. I visited before leaving, for the last time, my old friend. He bade me farewell with touching earnestness—he said we would never meet again, and I felt, as feelings of sorrow stole over me, that his words were true. I left him with a kind adieu and small gift. Even now his last words, "God bless you, master," seem to ring in my ear. Three years afterwards, I returned to the same little town, and soon was on my way to my favorite haunt. The little path I had so often trodden was overgrown with rank weeds—where once stood his house was a mournful pile of rubbish. But, by the grave I had often visited, one of more recent date told the story of his end—old Richard was no more. May the turf rest lightly upon him! Peace be to his ashes!

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

A DREAM.

BY P. B. ELDER, COLUMBIA, PA.

The busy world was still. The solemn moon
Smiled forth her silvery beauty; and the stars,
Like living diamonds on a sea of glass,
Danced in the sapphire canopy of heaven:
Night, robed in the rich Autumn's mellowness,
Kept pace with the deep slumber of the world,
And fell upon the waters and the fields
With the full majesty of silence! Dreams
Now came upon my slumbers; and methought
Of the grand enterprise with which a world,
Boundless—limitless as the far stretch of thought,
Was by creative Deity wrought up
And fashioned into being. How the mind,
(That vivifying principle which spurns
The trammels which have bound the body up
In the deep silentness of sleep,) will leap
Through the dim vista of ethereal spheres,
And draw such portraiture of things, they seem
The very shadows of reality!
Thus were my dreams the faithful limners of
All that is bright and beautiful in this
Luxuriant world which is.
And thus, methought,
The chronicled events of times gone by
Rolled past me in their gorgeousness of glory.
The world was then unbuilt: Chaos was there—
Dressed in our twilight's dappled mantle: God
The ever-pure, the ever-glorious God—
The ever-living, self-existent God—
Throned in the bosom of immensity,
Held all secure the eternal destinies
Of worlds unborn; and he alone filled up,
With his infinitude of perfectness,
The whole of animate existence, which
Had else been but a blank. Full of the fire
Which mortals here call purity, whence love
Springs like a spark of glory in the heart,
This great, high God, conceived the grand design
Of building worlds and peopling them with men,
The image of himself, whose "end and aim,
And ultimatum" were the joyous land
Which he himself inhabiteth—where Love,
In-dweller of that happy land, abides,
To fill each heart with bliss and full delight!
Methought old chaos smiled when passed abroad
The mandate from God's holy sanctuary!
Oh! what a flash of glory then burst forth!
Then, all at once, and out of nothing, came
World after world, and moving onward still,
Each, with the fitness of design perceptive,
Into its orb rolled. Light flashed abroad,
And then the high-arched firmament was spread,
(A gorgeous canopy whose jewelled top
Only the infinite could e'er conceive,)
Like a rich banner flashing golden beams.
Clouds, sporting in the depths of living space,
Blushed with the rosy tints of dazzling light,
And hung like drapery round a bridal couch
Which mortals revel on in orient climes.
Earth, and the thousand beauteous worlds that
moved,
Each in the place by God's appointment given,
Were by the great Designer now reviewed.
I saw God's eye, and quailed beneath the blaze
Of never-dying glory that shone forth!
I heard his voice, and echo bore the sound
To heaven's remotest limit; and the words
Were written on the great white throne of God,
In lines of fire,—"THE WORK IS VERY GOOD!"
* * * * * * *
A change came o'er my dream. Mankind had
played
Their little hour upon the stage of time,
Had had their griefs and joys, their loves and fears,
And now were mouldering in their silent cells
Where thought was chained in dumb forgetfulness.
Before me was the future—what a book
For man to contemplate! upon its lids
I saw the marks where curious hands in vain
Essayed to tear the fetters which bound up
From human ken that page of beauteous die—
All but one glorious leaf that had contained
The rules which erst were given to man, writ
down
By inspiration in the Book of Truth!
Now, one by one, the seals were all unloosed,
And full before me was the volume spread,—
The Future was revealed!
Oh! glorious sight!
Too fair indeed for view of mortal man,
Except in visions of the silent night.
There was the throne of God—from out its base
Flowed the pure river of eternal life,
Which shone like crystal burnished o'er with fire;
And from whose flowery banks, on either side,
Nodded that tree whose verdant branches bore
Twelve kinds of fruit which ripen every month.
The voice of Deity went forth, and, lo!
The trump resounded and the dead arose—
And they, and all that dwelt upon the earth,
In the quick twinkling of an eye were changed!
Oh, how each heart rejoiced! Each face now
beamed
With that rich glow which burns for ever bright,
(For each was now "immortal as his sire,")
And full of smiles, and love, and pure delight,
Millions on millions of that glorious band,
Sent forth a shout which shook the throne of God,
And as its echo rung through boundless space—
My sleep was broken, and the vision gone!

HALF AN HOUR

IN THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

AT PHILADELPHIA.

BY A PHILADELPHIAN.

It is a hot morning, and we have been strolling in Chestnut street to refresh our fancy with the various female wonders of Nature and Art, with which every great city abounds. We have not, it must be confessed, been very successful in our search, for Chestnut street we find is losing very decidedly the character for high fashion which it once enjoyed, and Walnut street is beginning to usurp its best glories. There is no place in the world where fashion (we allude to the selectest) is so sensitive, or capricious, as in Philadelphia: the moment that a place is so attractive or so well known that "every body" is supposed capable of going there, and the frequenting of it ceases to be a distinction, that instant it is pronounced vulgar, and people of *ton* fly from it with horror. In consequence of this foolish fastidiousness the most agreeable places in this city, (as Washington square,) are entirely in the hands of second or third rate persons. Our Chestnut street walk has therefore brought us little but a red-hot face and pair of dusty boots. Now the only cool place in Philadelphia, when the weather is hot, is the Academy of Fine Arts; we will, therefore, drop in there for a few moments, to regain our due personal solidity, and amuse our sight by turning from painted faces to painted canvas.

When we recover from the astonishment produced by the appearance of an enormous pile of plaster in the centre of the outer room which seems placed there for no other purpose than to prevent a single picture from being seen at the proper distance, and to injure the sight in judging of colors, the first thing that engages our attention is Alston's huge painting of the dead man restored to life, by touching the corpse of Elisha, (catalogue No. 46.) The painter is what the cant of the times denominates "a native artist," and it is therefore a high offence against patriotism, honor, good feeling, and the seven cardinal virtues in a lump, to bestow on the performance any thing else than "honied words of praise." Phew! The delineator of such a monstrossity aught to be rolled up in his canvas, and both of them burnt together on the altar of beauty.

The taste which selected this subject for the pencil was unacquainted with that strict boundary line within which the graces have encircled this art. Pleasure is the sole end of painting; beauty is the sole source of unqualified pleasure: beauty then is the supreme law of this, and all the other, arts of design. The Greeks I take to be the despotic law-givers for the world in all that concerns art: they painted, not to display their skill or exhibit a resemblance, but to produce an object whose loveliness should gratify the spectator. *Impression*, which most modern artists seek, was not their aim; beauty was their constant Latium; and if they ever selected subjects of a tragical nature they softened down the terror under the control of beauty. Laocoon in Virgil shrieks with the wild horror of irrepressible agony: such an emotion would in stone be too violent to give pleasure, and the extended mouth would have been ungraceful; in the sculpture, therefore, there is nothing seen of this but what Sadoleto has called, "the stifled sigh of anguish." When Timanthes painted the sacrifice of Iphigenia, he drew a veil over the father's face; not from inability to represent his grief in adequate power, for the more violent the emotion the more strongly are the features disposed, and the more easy, in consequence, is the painter's task; but because the deep passion of that deadly suffering would have carried him beyond the bounds of beauty. Let me fortify my position by the authority of Winkelmann: "There are some sorts of sensation," says the best of all modern critics, "which are displayed in the countenance by the most shocking contortions, and throw the entire figure into postures so violent that all those lines of grace, which its forms evolved when its disposition was tranquil, are destroyed. These passions the ancients either avoided entirely, or represented them under such modifications as admitted a certain proportion of beauty. The images of rage and despair deformed none of their works. Anger was subdued into severity. Jupiter hurling thunder was, in the verse of the poet, furious with indignation; in the marble of the sculptor he was

only grave." According to the poetical tradition, Love made the first trial at the fine arts: and the fable of the birth prefigured the history. The matter was deemed worthy of the interposition of government; and a well-known law of the Thebans commanded the exclusive imitation of the beautiful, and punished by a fine the delineation of any thing offensive to the sight. A Greek epigram records, with high commendation, that a painter refused to portray a certain man because he was ugly; and the triumph of the portrait-statue was limited to those who had three times borne the laurel, that the chances of an ill-looking subject might be small. Pauson, alone of Grecian painters, selected deformed and hideous objects, and he passed his life in abject poverty. Aristotle strongly advises that no young person should be allowed to see his works, that their imagination might be filled only with beauty. It is a striking illustration of the truth of our remarks, that among all the works of ancient art, recorded or remaining, statues, bas-reliefs, and pictures, not a single representation of a Fury is to be found. If these principles be just, Mr. Alston and his putrefactions perish together. I will venture to say that if this picture had been shown in Athens, the people would either have shivered it into threads as Jordan did Macklise's Soane, or a law would have been passed for its suppression.

Modern designers forget that they are *artists* as well as *painters*; they do not perceive that their profession is not simply to represent nature, but to represent it according to the laws of art.* To paint merely for impression or resemblance, without reference to the inherent spirit of the craft, is entitled to as little praise as a musician's imitation of a storm without regard to harmony and the laws of his instrument. The Greeks and the Germans are almost the only people who have appreciated the high value of art, for art's sake; and have perceived the high and peculiar pleasure arising from the mere manner of description or representation, quite independent on the beauty of the thing described. Half the charm of a Greek ode springs from seeing with what skilful grace the poet moves beneath his fetters—how dominant are the laws of art—how imposing is the thraldom of genius working out its self-defined task—how nobly severe is the conscience of taste. It is the perception of high artistic talent that makes the prose of Suckling, Walpole, and Beckford, so fascinating, and renders Gray the favorite poet of the scholar. Mr. Alston has *not* bowed under this flowery yoke.

On another ground we disapprove this painting. The artist can exhibit but a single moment of time and a single point of view, and his production, moreover, is to be often examined, and long dwelt on. The portrait painter should therefore seize that expression of the face which is the most stately *natural*, which is the centre and hinge of every other phase of the countenance, to which every phase can be referred and from which all can be derived: the historical painter should select that moment of the story which is the most pregnant with future meaning, and leads on to higher and higher interest; the most elevated point of excitement should not be chosen, but the prelude to it. A common artist in Greece painted Medea slaying her children: Timomachus more wisely showed her meditating their death. Something must be left to the fancy, or else pictures become lifeless, and the art ceases to be poetic, and becomes meanly mimetick. The sculptor of Laocoon chisels a sigh; imagination superadds a shriek; had he exhibited a shriek, imagination could do nothing. The business of art is to stimulate interest, not satisfy it. Now Mr. Alston has seized a passion and a state of it which admits of no progression of wonder; the next moment and a second glance will destroy it. There is no climax of emotion, no aggrandizement of interest: there is no future to the story; the present comprises and concludes all: the drama is fairly over, and the excitement ended. Had he shown us a fiend or giant thus rising on his astonished enemies, we should have been chained in expectant interest; *now* there is nothing to follow; the next instant will unknit the corrugated brows of the bystanders, and turn surprise to simple joy. The subject in fact is poetical and not pictorial; but as the painter did select it, he should have shown us the dead man rising before the company were aware of it, so that we might be arrested in wonder as to what they would think when they perceived the miracle.

We cannot help suspecting Mr. Alston of a bit of sly satire in representing the wife in tears at the recovery of her husband; one remembers the lines of Byron in Don Juan;

> Tears shed into the grave of the connection
> Would probably salute the resurrection.

If the painter merely meant to show us a picture of life just revived, as the poet of "The Gipsey" has given us one of existence just departed, his failure is signal. On all hands it is a miserable piece of business, alike disgraceful to the artist, the academy, the city, the state, the nation, and the world; and even reflecting some discredit on the universe.

Let us turn then from this work of native genius, to some of the foreign pictures, which are around us, of which the only valuable ones are those collected by Mr. Powel in France, during the revolution of the *barricades*, and by his permission now in the academy.

* The lawyers have a nice distinction of this kind, in their tenure "at the will of the lord, *according to the custom of the manor*."

Here we have the Cecilia of Guido, (No. 37.,) said to be *the* original. It *may* be so, and if it is so, it is the most valuable picture in America, for Guido's Cecilia is world-famous. On comparing Morghen's engraving of the veritable original with this one, some variations, especially in the turban, are perceptible; and the proprietor may be compelled to resort to the convenient supposition of possessors, that his is a duplicate by the same great master. It is assuredly an exquisite picture, and no artist could regret the imputation of its authorship. The rapt and almost insensible posture of an enthusiast communing with the spirit which maddens it, has never been better exhibited. The *abandon* of the person, without either stiffness or ungracefulness,—the awful stillness of every feature in the repose of intense excitement,—the moody air of the countenance as of one past the first stage of enthusiasm, which is glad aspiration, and attaining the last, which is masterless possession by the o'er-swaying presence—the merger of personal in spiritual emotion—the listlessness of one "over whom her Immortality broods like the day, a master o'er a slave," of one "that, deaf and silent, reads the eternal deep" of harmony, "haunted for ever by the eternal mind" of music,—all this is in the highest style of genius, and quite sets the painter on a level with the poet. Guido's creation realizes all that Wordsworth has conceived of

> That serene and blessed state
> In which the affections gently lead us on
> Until the breath of the corporeal frame
> And e'en the motion of this human blood
> Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
> In body, and become a living soul.

The whole state and attitude of this figure presents itself to our mind as such a simple and harmonious whole, that we can scarcely persuade ourselves that it has been elaborated by the successive additions of partial labor,—that it was "the mellow fruit of toil intense." One thinks of the question of the Esquimaux woman when standing in the dome of St. Paul's, "was this thing put here, or was it made?"

Turn we to this "Holy Family, after Raphael D' Urbino"—or, as it should be called, the meeting of Mary and Elizabeth, (no. 15.;)—a fine gala-day picture,—like a Persian morning in summer, bright and brilliant, wildly joyous and splendidly glad. The colors are fresh, and a little glaring; but time will take care of that matter. The story goes that the copy was made for the Duchess of Berri, and ere the oil was dry she was obliged to leave Paris, and the painting being exposed to sale, Mr. Powel became the possessor. The artist, being a secret adherent of the exiled party, refused to give up his name for fear of displeasing the citizen king.

This picture calls to mind the notion of Byron, or Browne, of the *music* of a beautiful face. The forms are disposed in commingling curves, with such liquid grace,—the dark and manly face of Joseph and the age-brown and care-withered, yet pleasing, countenance of Elizabeth relieve so harmoniously the young and glowing cheeks of all the rest,—that *musical*, is the epithet that at once occurs to every spectator. The expression has been charged with a false license of metaphor, but it is strictly true to the laws of mind, and if metaphysics ever come to be written by a man who knows how to think, it will be stated that all sensations and impressions—thoughts, sounds, odors, and all others—present themselves to the mind as images; and, being *homogeneous*, may of course be compared. Go over an overture in your own mind, and you will find that it is a picture. I went many years ago, to see old Beethoven, and found him sitting before an enormous instrument, which he called his piano-organ, consisting of an organ with a bank of forte-piano keys above, of which the wires were at the side,—an affair of his own contriving. He was in glorious spirits, and resuming his seat at my request, begged me to choose a subject, then exclaimed immediately, "wait, I'll play you a Cathedral; it shall be Strasburgh, for I know it by heart: and I will do what Napoleon meditated, for my cathedral shall have both towers." He began; planting the solid masonry with the deep tones of the organ, and running out the tracery at the same time with the gay notes of the piano. Every limb of the old gentleman was in action; both elbows frequently on one instrument, while the fingers were on the other; he held also in his mouth a wand, which he called his tongue-finger, shod with lead enough to weigh down any of the organ-keys on which it fell, and this he directed with astonishing success. I can only say that I recognized every part of his musical structure, and felt the same emotions which the present building had excited.

The face of the infant Christ is an exhaustless field for pictorial genius; for it is capable of being charged with a thousand different yet appropriate expressions. In Raphael's vision of Sextus you have as much mere intelligence in the countenance as the soft features of youth will bear: in this you see nothing but the glad animal delight of a boy rushing to the arms of his mother. I confess that in no painting have I found that blending of divinity with humanity, in the pictured countenance, which belonged so mysteriously to the real character.

What magnificence of color in that Madonna by Sassoferald! (16) The sky of Italy is less "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue" than that splendid band above the head. Yet the face, though you cannot take exception to a single feature, has something of cold and wily in its beauty: that part of

the coloring may perhaps have faded. No painter, I suspect, ever fully succeeded in representing personal beauty, or, never gave satisfaction to *all* by his attempts; and this by the necessary defect of his art. Let us stop a moment to compare the power of the painter and the poet in the exhibition of female beauty.

The poet operates by the description of effects, and these are universal; the painter by the exhibition of causes, and these are particular; the former are uniform in character, the latter are various in influence; the first shall meet the sympathy of all, the second touch the feelings of only a part. When the poet tells us of the *impression* which his Genevieve produces on his heart, every reader can appropriate the emotion to himself; each calls to mind the particular lady whom he most admires, and the poem seems to him precisely and exclusively applicable to her; because the same passion has been felt by all, though produced by qualities as various as the nature of each. But of all these causes the painter is limited to a single set; and what he places on his canvas can affect only that fraction of beholders who may happen to agree with him in definite notions of the highest beauty—a number in any case small, and farther narrowed by the power of moral qualities in warping the natural conceptions of ideal fairness. His most beautiful woman *must* be an individual; she must be either of the Spanish sort, warm and impassioned, or of Saxon blood, with azure eyes and flaxen hair, all light and smiles: and being such will not arrest the regard of one who has associated a different style of face with all he knows of gladness or feels of love. This inferiority is inseparable from painting, because it belongs to the real objects. Herein lies the reason why nine persons out of ten are utterly disappointed in the *illustrations* of a favorite poet, notwithstanding the admitted excellence of the figures; from the bard we collect "a vision of our own, the treasured dream of time," and when we turn to the engraving we feel "that though 'tis fair, it is some other Yarrow." You read a popular Persian poem, and your sympathy with your author is complete; you look at an admired Persian painting and are outraged at seeing the eyebrows meet on the top of the nose. This then is the amount of the differences between the provinces of the arts; that painting may accidentally be more decided in its impression, but poetry must essentially be more universal in its appreciation.

It is the business of every artist to ascertain the strong points of his art, and develope them with all his ability. From the distinction which we have deduced, we infer that the poet is availing himself of the full advantages of his art, *then*, only, when he describes persons by impressions and not by delineations, and that when he individualizes his pictures of beauty he leaves his tower of strength, and accepts the fetter of a rival. This test distinguishes the artistic skill of poets with nice success, and in fact draws a line between the very highest class of artists and all others. When Byron makes all his descriptions portraits, we must conclude either that he did not understand his art with consummate delicacy, or that if he did, the strong pleasure of evolving his own personal impressions was "the fatal Capua for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it." Shakspeare manages the matter differently; he never describes the appearance of his heroines, but the archeress is detected by her penetrating shaft. Who knows whether Ophelia had blue or black eyes, or who can tell whether Desdemona's hair was ebon or hazel? When we see Othello bursting from the strong tangles of his doubt, as she looks round on him, and exclaiming with impressive fervor, "Perdition seize my soul but I *do* love thee!" and when we behold even the steeled murderer intoxicated by her sweet breath, then it is that we realize what a rich pearl she was. Of Cleopatra even, whose historical character and traditionary qualities might have seduced a less rigid artist, we have nothing but such gorgeous generalities as "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." Sadi might object to a blue eye, and Scott to a black one, but Jew, Turk, Heretic, and Infidel bow alike before this grand impression. Look, too, at old Homer; what do we know from the poet of the face or form of her who "for nine long years had set the world in arms?" Have we any thing about the "bright, black eye," the dimpling cheek, the glossy hair? Not a bit of it. "She was the most beautiful woman in the world," says Homer, and there's an end of it. But when we see the cold and hoary sages of the council rising to look after her as she leaves the room—when we reflect that she was all that Venus could contrive, all that Paris could demand, all that Menelaus wished for—when we remember that for her Achilles struck, for her great Hector died—then we feel how wise was the forbearance of the poet, and how superior is poetry when rightly managed, to the best performance of the painter. We see Helen as we see the wind; only by the commotion which her presence occasions. Ah! those old fellows knew what they were about.

What a darling picture is this of the marriage of St. Catharine (No. 4.) by Parmegiano! the darling'st of the darling kind. It is too exquisite to criticize: but I shall dream of it to-night.

A fine Madonna is this! (No. 81;) there is a subdued and sacred air about it which is good; it is a prayer-book picture. By "Corregio" says the catalogue; *sed quære de hoc.* I know too well the value of Corregios in Europe, ever to expect to see one of this size in any cis-Atlantic collection. To account for its being here, a story is told of its having been concealed in one of the Royal galleries at the time of the "distribution bill" of the allies, by having a frame of stucco work wrought over it, and being sold when those galleries were thrown open by the mob. Unfortunately I am "one of those lank rascals," as Savage says, "who will never agree upon any thing but doubting." I should call it a fine copy; a fine picture it certainly is, and when it hung in the gallery of the pro-

priestor, in whose princely mansion it had a small room to itself, was well lighted by a single large window, and was capable of being seen at a becoming distance, it must be allowed that it exhibited much of what Sterne calls "Corregiosity;" the figures seemed to float in the air like the filmy forms of the valley gossamer.

Here are a couple of landscapes, or woodscapes, by Ruysdale, (Nos. 65. and 79.) which it is worth while to walk forty miles any day to look at. There is a depth of perspective and a precision of natural representation which are wholly wonderful. "Landscapes are the peculiar subjects of the painter," says Lessing, "and the poet should never attempt them, for his business is with successive incidents, not contemporary circumstances." Not quite so fast. Not facts, but the perception of them concern art: it is quite true that in point of fact the painter shows you the whole scene at once; but as the perception of it is by successive parts, it stands, in relation to the spectator, precisely on a footing with description. That when the details have been studied, the whole may be viewed in mutual dependency, is an advantage on the side of painting; that when the whole has been understood, the parts in a second reading may be again contemplated separately, and successive perception again be enjoyed, is in the favor of poetry; the latter has also a superiority in being able to illustrate, and especially to shade and color, by the aid of moral emotions, of which "Cooper's Hill" is a capital instance. Lessing says that action, and not description, is the poet's true strength, and he says justly. But he was not aware of the resources of a consummate artist; he did not know that by representing a diversified landscape, not as it stood, but as its various features rose upon the mind, all the spirit of action might be imparted to description. The most successful example of this which I am acquainted with, is Pope's* moonlight scene, in the eleventh book of his translation of Homer. We are supposed to be looking through the eyes of some actual spectator; every thing is shown in reference to him, and by a figure of Berkleian boldness the scene is exhibited as rising into existence according as it is consecutively observed by the looker-on.

> Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
> A flood of glory bursts from all the skies.

Surely to transform description into creation without offending taste, and to bring a new domain under the sceptre, not by distorting the arm, but by transporting the transmuted field, is the triumph of art. Wordsworth and Coleridge having adopted an absurd system whose existence required the overthrow of Pope, have ridiculed the passage which I have alluded to, as melodious nonsense; but both of them understood the meaning and motive of the poet, as little as they understood the beauty of modesty. Poetry never won richer laurels than when Sandy Pope fought her battles; and he never conducted a more brilliant enterprize than when he vindicated description from the charge of dullness. A less striking instance of the same manœuvre may be found in Milton; "straight my eye has caught new pleasures," etc.

Let us give one glance to "Death on the Pale Horse," which stands in the next room. I have always had a profound contempt for West, as the most common-place and wooden of painters; but this figure compels admiration. It has not one quality of his usual manner; and is the only thing on which his fame as a great artist can be established. It is a great conception;—the face of a being naturally detestable and odious, yet elevated into somewhat of exalted dignity by the high commission which he has from the Almighty;—appalling, but not malignant; hideous, but not shocking; horrible, but not disgusting. Yet the picture is a leap, not a flight of genius: in the filling up of the canvas,—in the unworthy idea of a particular death in the midst of a general wasting of the world,—we detect the essential meanness of West's imagination,—that innate grovelling temper from which he never long escaped. Almighty heaven! when the incarnate spirit of destruction was galloping on his pallid courser over the earth robed in night, and his extended fists flashing hell-fires, and universal life was fainting beneath his deadly breath, was it a time to think of lions snapping at horses' noses, or bulls tossing boys? Faugh! I could kick the unworthy corner out of the picture.

But we came here to get cool, and must not allow ourselves to grow warm in anger.

* Lessing quotes with triumph, what Warburton tells us of Pope's mature contempt for the pictorial essays of his own youthful muse; but when he compared description to a heavy feast of sauces, he was certainly only condemning the manner usually practised.

LOVE AND GOLD.

BY MISS S. STEPHENS.

One lovely night in May,
When pearly moonbeams lay
In flower-beds sleeping,
And glittering dew-drop fell
Down to the green wood dell,
Blue violets steeping;
A veil of pure and silvery mist
Lay soft on forest tree and plain,
And quiv'ring o'er still waters, kissed
Their sluggish waves to life again.

The slender brooklet sped
O'er crosses in its bed,
With mellow chiming,
And lulling breezes sung
The glancing leaves among,
Like spirits rhyming.
And in the still blue sky there came
Stars show'ring down their golden light,
Like bursting buds, or gems of flame,
Set burning in the brow of night.

That eve, a smiling elf
Stole out to rest himself.
Where vines unwreathing
Form'd green and dewy bowers
He heaped a couch of flowers,
With odors breathing.
Young Cupid piled his bed full high;
His cherry lip was bright with glee,
A dimpled cheek, a sapphire eye,
And a mellow laugh, the rogue, had he.

His graceful bow unstrung
Beside the boy was flung,
In careless seeming;
And darts were scattered round
Upon the dewy ground,
Like jewels gleaming.
Love sweetly slept—his weary wing
Lay folded o'er his dreamy head,
Like rainbow fragments scattering
Their brightness o'er his scented bed.

And like a sunny ray,
His empty quiver lay;
Around it clinging
Were tiny silver bells,
Hid under rosy shells,
With magic ringing.
As Cupid slept, each slender tongue
Breathed out a sweet and silver sound,
As if ten thousand fairies sung
Amid the rustling leaves around.

Far more than half the night,
Young Love—the roguish wight—
Lay sweetly dreaming;
When one, with silent tread,
Stole softly to his bed.
The moonlight streaming
Upon old Mammon's clouded eye,
The stoney look and brow of care,
Made the beholder wonder why
He should have sought a shelter there.

Tuneless became each bell,
Whose low and wailing knell
Was faintly dying;
Each blossom closed its cup,
Folding its odors up,
And sweets denying.
Young Love spread out his wings to rise,
And left his rosy cheek all bare;
With dimpled hands he rubb'd his eyes,
And shook the buds from off his hair.

The youngster idly lay,
Spurning the flowers away,
With drowsy feeling;
A leg and foot of snow,
With warm blood melting through,
The while revealing;
When Mammon, with a crafty joy,
Drew forth a chain of massy gold,
And rudely bound the struggling boy
Most firmly in its glitt'ring fold.

There panting on the ground,
With golden fetters bound,
Poor Love lay crying,
With tear-drops in his eye,
His wings all droopingly
Around him lying.
Cupid was slandered much of yore,
But he is less a fool than knave;
In truth, it was not long before
A proof of this—the rogue!—he gave.

He would not feel despair,
E'en under Mammon's care;
So, quick resolving,
He wept upon his chain—
Like ice in pleasant rain,
The gold dissolving,
Fell sparkling brightly o'er his bed;
Then up the laughing Cupid sprung,
Out from his blooming arbor fled,
And shook his wings and gaily sung:

Think ye to fetter Love with gold?
Ah, no, no!
With brow of care and features old,
With pulseless veins, and bosom cold?
Ah, no, no!

Enchain the star
That gleams afar,
Withhold the leaves from the tree;
Forbid the heart
To act its part,
Then hope with gold to fetter me?

Could Love a humble captive be?
Ah, no, no!
The heart is Cupid's monarchy;
No gold is in his treasury.
Ah, no, no!

Ambition bold,
Pride stern and cold,
Are subjects, Mammon, for thy chain;
But Love is free
As thought can be,
And flings thy shackles back again!

THE OCEAN.

WRITTEN AT LONG BRANCH.

BY JOSEPH SILL.

And this is the vast sea,
That spreads its ample bosom 'neath our gaze;
This the great deep that we,
In speechless rapture, look upon and praise!

Emblem of mighty power,
Whose heaving breast circles the globe around;
Type that dost still endure
To shadow forth the infinite profound.

How beautiful and bland
Is its smooth aspect, and its murmuring flow,
As slowly down the land,
Bright Phœbus sinks in rich and lustrous glow!

And buoyant on its breast,
Dance the tall tapering mast and snowy sail,
While from the fervid west
The fanning breezes blow with gentle gale.

But see, what glories rise!
The spotless moon, emerging from the main,
Tinges with silver dyes
The rippling wave that glances back again.

Surge upon surge rolls on
In varied, soft, and pleasing harmony,
As 'mid the mortal throng
Successive myriads rise, and cease to be;

And as they cease, they rise
In prouder, greater majesty and power,
'Till mixing with the skies
They end their fleeting being—and their hour.

Here! to these haunts repair,
Ye who, envelop'd in the city's heat,
Languish for genial air,
And sigh for blessings which you cannot greet.

Lo! countless blessings rise—
Strength to the weary—balm for care and pain—
Here health, with sparkling eyes,
Enamor'd courts the freshness of the main.

Bow 'neath the limpid wave,
And dip your tresses in the dark blue sea;
And while the waters lave,
Thank him who ocean gave—
Meet symbol of his vast infinity.

LETTER FROM A SETTLER

IN ARKANSAS.

We have thought it right to give publicity to the following very intelligent lettes, lately written by a settler to his mother, in St. Giles's, London, on account of the valuable statistical information it contains.

Catchum's Shallow on the little Red River
Arkensaw April 1838.

My dere Muther,

Yee mustent wunder if you havnt herd of me for sume time, but grate grefe is dumb as Shaxpire sais, and I was advised to hop my twig and leaf old ingland, witch indede i was verry sorrorful, but now i am thanks gudnes saf, and in amerrykey. i ardly no ware miself, but the hed of this will tel my tail. I ham a sqwatter in the far wurst, about ½ a-mile this side sundown, an if i ad gon mutch father i shud av found nothin but son, an no nite at all. You kno how the hummeggrating Agent tolde me that if peepel cudnt liv in Sent Gileses amerrykey was capitle to dy in; besides see he if youre not verry nere you can ade yure mother in distres. so i went aborde a ship wat was going to Noo Orlines. Ive herd peepel tawk abowt rodes at C but the rodes on the attalantick is the verry ruffest i evir rode on and it was very long an very cold an we had nothin 2 heat hardly, but we founde a ded rat in a warter cask witch the flavur was grately increased thareby. at last we cam to the arbur at the citty of Noo Orlines witch is all under the bottum of the top of the rivver and we ad a ankering to go a-shore. I ad no idear as the rivers was so hi in this contry, but as the assent is so verry esy i didnt fele it at al. The noo orlines peepel is odd fishis and not at all commun plaice; wen all the peepel in the streets is musterd it is a pepper an sault popplashun, thare is blak wites an wite blaks an a sorte of mixt peepel caled quadruunts because they are of fore colers blak, an wite, an wite blaks, and blak wites. Has the rivver is so verry hi it is always hi water, an the munnifold advantiges of the citty dipends on the gudnes of its banks. there is loks in em to let the water out and keys to kepe it in. munney ere is very common and is cald sentse, and evvery thing is cheep in Noo Orlines 5 dollers bills bein only worth 2 dollers. We went up the rivver in a large bote like a noise ark only more promiscua. the current acount was against us. it dont turn and turn agen like at putny bridg, and as it runs alwys won way i wunder it dont run away altogethir. Thire is no towns nor tailer shops nor pallisses as i expectorated there wood be. the wood was all quite wilde not a bit of tame no ware nor no sines of the blessedniss of civilazashun as jales and jin shops nor no kitching gardins nor fields nor ouses nor lanes nor alleys nor gates nothin but alleygators. after a grate dale of settlin i settled to settle as abuv ware yu will rite to me. These staits is caled the united staits becawse theire mails and femails all united. there's six of them wimmin staits. 2 Carolinas, Miss Sourry, Missis Sippy, Louesa Anna, an Vargina, all the rest is mails. i have sene no cannibels an verry few ingins besides steam ingins they're quite unhedducated and dont emply no tailers. I dont like fammin mutch but praps I shal wen i get used to it, tho its very ilconvenient at furst. i am obliged to wurk very ard and if i have to chop my one wood much longer i han determined to cut my stick.

Dere muther, i think i shuld be more cumfurtable if i had a few trifels witch you culd bye me, if yew wud onley sel sumthing, and send me all the bills partickular, and I'l be sure to owe it you—namly sum needils and thred, and sum odd buttens, but thems of little use without you send me sum shirts, and a waistcote, and upper cote, to put em on, when those tumbles off thats on when you sends em, and sum brads, and some hammers to drive em with, and a spade an a pikax, an a saw, and sum fish hooks, and gunpowdr, an sum shot, witch they wil be of the gratest convenience, if you can send me a gun. likewis som stockins, an shues and other hardwears, only its no use to send me any bank nots, for my nerest naybours is sum ingin wagwams above 70 miles of, an i cudnt get change thare, so dont forgit some led, and some bullit moldes, for some blak fellers has bin fishin close by, jist within 10 miles an I wants to have a pop at em with luv to all yore dutiful son

Sam. Stroller.

THE MIAMI VALLEY.

BY A PIONEER OF OHIO.

"Once more foot to foot and hand to hand, they engaged, and they seemed to collect all their energies, and to fight with a steadier and a cooler determination. Nevertheless, the combat was short."—*Bulwer.*

CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued from page 338, vol. IV.)

It was in the lovely autumnal part of the year when Thomas Girty and I started alone, with our knapsacks on our backs, and our rifles on our shoulders, up the beautiful Miami Valley. It was our intention to continue as far as my deserted farm, and then hunt up north. We waded through the dry leaves, which prevented our shooting game, for the deer commonly heard us advancing some time before we were near enough to shoot them. The second day we came to the promontory overlooking my farm. It was the same from which I had beheld the blackened ruins of all I loved. My heart swelled with emotion, as I again looked upon the coals which lay scattered about where once stood my house, and where once I gazed with a father's pride, at my playing child—but all had vanished, and where I once looked upon my family, and on the spot beneath which they lay, stood a large wolf, staring at us "with a brute unconscious gaze," while his white teeth shone in the sun like pearls. I don't know why it is, but I was seized with a sudden fit of madness at seeing a wolf on that sacred spot. I aimed my rifle at him and shot him; he sank in his tracks dead. Girty was well aware of the painful emotions which the sight below would kindle within me, and silently retired some distance, and lay down upon the grass; when the rifle fired he sprang to his feet, but upon looking at the dead wolf he immediately divined the feelings which caused me to shoot the animal, and lay down again. I went down to the ruins—the spot which I had dug for a garden the day previous to the catastrophe was filled with weeds, which grew rank and luxuriantly as high as my head; every thing looked gloomy—even the delightful landscape appeared to partake of the gloom which hung over my once pleasant abode. The weeds had sprang up even within the small spring-house, and ground-ivy hung in sombre festoons from the roof. We tarried in that spring-house for some hours drinking the clear cold water and talking over our adventures. Girty dwelt long on the number of scalps we had taken since my family was burnt, and spoke with hope of the approaching time when we would tear the reeking scalps, even perhaps, he added, from those who had participated in rendering this delightful place a desert. He struck the right chord of my heart; for revenge had taken the place of the love which was once there, and with a master hand he aroused those feelings, till I was eager for starting immediately for the nearest Indian town to lie in ambush and shoot the Indians.

"Now you are fit for something," said Girty, as we arose to leave the spring-house. "These sorrowful thoughts," he continued, "will do for one to indulge in at times, but there are certain times for every thing, and this is no time for harboring such thoughts, when we are uncertain what step may bring us among Indians, when 'tis necessary we should fight, and 'tis impossible for one to fight when depressed in mind."

I adopted Girty's opinion, and became more cheerful. We took a northern direction, and crossed the Big Miami river at a ripple, which has now washed many hundred yards lower, and soon came to the dense brush prairie; here we killed the first game since we started. A large oak tree grew some distance to the right of our path, in passing which our attention was attracted by a rustling near its roots, and a large bear came out of the bushes, and looking neither to the right or left, ran past us, and directly for a towering oak, which grew some hundred yards from where we stood. The singular awkward motions of the bear were ludicrous in the extreme, and instead of shooting him, as would have been our first action, we both were seized with such laughter, that it would have been impossible. He ran so fast, and appeared so eager to reach the tree, that we both simultaneously looked from whence he came, knowing that he must be chased. We stooped in the bushes, and the

mystery was instantly solved. The largest panther I ever saw, leaped out from the bushes, and with fiery eyes, and open mouth, bounded after the bear; at every bound he cleared a space of at least twelve feet, and bruin soon began, by his clumsy and rapid motions, to evince signs that he was aware of his critical situation. I cocked my gun, but Girty caught my arm. "Don't shoot the panther," he whispered, "for we will see some glorious sport; the panther will kill the bear, and then we may kill the panther with two loads—they are dangerous animals, you know"—at the same time giving me a look which reminded me of the wrestle I had with one of those dangerous animals. I uncocked the trigger, and we eagerly and silently followed to witness the fun. The bear gained the tree first, and scrambled up with a trepidation, which plainly proved he knew his life was in imminent danger, and gaining a large fork, he lay down, and gazed upon his foe, which lay watching him, like a cat watching a mouse. The bear licked his paws and appeared to think himself free from danger, and at length fixed himself for a comfortable nap, in the fork of the tree, but occasionally we observed, he would open one eye that his enemy might not steal a march on him. We were within twenty yards of the animals, and had an excellent view of all that was going on, and it was with the greatest difficulty Girty could prevent me from shooting the panther, for he lay at such a pretty distance; but Girty, who thought more of the sport than the panther, held my arm firmly, while we looked at the panther and bear alternately, eager for the watching animal below to commence his ascent. After he had become thoroughly rested, the panther backed out about ten feet from the trunk of the tree, and with one leap was as far up it. The bear was not so sound asleep, but he knew what was going on, and now scrambled up the tree with all the rapidity his clumsy motions would permit, and the panther followed hissing and spitting. To the very highest limbs the bear climbed, where he set up a long howl, as he beheld the panther following close upon his heels. They were now at the farthest point of the top, and both on one limb, which bent and swung beneath their weight, till it began to crack. It was a thrilling sight to see two of the most dreaded and savage animals of the wilderness, battling on a small limb, which appeared to be three hundred feet above the ground. Girty jumped upon his feet, and yelled with excitement, while the animals were so busy holding on with one paw that they did not hear us. The bear squealed every time the panther struck him, and the panther's hissing could be heard distinctly by us. The panther could not use his hind claws, or poor bruin would have fared badly, still he fought so furiously with his fore-paws that the bear could not resist his energetic blows, and doubling himself up, till he appeared like a huge black ball, he loosened his hold, and came to the ground with tremendous force, breaking many limbs which would have impeded the passage of a heavy man. He bounced up at least three feet, regaining his legs, which he put into immediate and rapid use, and ran off for another large tree, some distance ahead. The panther was not far behind, for so soon as the bear had let go his hold, he ran down the tree with a rapidity which was astonishing, and reached the ground before the bear had ran fifty steps. They both passed within a few feet of where we were hid, but were so intent with their own affairs as not to notice us, although we stooped behind a small log which did not screen half of our bodies. With a few bounds the panther was at the bear's heels, who turned around reared upon his hind legs, and commenced the fight in a true pugilistic style with his fore-legs. None but those who have witnessed a similar fight, could form an idea of the tremendous and destructive weapons which a panther possesses in his hind claws. The panther flew upon him and struck his long sharp claws in his eyes, and in less time than it requires to write it, he tore out the bear's entrails, with his hind claws—the bear fell upon the earth incapable of resistance. The panther walked off a few steps, and turning around, gazed for some time upon his prostrate enemy, who was striving ineffectually to replace his entrails with his paws. After viewing him some time, the panther sat down, and began to lick down his ruffled hairs, but observing the bear making efforts to get up, he flew upon the helpless fellow again, and a dreadful roaring ensued.

"I cannot stand by and see the strong oppress the weak," said Girty, whose compassion returned as his curiosity was gratified. We both cocked our guns, but could not shoot with any degree of certainty till the panther would be still, which soon happened. The bear lay on the ground apparently dead, and the panther stood sentinel ready for another spring, if he should stir. His breast was presented full in view, but he was about forty yards from us, which is a long shot to hit the heart, but we could not stir without being seen, and I aimed and fired. He sprang high into the air, and fell upon his side. We cautiously advanced to him, (I had not forgotten the former panther's teeth,) and one glance at his fiery eye-balls, convinced us that our precaution was well taken. The ball had passed through the fore shoulder, and broke both of the bones, but his destructive hind feet were still sound. After standing some distance from him, and looking at his ineffectual attempts to reach us, till we grew tired, Girty shot him through the head. While Girty was attending to this business I dispatched the still breathing bear with my tomahawk. It was rapidly getting dark, and I built a large fire, while Girty skinned the bear. The wolves gathered around, and smelling the flesh, kept up a constant howl, which reverberated in the silent woods, and appeared as if the wilderness was alive with them; some were so bold that they ventured almost upon us, but after we shot two, they retired beyond the light of the fire. We drew down a large sapling, and swung up our bear, and then dragged the panther close to the fire, Girty skinning him while I cooked supper, by screwing a ram-rod through the flesh of the bear, and holding it in the fire till done.

"That was no wolf's cry," said Girty, and he stood up, and listened attentively. "Then it was an owl's," said I, and proceeded to screw another piece of flesh on my ramrod, but Girty stood still, and finally the sound came again, apparently much nearer, and could not be mistaken from the human voice with that broken yell, occasioned by rapidly slapping the hand on the mouth as the sound issued forth. This peculiar cry we had both heard, when it could not be otherwise than indelibly impressed upon our memories. We knew it to be the cry of Indians, who, we knew from their customs, saw the light of our fire at a distance, the night being very dark—and were, as is customary with them, hallooing previous to entering the camp, not doubting but we were a part of their own party. Girty immediately answered the cry, and we then took our stand at a convenient shooting distance from the fire, and awaited their arrival intending to vanquish them if possible. Girty gave the directions, "If they number *more* than four or five, don't shoot, but silently decamp, but if they do not, shoot, but aim true, and we are certain of success—remember the rest will be so intimidated they will not fight enough to overcome a woman."

With these directions, we silently awaited the Indians, whom we soon heard advancing with all the hilarity of hungry men just entering into camp, where they expected to have a hearty meal. The party consisted of twelve, who were all armed with rifles, etc. I kept my place undecided what to do. One fellow of a gigantic stature, who appeared as if he could rival a Hercules, and by whom the rest appeared as children, walked up to the panther, and catching him by the neck, grunted a deep guttural "ough," and held the huge animal up before him, as if it had been a kitten, while some of the other warriors crowded around, and expressed their several feelings by the one word "ough," while others gazed around laughing, probably thinking their companions were playing them a trick by hiding from them. During this time I was devising a plan to get out of this dilemma, and had finally come to the conclusion to leave as rapidly as I could, and trust to the darkness of the night for escape, when a stunning crack from Girty's rifle made me start, and the Indian whose great size had so much attracted my attention, with a shrill yell dropped the panther, and fell forwards in the fire, by his violent exertions in striving to extricate himself from which, he scattered the burning wood about, and completely extinguished the blaze. This was fortunate for us, as it was now so dark they could not see which course we took. Girty, as soon as he shot, passed me, and whispering "follow me, and load as you run," (for my gun had not been loaded since I shot the panther,) continued his course through the thick brush, and I followed as rapidly as I could, although the limbs tore the skin from my face and hands at every step. The Indians soon recovered from the dismay that this shot had for a time thrown them into, and their yells could now be heard, as they scattered in pursuit of us, but the greater number followed directly in our trail, which surprised us, as the night was so dark that objects could not be seen one foot before us, as our scratched faces could testify. We continued running as fast as the bushes would permit, still the voices of the Indians continued on our trail. At length we came to some running water which we waded into, and continued up the stream for some distance in order to escape the bushes which grew luxuriantly on the bank, and regaining a level part of land, (which is now a beautiful farm,) we again proceeded rapidly. As soon as the Indians reached the brook which we waded into, they were at a stand, and apparently at the very spot where we waded into the water. This gave us strong reasons to believe that we were trailed by means of a dog, which we had baffled by taking the running water, and we resolved to employ that stratagem as often as necessary. Instead of taking advantage of this delay of the Indians, we sat on a log to rest, and talked over this day's adventure. The Indians voices had died away, and, as we thought, they had returned again to the camp. Whilst we were laughing at their movements, which were very dilatory considering they had a dog, the very dog we were speaking of came splashing through the brook at our side, and his deep bay for the first time burst upon our ears, and again the Indians' voices started us upon our feet, not more than fifty yards from us. We both sprang for the race, and again ran up the brook, followed closely by the dog, which was a fellow of the large mastiff breed. We kept close together, and proved ourselves the fastest runners in the dark, for we soon left the dog some distance behind; we again waded up the brook some hundred yards and then ventured on the land. Here we stopped to rest, and Girty declared he would go no farther till he killed the dog, which he said would insure our ruin as soon as daylight appeared. "The daylight will enable us to shoot the dog," said I, as I urged him to proceed, but he refused peremptorily, alleging that he wanted to kill the dog "just for the fun of cutting his throat!" This I thought poor fun, but determined to wait and assist my companion. The dog never barked till he saw us, but we were aware of his proximity by his loud and hurried breathing. As soon as he came to the brook, by the side of which we sat, Girty drew his knife, and stood to interrupt his passage up the bank. The dog hurried up it, and with eyes which glittered like burning coals, sprang at Girty's throat, and missing his aim, caught him by the coat collar. The violence with which he struck against Girty, combined with his weight, knocked him upon his knees, but the struggle lasted but a moment, Girty caught the dog in his gripe, which was not unlike the force of a vice, and with a few thrusts of his knife, threw him upon the ground dead. The Indians had heard the voice of their dog, and again cried out in their peculiar manner, which was probably intended to stimulate him to greater exertions. We did not tarry long where we were, but again commenced our journey, at a rapid rate, but it being so dark we were entirely ignorant of the direction we were taking. After running about

two hours, we came to the big Miami about two miles above Dayton, which I advised crossing with all expedition, but Girty declared he would not sleep in wet clothes that night, and no argument could persuade him from his resolution. With perfect composure he lay down to take a nap. After listening awhile and hearing no other noise than the wolves, and occasionally the cry of an owl, I concluded the Indians had given over the chase, after discovering the death of their dog. I lay down, and being weary with the violent exertions I had undergone, soon became utterly unconscious of Indians, panthers, bears, and every thing else.

How long I slept I knew not, but was suddenly awakened by a violent kick in the side, and a cry of "awake!"—"no weasel!" in the Indian tongue. I sprang to my feet, upon opening my eyes, and observing two Indians standing over me; but my gun was gone, and also my other weapons had been taken away. At this moment I heard two rifle cracks in quick succession, a small distance in the woods, and the fellows who surrounded me yelled like devils. My heart sank within me, and I became as helpless as a child. The thought of my friend, who had repeatedly risked his life to save mine—who had been my constant companion in perils for so many years, and who had accomplished more to avenge the murder of my family than I had myself—that friend was now torn from me, and cut off in the full bloom of manhood; my heart sank within me, and despite my exertions to prevent it, the tears were forced from my eyes and rolled down my cheeks. The Indians did not bind me, but held me by the arms, which was unnecessary, as I should not have attempted to escape, for my friend Girty was killed. I could have exclaimed with the poet—

Where thou goest, there will I go.

Hearing a cry at a greater distance, they led me towards the direction from whence we came. The dim red streaks of light at the east proclaimed the approach of day, and the black clouds brushed off, and by the time we reached the spot where we killed the panther, the sun was gilding the tree tops with his rays. It was a beautiful day to those who were not tortured with the anticipation of suffering worse than inquisitorial tortures. The big Indian whom Girty had shot, was lying upon his side and elbow, with his features distorted into an hundred writhing expressions indicating intense pain from the wound occasioned by Girty's bullet, which had passed entirely through the shoulder, breaking the bone, and mangling the flesh of the arm dreadfully. As soon as he saw me, I thought I could discern his eyes glisten with a mixture of joy and pain, as a smile played over his sternly-set features. He held out his hand, which I grasped and shook cordially; this I thought prognosticated no love. He motioned me to take a seat, which I obeyed, thinking it best not to arouse this savage's anger by refusing what he commanded. "The greatest storms are preceded by a calm," thought I, as I gazed upon the glaring eyes of the Indians who stood about me with their arms folded, and motionless. I looked about me—the panther lay upon the ground where the Indian had dropped him when shot, and the bear still dangled from the sapling; nothing had been disturbed, for the warriors had been too busily engaged catching me. By the side of the big warrior sat a diminutive lean man intently engaged eyeing some dry bones and muttering some unintelligible words, which I afterwards learned were intended as a charm to prevent the wound from mortifying, and which—my informant assured me with an ominous scowl—would be well in six suns (days.) I could not help observing with what philosophical patience the wounded man bore the intense pain which his wound must have occasioned; he talked to the warriors around him in the same urbane voice in which he had spoken to me, and gracefully nodded to those who addressed him, which I perceived was invariably with some degree of deference. This man was the celebrated chief *Michihinaqua* or *Little Turtle*, who in aftertimes became the greatest chief and warrior of the west, and whose Fabian wisdom during a battle was of more avail against General Harrison than all the chiefs put together. This man, at the time of which I speak, although of such a gigantic mould, was but about twenty years of age; his forehead was high, and unusually expansive, indicating to an observer at once the giant intellect, which rendered him afterwards so famous. His features were of an uncommonly intellectual cast, and the expression of his eagle eye can never be erased from my memory—it was an eye, the expression of which we do not observe commonly among mankind, but which when we do observe it, at once commands deferential respect, for we know that it mirrors a mind of no uncommon order.

Whether the conjurer's skill was of any avail in its curative effects I know not, but the chief's wound appeared to grow easy, and he now addressed inquiries to those around him, but seldom spoke except in monosyllables. Towards noon the partial paralysis which immediately succeeds a gunshot wound passed off, and the natural vigor and healthiness of his system appeared to influence the wound, which already gave symptoms of healing, and he, for the first time, addressed a conversation to one of his warriors, who suddenly arose, and led me before the chief, who interrogated me by means of a warrior, who spoke almost unintelligible English. In an Indian's estimation of character, bravery is the greatest virtue a man can possess, and towards one possessing this quality they show respect. This much of the Indian character I was aware of, and determined to act accordingly.

"Who is that other warrior—a brother?" said the chief.

"He is, and is worthy of it," said I, sternly.

"So he is," said the chief. "Was it your brother who has killed so many of my warriors lately?"

"It was."

"And what did you do it for?"

"Revenge!" said I, speaking through my teeth, for my hot blood had again began to boil, as I thought of the injury I had sustained, for which the blood of the whole tribe could not atone.

"For what injury did you seek revenge?" said the chief, after some moment's musing.

"For the murder of my wife and child, and burning of my property."

"Ah, was it your house which was burnt?"

"It was."

"Then you were in the right for seeking revenge." He then raised up and spoke for some time in a thundering voice to his warriors, who stood mute and immoveable. I could not understand all he said, but part of it I shall never forget. He spoke with energy, and used his arm with a graceful movement, which would have shamed many a studied orator of the present day. His speech had its effects; he shamed them for wanting to take the life of one whose deeds had made them tremble. "No!" said he, "if you would have the blood of one who is as brave as the bravest of you, you can have it, but you shall fight him single handed." A young warrior now sprang to his feet, and taking me by the shoulder, turned me around, and pointing with his finger towards the south, said "go," to which the rest assented by nodding their heads. I possessed a knife of beautiful workmanship, which was similar to the modern "bowie knife." This knife which, with my other arms, was now given to me, I took by the blade and offered to the chief, as a token of remembrance; he declined the present. I drew from my vest pocket a small pen-knife, and earnestly pressed it upon him, which he received with reluctance, and then shaking him cordially by the hand, and then the other warriors alternately—many of whom scowled at me with evident hatred, yet shook the proffered hand with a writhing grin—I slowly departed. This incident made a greater impression upon me in favor of the Indians, than all the logic in christendom, and very probably had it not been for the incident which follows, I should have never again attempted the life of an Indian.

By the situation of the sun when I left the Indians, it was about three o'clock. I continued my course for the Miami river, with the intention of steering straight for Cincinnati, to bear the sorrowful tidings of Girty's death, who I did not doubt, had been killed at the time I was taken prisoner. It was about one hour after this, as I was plodding my way through the hazel bushes, that I heard a cracking some distance ahead of me. I started at beholding four Indians, one of whom fired at me, but missed his aim. I immediately raised my gun and shot him dead. The others rushed upon me with their tomahawks uplifted, when a shot just behind made me start, thinking others were attacking me in the rear; but my joy knew no bounds at beholding Tom Girty spring from the bushes, and clubbing his gun, we rushed upon them, and fought with desperation. Two of the Indians opposed Girty, while one attacked me with a fury which I could not at first resist, but finally his strength began to fail beneath such severe exertion, when I drew my bowie knife, and began to use it to some purpose. The Indian threw his tomahawk, which fortunately struck the blade of my knife, and broke it to pieces; I watched his motions, and observing that he intended stooping, I threw my hatchet low, and nearly severed his wrist. The fellow was mad with passion, and soon gave me an opportunity to knock him down, but not till I had received a severe gash in the side from his knife. I now had time to see what my companion was about.

One Indian lay dead near him with his head mangled with the butt of his gun, and the same small man who had conjured the chief's wound, was yelling most sonorously, and brandishing his tomahawk at Girty, who was walking around him, watching for an opportunity "to tie him," as he said. The Indian appeared unwilling to risk a throw, but kept his eye on Girty, who now seized his gun and clubbing it began to wield it with giant energy. The Indian still brandished his instrument and ran rapidly backwards, undecided whether to throw, when he fell over a log flat upon his back. Girty leaped upon his breast with both feet, and deprived him for some moments, of breath. We tied his hands behind with a handkerchief. It is beyond the power of words to express the emotions which swelled my breast at this time. All had ended well! and a fatalist might here find an argument for his hypothetical doctrine, for the hand of providence appeared to interfere twice, when I expected the summons of the grim monster; still I cared but little whether I lived or not, for I had lost in Thomas Girty all which appeared to me worth living for; but at this moment—when I beheld death staring me in the face—to behold my friend resuscitated as from the dead, and *then* to gain a signal victory over the men (who deserved nothing better for their baseness in disobeying the orders of their chief, and striving to take the life of one whom they had set at liberty)—these rapid transitions from despondency to joy, almost made a woman of me, and I caught my friend around the neck and kissed him—so elated was I at beholding him again. This is no *romance*, reader, but stern reality; there are times when we must weep, and when we must be joyful; when our minds, like an Æolian harp are grave or acute, as the winds of prosperity or of adversity brush over them, and *these* are often as variable, and as subject to as sudden mutations, as the external tempests.

After our mutual joy had somewhat subsided, we deliberated upon the fate of our captive, who sat upon a log in a surly mood, and apparently caring little about his approaching fate. I was urgent for shooting the man whose perfidy had nearly cost me my life, but Girty took the side of humanity,

and declared that brave men should not be guilty of murdering a prisoner in cold blood. At length we hung his life "on the cast of a die;" we agreed to shoot at a target at the distance of fifty yards; if Girty won, the prisoner lived and *vice versa*. We cut a small round target of a bullet patch, and cleaned out our guns, to decide the fate of a human being. The Indian now appeared to be aware of what we intended doing, and with an earnestness—which was plainly shown, despite his efforts to conceal it—he watched our shots. I took the first shot and my ball struck the outer edge of the target—*it was an excellent shot.* The Indian's countenance plainly indicated the feelings which worked within; he gazed upon the ball hole with a stare in which despair might be plainly depicted; that look could not be exactly described; few persons could have then looked upon that man and not been moved with compassion; but my heart had been rendered callous by repeated injuries received of the Indians, and the sight of one drove me almost mad; there was not a pang of compassion in my breast, for the agonized feelings which I knew tortured that man; on the contrary I strived as much as possible to procrastinate Girty's time to shoot, merely to prolong the Indian's feelings. A painter could have delineated eagerness and hope with happy effect, by observing his countenance during the time Girty was sighting at the mark; he leaned forward with his hands upon his knees, and with lips partly unclosed and strained eyes; and the veins of his face appeared ready to burst with the intensity of his feelings. Girty sighted a long time, which proved he was striving all he could to save the poor man's life. The rifle cracked, and the bullet tore out the centre of the target. Girty yelled till the echo resounded among the trees, and the Indian sprang upon his feet, while a broad smile spread over his face. Girty untied his hands, and he slowly retired, but after going some yards, he returned and extended his hand in gratitude to Girty, who shook it affectionately; he then extended it to me, but I threw it from me with disdain—I was in no humor for congratulating him upon his escape from death.

"Indian no forget 'em," said the Indian to Girty.

"Your false heart contains no gratitude," I thundered out, "and ere to-morrow's sun rises, you and your companions will have, perhaps, attempted the life of him who saved yours." He shook his head and striking his breast with energy, drew his form to its greatest height, as he exclaimed again "no forget 'em." Girty bade him depart, which he did in somewhat faster time than before.

It is during our young days when we are in the vigor of life, and when no "compunctious visitings of conscience" trouble us, that we are less subject to the operations of the moral faculties. Our minds are then buoyant and elastic, and are incapable of retaining impressions for any length of time; but when we arrive to the "sear and yellow leaf"—when we have passed over the boisterous spring and summer when our lives are a continual series of tempests and calms,—and settled into the mild and thoughtful autumn, 'tis then we *think* and not before. Youth is no time to think, and old persons err when they expect to see *autumn* before the stormy spring has passed—if these scenes were now to be acted over again I might be prompted to act with more compassion to my fellow man, *for I am now an old man.* J. M. S.

Dayton, May 21st, 1839.

THE FRIENDS OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D., PHILA.

Though the friends of our childhood are with us no more,
Yet the thought of their virtues remains in our heart;
Enshrined like a holy thing deep in its core,
Fixed firmly, and of our existence a part.
And cursed be the man that would chase it away,
And seek in some other illusion to live;
Oh! where could he sports find, no matter how gay,
That joy, like the thought of past friendship, can give.

Hence, hence with your mirth, and come banquet with me
On the memory of ties that are long rent and gone;
On the joys, being fled, we no longer may see;
On the visions of happiness far away flown.
Think sadly, yet kindly, on feelings of yore,
The ties, though now broken, which bound us in youth;
When we thought, it is sad we may think so no more,
The world was a heaven of honor and truth.

THE SALT LAKE OF INDERSKOI,

AND ITS ENVIRONS,

IN THE KIRGHIS STEPPE, IN ASIA.

COMPILED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. TAUSCHER.

The following accounts of this remarkable lake, which lies between the 48° and 49° north latitude, are extracted from a journey in the south of Russia, performed by Dr. Tauscher, in the years 1807 to 1811. Hitherto, we were indebted to the celebrated naturalist Pallas, for the only accounts we had of this salt-lake, which has many peculiar natural productions. He visited it on his first great tour through Asiatic Russia, in the years 1763 to 1769. As no naturalist has since explored that interesting country, and the accounts given by Pallas are short and incomplete; and as Dr. Tauscher's journey in these inhospitable tracts was accompanied with circumstances calculated to excite general interest, a short sketch of it will certainly be welcome here.

The author prefixes to his description of the Inderlake, and the account of his tour along the banks of it, some general outlines of a picture of the steppes of southern Russia, as he had an opportunity of observing them in the immense tract extending between the Don, the Wolga, and the Ural, and to the northern coast of the Caspian sea.

The southern steppes bear a very peculiar physiognomy, different from the natural scenery of European countries. The eye is lost in immense plains, but seldom broken by an inconsiderable eminence, which are without trees or forests, poor in rivers and water, destitute of permanent habitations, villages or towns and perpetually traversed by nomade tribes, who live in patriarchal simplicity, and remove from place to place with their dwellings and flocks, as circumstances require. These desolate plains resemble in a great measure the trackless ocean, which the navigator must cross by the guidance of the compass.

Early in the spring, and soon after the melting of the snow, the surface of the steppe is covered with a charming and peculiar vegetation. Astragalus, tulips, hyacinths, and other fine flowering plants, make it appear like a gay garden. But the soft verdant carpet, which at this season adorns the meadows of the north and middle of Europe, is entirely unknown in these plains. Only a few scattered plants partially cover the ground, and larger or smaller intervals of bare soil aways remain visible between them. The scorching heat of the summer months, which in June and July often rises at noon to 30° and 35° Reaum, almost entirely destroys the children of Flora. All the plants wither, and the soil creaks under the foot of the traveller. At this season of the year, the dry grass of the desert is frequently on fire, either by chance or design, the flame of which reddens the horizon by night, and by day the thick clouds of smoke obscure the sun. These fires, fanned by the wind, often spread with incredible rapidity, and only the interposition of a river, or a very broad road, can stop the progress of such a torrent of flame, which, especially in the night, affords a splendid and awful sight. The heat would be still more intolerable, but for a cooling east wind, which regularly prevails from ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to three o'clock in the afternoon, and moderates the sultriness of the atmosphere, in the deserts situated on the Wolga and the Ural, between 45° and 50° north latitude. But if this wind should happen to blow over parts of the desert which are on fire, it becomes impregnated with almost intolerable heat, and, like the Arabian Samoom, relaxes and paralyses all the animal powers. Storms are not frequent in these parts, and when they occur, they are always inconsiderable. The thunder clouds, which, in other countries, being confined between the mountains, produce the severest tempests, have here so wide a range, that they cannot become dangerous. At no season of the year does a drop of dew spangle the parched soil of the steppe, and rain is very rare. The dry nitrous clay, of which the greatest part of the soil of the steppe consists, is rendered by the heat as hard as a rock, and clefts, a yard deep, open in its surface. In those tracts which are covered with quicksand, it becomes dreadfully hot, through the action of the sun's rays. It is singular enough, that this burning sand, in which it might be supposed that no plant could possibly thrive, is distinguished from the clayey soil, by a more active and luxuriant vegetation.

At the close of autumn, the steppe produces a peculiar Flora of remarkable saline plants, of which no country in the world has a greater variety than the parched soil of southern Russia.

The cold in winter, according to accurate observations made in the Moravian colony at Sarepta on the Wolga, that is, between 48° and 49° north latitude, has been known to be 32° and 33° Reaum. Here, as at Moscow and St. Petersburg, quicksilver has been seen to freeze in the open air. There are probably few parts of Europe which experience greater vicissitudes of heat and cold.

Hills and mountains are very uncommon in the desert itself. There are, however, in the steppe, between the Ural and the Wolga, some eminences of very considerable height. These are the Mount Bogdo, and the rock salt mountains Tschaptschatschi and Arsagar. The first, with the salt lake of the same name at its foot, is extremely remarkable, because it incontestibly rose formerly as a distinct island, above the ancient level of the sea. Its base, which is of granite, bears evident traces of this fact. Tschaptschatschi and Arsagar, which are situated more to the south, are not less worthy of notice. They consist of large solid masses of the valuable rock salt, which is not inferior to that found at Wieliczka in Poland, and at Ilezk in Orenburg; though, on account of the remote distance, and the difficulty of conveyance, hardly any use is made of it. It likewise differs from the salt last mentioned, in forming a mountain of considerable height; whereas the other is found in strata under ground, and must be obtained by the operation of mining.

As the author's object, the salt lake Inder, was beyond the Ural line, and consequently out of the Russian boundaries, on the other side of the river, he chose the nearest post to make preparations for undertaking, with safety, an excursion to the Kirghis steppe on the other side. This was the fore-post of Inderskoe, seven hundred versts below Orenburg, from which the salt lake is sixty versts distant, in a direct line towards the east. Dr. Tauscher arrived there in the beginning of May, 1810, having been liberally furnished with the necessary orders and assistance for this expedition, at Orenburg, by the governor-general, prince Wolchonskoi.

He had only two travelling companions, namely, Mr. Hermann, a clergyman from Kasan, a young man full of zeal for the study of natural history, who was of great assistance, especially in his botanical researches; and a servant, Jacob Judizky, who was a skilful huntsman, and in the sequel procured for his master many rare and beautiful birds.

The fore-post of Inderskoe, or Gorskoe Kre-post, is situated immediately on the bank of the river Ural, and is one of the most inconsiderable places of the lower Ural line. It consists of only forty or fifty dwellings, inhabited by about as many Cossack families, commanded by an officer of inferior rank, without any fortification, and merely surrounded with narrow ditches and a wicker fence.

The environs consist of a barren, dry clay desert, on the soil of which there are neither stones nor trees. It is only in the low grounds near the river, which are covered during the inundation, that willows and poplars are met with, and also some peculiar species of trees which thrive in this climate. Neither hay nor corn are grown in this arid country. Some spots, here and there, are cultivated as gardens. They have melons, water-melons, and other vegetable productions, especially in such places as are covered by the water during the periodical inundation of the river. The mud which it leaves behind, like the Nile, produces in the sequel a rapid and luxuriant vegetation.

A violent attack of fever, of which the author had already felt some symptoms, as he passed through Orenburg, increased so much as to render it impossible for him immediately to visit the lake on the other side, which was sixty versts distant. A favorable opportunity, however, occurred to send his companion Hermann.

The inhabitants of the neighboring posts receive permission several times in the year to get salt for their use from the lake. They always go in great numbers, well armed, and with every military precaution, to avoid the hostile attacks of the plundering Kirghis, who attempt on these occasions to seize and carry off people and horses. On the second day after the arrival of our travellers, such a caravan set out to procure salt, and Hermann was able to go to the lake with perfect safety under their protection. He returned from the opposite shore on the third day, quite enraptured with the wonderful place he had seen, and the curiosities of the dominion of Flora which he had found.

The fever, however, which regularly returned every other day, enfeebled Dr. Tauscher so much, that he was scarcely able to leave the room, or even his bed, on the intermediate days. Hermann, however, daily made longer or shorter excursions in the neighboring country. It unfortunately happened, that, among the medicines which they had the precaution to bring with them from Moscow, there was no Peruvian bark; and there being neither medicine nor physician at Inderskoe, he was obliged to send for some Peruvian bark to Uralsk, two hundred miles distant, where there was a regimental surgeon, and a laboratory belonging to the government. His health gradually improved after he had taken this medicine, and, on the 20th of May, he found himself sufficiently recovered to venture upon the expedition to the opposite bank.

As a protection from the predatory Kirghis, prince Wolchonskoi had ordered an escort of two hundred men and one cannon. These people were collected from several neighboring posts of the line, and had already been some days at Inderskoe.

The author's plan was to spend three days at the least on the banks of the lake, and, if possible, to go quite round it; in order to form a complete idea of its extent and nature, its remarkable environs and productions.

A large tent for himself, a new and clean kibitke, belonging to the officer who accompanied him, a light carriage to convey the paper necessary to preserve the plants and other requisites, and, in case of need, himself and his companions, were the principal articles which he took with him.

The 22nd of May was fixed for the long desired accomplishment of this plan. The preparations for crossing the river, which were directed by the commandant of Inderskoe, could not be carried on so rapidly as the impatience of the travellers desired. The river is half as broad again as the Elbe at Dresden, deep, but not rapid. There was only one pretty large boat to convey the carriages and other effects, successively, to the opposite bank. The Cossacks swam over the river, with their horses. This operation seems not to be without danger, and proves the courage of this intrepid race, who are very familiar with this element. The Cossack, who intends to cross a river, drives his horse into it, plunges in after him, and swims through the stream with him, with the aid of his left arm, holding the bridle with his right hand, which he lays on the horse's back. Only the heads of the man and the horse remain above the water. It was a singular circumstance to see a carriage, with the horses to it, swim over the river. A Cossack, placed like Neptune, in the front of the carriage, guided the frail vehicle through the stream, flourishing a knute instead of the trident.

Their passage was completed in a few hours, and every thing safely landed on the left bank. The author now amused himself in examining his company. The whole had a motley appearance. It was a medley of several nations, which, besides the proper Ural Cossacks, consisted of Calmucks, Tartars, Kirghis, etc.; rude sun-burnt countenances, more noble Tartar manly features, and flat Mongol effeminate countenances, with beardless chins, small sunken eyes, and high cheek-bones; some covered with cloaks made of sheeps' skin, with the rough side outwards; some in tanned horse-hides, some in short fur cloaks with hoods, and a few in a light dress and a shirt; the head covered with a large fox-skin cap, or with a conical felt hat, or without any covering.

Their arms were no less different than their costume. The smallest number had fire-arms, some only a single pistol, most of them pikes, others bows and arrows; and several only a sabre, and others again none. Such was the appearance of the soldiers of the Ural, who came to protect our travellers from their hereditary and frontier enemies, the Asiatic Kirghis, on whose territory they in fact were.

A troop of Kirghis, in eight or ten tents, whom they found on the other side of the river, though they were said to be of the Russian party, were ordered to take down their dwellings and depart with their herds farther into the steppe, because the officer, who accompanied the author, judged it unadvisable to have these equivocal friends in the rear.

The company now proceeded in an easterly direction: but this was done without much regularity. The escort dispersed, and each took his own way. Even the cannon was at one time so far off, that the author lost sight of it, and it might easily have been taken by the Kirghis, who were said to be so formidable.

Dr. Tauscher thought of remedying this confusion as well as he could; ordered the cannon to be near his carriage, and, after a march of five or six hours, reached the first watering place, a small lake of good water, where they halted.

In a few hours they set out again, because the author wished to reach in the same day the vicinity of the lake, which was still twenty miles distant.

The ground from this place rose to a gentle eminence, and became of a different quality. Whereas it was before sandy, not wholly destitute of water, and covered with a pretty luxuriant vegetation; it was now dry and clayey. Here and there gypsum-like stones stood out, and the vegetation was less fresh. Several of the plants which Hermann had found on his first visit to the lake, were met with here, such as the beautiful *Orobanche*, with light blue flowers, *Allium Caspium Pall.*, *Allium inderiense*, n. sp. and a small *Tetradynamist*, with the boat-shaped seed vessels allied to the *genus Bunias*, which plant was afterwards designated as a new *genus*, and called by the author's name.

Towards evening they reached their journey's end, namely, some ditches, about a verst from the lake, with brackish, but yet drinkable water. Here the travellers pitched their camp, planted the cannon, and placed posts on the surrounding eminences to prevent surprise. The visit to the lake was deferred to the following day.

From the place where the company were encamped, the banks of the lake gradually shelved off towards the east, and the white salt surface of the lake shone from this side like new fallen snow. The lake is of the form of a long ellipse, and its circumference may be about twenty miles. It is surrounded on three sides by a row of hills, the interior of which, towards the lake, is exposed by the fall of the earth, and consists of strata of clay of different colors. The water of the lake, which in no season of the year, and in no place, exceeds a yard in depth, was now almost entirely evaporated. The whole superficies of the lake consisted of one mass of the most beautiful and pure crystals of sea salt, rivalling the snow in whiteness, without a perceptible mixture of glauber salt, and, at some depth, gradually passed into a mass not unlike rock salt.

In some places, springs from the bottom of the lake had worked their way through the solid mass to the surface, forming perpendicular openings of considerable depth, so that the long pikes of the Cossacks could not reach the bottom. The quantity of the salt, thus wonderfully prepared by nature, is so great, that it might, perhaps, supply all Europe, if the geographical situation of the lake were

favorable to it. As a new layer of salt is produced every year on the surface, like the annual growth of trees, there would be no fear that this repository would ever be exhausted.

It was, indeed, part of the author's plan to make the tour of the whole lake, and thus obtain a complete knowledge of its situation, and the peculiar productions of its vicinity; but the commanding officer of his escort assured him that this could not be done without exposing themselves to the danger of an attack from the Kirghis. He, therefore, contented himself with exploring half the right side of the lake with a small escort, sending his companion Hermann to do the same on the left bank, which is the most difficult of access.

Even Pallas says, that he had obtained from the brine a number of insects in good preservation; Dr. Tauscher also enriched his collections from the same source, with many rare and beautiful kinds of beetle. Our travellers did not find, in these parts, the rare and dangerous venomous spider of southern Russia, which Pallas says he found swimming uninjured in the salt waters. It is remarkable that he found in the brine, in very great numbers, several species of insects, which he very seldom found in the steppe itself. This was the case, for instance, with the *Calandra picea, Pall.*, which he saw alive, by thousands, in the salt water. Among the few kinds which he caught in the desert, the very scarce *Myocellata, Pall.* gave him much pleasure, though he found only a single specimen.

His collection of plants was richer and more important. The saline plants were not advanced enough for him to make any remark upon them. The origin of the lake may be explained in a plausible manner, from its situation and the nature of its environs. The plateau called the Inder Mountain, elevated above the river and the surrounding steppe, is from two to three hundred versts in circumference, and is traversed in the middle by the river Ural. The soil, particularly that part of the plateau beyond the river, consists of rock salt, which is covered with a stone resembling alabaster.

The lake owes its origin to subterraneous springs, which penetrated through the solid mass of rock salt, and found a vent in the funnel-shaped hollow of the rock. The water proceeding from the melting of the snow in spring, which collects in the deeper part of the lake, perhaps also contributes.

Here, too, the partly general law of nature is confirmed, according to which alabaster or gypsum is usually found near masses of salt. This, as here, is the case at Iletsk, near Orenburg; in the rock salt mountains of Arsagar and Tschaptschutschi; in the Volga and Ural steppe; and in the rock salt works at Wieliczka in Poland. As we have already stated, it was Dr. Tauscher's intention to spend three days in examining the lake and its environs: circumstances induced him to shorten this period. The commanding officer reported to him that he had been informed by Kirghis spies, who were of the party of the Russians, that a troop of four hundred Kirghis had assembled a few leagues distant, and threatened the company with an attack. In the second night, the fore-posts stationed round the camp were, in fact, disturbed by a party of Kirghis, who, however, departed when they found them resolute.

He was by no means disposed to engage, without need, in contests with these marauders: besides, he had entirely attained the object he had proposed; he therefore judged it best to return to the opposite bank, and, early on the morning of the third day, surrounded by his escort, carried his resolution into effect. As they approached the watering place, half way on the road, where they halted when they came, the author saw a number of people, of strange appearance, encamped near it. They were surprised at this, because, at their previous visit, they had not seen a human being. On inquiry, Dr. Tauscher learnt that a Kirghis sultan, or nobleman, was about to occupy with his troops the inclosed market-place at Orenburg. The sultan, on his side, had inquired of our author's escort, who he was; and, on being informed, amicably offered him his hand, and invited him, in the Tartar language, which his companion interpreted, to pass the night in his tent. Notwithstanding our author's great desire to accept this proposal, he judged it best to return, without delay, to the fort on the other bank, in order to dry the plants which he had collected.

He continued his route to the opposite bank, but was followed by the court chaplain of the Kirghis sultan, who offered to remain as a hostage in the fort, till Dr. Tauscher should have arrived on the other side of the river. For the reasons above mentioned, the Doctor sent him also back; and learnt, in the sequel, how fortunate it was that he did so. In the same night that the Kirghis chief hospitably offered him his tent, he was attacked by an hostile tribe of his own nation, and robbed of all his herds of horses, camels, and sheep. Thus, the author, in all probability, escaped the misfortune of being carried as a slave into the interior of Asia, to Chiva or Bucharia.

SWEEPINGS FROM A DRAWER.

1. A prudent man will avoid whatever gives occasion for remark; for whatever is talked of much, will be talked of unfavorably.

2. The most generous man, in making a gift, never parts entirely with the sense of property; and will be offended if, in his presence, you use the gift entirely as your own.

3. Matters external to us, and resting in opinion, cause more vanity than those which are within us and certain. Probably more pride is felt in knowing, than in being, the duke of Wellington.

4. How many persons mistake talking about literature for literary talk!

5. Nothing is more common than for persons to suppose that they know all about an obscure transaction, because they know something not known to others. We know what we know, but we don't know what we don't know.

6. The conclusions of morality are as certainly reached through the avenues of vice, as through the paths of virtue.

7. There is often as much difference between works and their author, as between the sweetness of honey and the sting of the bee.

8. Southey's descriptions are *wrought;* Scott's are *cast.*

9. The mind is a disease of the body. Spirit is a disease of matter.

10. The highest wisdom of the mind is to acquiesce in doubt—to admit that the reason of a thing cannot be given—that a fact or its cause cannot be known.

11. Most people's God is the reflection of their own spirit against the skies; and the comfort of cultivating God is the complacency of viewing that self-image.

12. W—— is a Scot, exact and close—so honest that he is almost a rogue.

13. The issues of happiness and misery, of success and failure, both in this life and that which is to come, seem rather to depend on the strength and weakness of the mind and temper, than on purity of heart and rightness of intention. There was a truer philosophy in the Roman Greek view which made valor virtue,* than n ours, which makes it consist in goodness. He who surveys the course of life and the history of man in all their breadth and fulness, will be tempted to name prudence piety and power morality.

14. It is dangerous to inquire too closely after what is concealed. He that gropes in a dark room may chance to put his fingers into something nasty.

15. There are many men who will permit you to use them even to the baseness of contempt, who yet will not suffer you to take a liberty with them. Because a horse will let you ride him, it does not follow that you may tickle his heels.

16. No man, whatever may be his personal gain, ever grew solidly rich, who was not personally frugal.

17. What is called impudence is generally either ignorance or forgetfulness.

18. If you hear a man sincerely expressing an intense admiration of virtue, or a soul-felt appreciation of its excellence, you may be quite sure that he has not got it.

19. There are few cases in which a gift does not cost more than a purchase.

20. Men will generally dislike you more for placing yourself upon an equality and familiarity with them, when your place is above them and distant from them, than your superiors will dislike you for encroaching upon them, because defeat in personal rivalry is more galling than in rivalry of place.

21. A bad man may possess the world; a good man doth possess the universe.

22. Modesty sometimes takes the air of presumption; self-conceit more often assumes the appearance of diffidence.

23. The passions are but various forms of mental insanity.

24. The vices and defects of others constitute the mirror in which we should see our own failings.

* *Virtus*, properly, signified *manliness; vir*, from which it was formed, was itself derived from *vis*. The Greek *Arete*, was a cognate word to *Ares*, *Mars*, if it was not derived from it.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF A HOME TRAVELLER.

No. I.

A TRIP TO THE WHITE HILLS, AND ASCENT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON IN A STORM.

But I must drink the vision while it lasts;
For even now the curling vapors rise,
Wreathing their cloudy coronals, to grace
These towering summits—bidding me away!
But often shall my heart turn back again,
Thou glorious eminence! and, when oppressed,
And aching with the coldness of the world,
Find a sweet resting-place and home, with thee!

Rufus Dawes

CHAPTER I.

PORTLAND. THE WHITE HILLS IN THE DISTANCE. PHENOMENA. PREPARATIONS FOR A JOURNEY. THE JOURNEY BEGUN. THE FIRST DAY'S PROGRESS.

You may stand on the shores of Casco Bay, and see, in the sunshine of any clear day, the glittering peaks of the White Hills, with Mount Washington shooting up above all the rest, like a white-haired patriarch among his children, themselves hoar with age. But, as the bard of Melrose Abbey has so beautifully said,

If you would view this scene aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;

for, even at the distance just named, when the night is clear and unclouded, and the sharp northwest wind has driven off even the faintest curl of vapor which sunset had illumined, you may see the sheen of their broken outline, (showing like the beginnings of those arrowy streaks of the *aurora borealis*, which at times shoot up in the north so brilliantly,) as they glitter beneath the rays of the clear, cold moon. Such a picture, constantly before their eyes, the people of that beautiful little city, which lies upon the shores of the island-studded Casco, have come to look upon as one of the chief charms with which nature has invested their landscape; and they show it to travellers as one of the *memorabilia* of the tour that takes in their city as a temporary resting-place.

It was at this spot that a party of some ten or twelve of us were watching anxiously, one midsummer afternoon, for the dull and heavy mass of leaden clouds which had for three days hung over us, dispensing plentiful showers of rain, to pass away, and release us from the tedious quarantine we were enduring, on our way to visit the White Hills of New Hampshire. At about noon, it had ceased to rain, and, soon after, we thought we could discern a faintly defined streak of light in the extreme point of the western horizon. Watching as we were, with intense anxiety, for the first symptom of relief from the horrible weather which so long had bound us, judge of the extent of our joy as we saw that line of light extending itself from west to north, and then the whole of the ebon mass of cloud which hung over us, lifting gradually up from the entire sweep of that horizon; and, as its lower edge neared the zenith, momentarily increasing the rapidity of its retreat, leaving a clear, azure field below, until, at length, the sun, descending to his daily rest, was left unobscured, and the full gush of his rays fell, like a sudden shower of flaming gold, upon all the hills and valleys! Wheeling slowly down the path of his orbit, he reached his setting, unobscured by a single wreath of cloud or vapor, and sank below the distant snowy peaks that made our horizon, with not a ray lost to our gazing eyes. When the sky had first begun to clear, these white mountain spires had been the earliest objects in the wide extending landscape to develope themselves; and never seemed they clearer or more conspicuous than then, as they stood out in almost sudden

and unusually bold relief, upon the western sky, with the full flood of sunlight pouring over them, while to us the sun was still obscured; and, no sooner had the last level beam of the glorious orb shot along the loftiest of their summits, then, as if by magic, most beautiful formations of amber clouds, their edges touched all along with intensely shining gold, appeared directly above the path he had been treading, and continued there, assuming divers grotesque shapes, and seeming to sport in fantastic gyrations amidst the sunlight from below, until, as twilight deepened, they all passed gradually away before the gentle breeze, which seemed to be sweeping off with its zephyrs all impurity from the sky, making it beautiful for the moon and stars. Meanwhile, the bosom of the bay, which had received beneath it the heavy deposit of all that mighty avalanche of clouds which we had watched so long in its career, was sending back the rays of the silver queen of night, who was at the full, and to that quarter of the heavens did we next turn our straining gaze. Slowly ascending to the zenith

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,

soon began to let fall her rays upon the yet palpably discerned panorama of distant hills—for they look loveliest in the clear twilight—and we retired from the scene, upon which we had for so many hours been gazing, leaving their snowy coronals yet visible as they were towering aloft in the still and solemn midnight. It was a scene never to be forgotten by one of that group, and, as may be fairly inferred, was looked upon as a fitting commencement of our purposed visit to the White Hills of the north—and so indeed it was; for every step we took, afterwards, upon that tour, proved equally memorable.

Early on the next morning, (all our arrangements having been complete for two whole days,) the vehicles drove up to the door of our excellent landlady's hospitable mansion, and the process of packing ourselves and our luggage commenced. Men, women, and even children, (largish ones—no sensible folk go on parties of pleasure with babies,) rods, creels, guns, and baskets—trunks, portmanteaus, carpet bags, and hat cases—overcoats, cloaks, upper-benjamins, and umbrellas—all were made away with at last, and off we sat, rather *à la Gilpin*—

Ten precious souls, and all agog,
To dash through thick and thin!

Leaving Portland, we passed through many pretty manufacturing and farming villages in Maine and New Hampshire, and stopped for the night at Conway, which is most picturesquely situated, being surrounded by hills, and its neighborhood abounding with woodland and river prospects, most delightfully attractive to such of our number as had the happiness of being skilled with the pencil, the pen, the gun, or the angle. But we were all obliged to yield some portion of our individual preferences, at this stage of our journey, on account of the impossibility of getting accommodations for the whole of us, either in the way of comfortable quarters for so many, or in that of the requisite conveyances. So we contented ourselves with one night's experience of our good landlord's hospitality, enjoyed a fine sunrise view of the pleasant village of Conway, and pushed on.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL AT BARTLETT, AND MISTRESS HALL'S. MOUNTAIN FARE. CLOUDLAND PHENOMENA, AGAIN. A COUNCIL CALLED. A NIGHT AMONG THE HILLS.

We reached Bartlett after a very interesting ride of nine hours, with a full view of the whole White Mountain range almost constantly before us, at about two o'clók in the afternoon, and found ourselves quite harmonious upon one point, at least—and that was, the necessity of immediate preparations for dinner. We could not have chosen our quarters better, with this view, had we had it in our power to make a selection from among a thousand; and this was all the more fortunate, as our good hostess, Mistress Hall's, was the only "place of entertainment for man and beast" that sensible men and epicurean beasts would think of staying at on the whole road, from mine host Abbot's, at Conway, to the Crawford Cabin in the Notch. What a dinner the good lady provided for us! Had I the pen of a Scott, I would essay to give the reader some notion of its details; for I have observed that there was no topic upon which Sir Walter was wont to dwell in more loving detail, and with more overflowing unction, than this; but I pretend to no such advancement in trencher lore as the genial poet of Abbotsford could fairly boast, and so admirably display. Suffice it, that we ate a most hearty and traveller-like dinner, without thinking of the lack of silver forks, damask napkins, finger bowls, or hot water plates. If there was no *Poulet à la financière*, there were tender pullets, much more to our fancy; if there was no *Macaroni à l'Italienne*, there was

the very best of home-made cider-apple sauce, which was equally acceptable to our hungry palates; if no *Coteletes de veau santées aux fines herbes* were upon our *table d'hote*, we were content with our cutlets upon one plate, and our herbs upon another. The sauce of a good appetite we found a very good substitute for all the *sauce flamarde*, or *sauce vin Madere;* and as to our tomatos, we enjoyed them all the same as, at Astor House or the Tremont, we should have done, had we seen them labelled *sauce tomate.*

While we were taking the mid-way glass of a bottle of claret, which one of our number had taken the precaution to stow away with a respectable number of individuals of the same and kindred families among our luggage, previous to departing from Portland, one of the ladies, who for some minutes had been admiring the mountainous prospect out of the western window, exclaimed "What a magnificent sight!" Approaching the window, we saw a mass of heavy clouds rolling and tumbling about the peaks of the most distant hills, whence vivid flashes of lightning were darting spirally down into the deepest recesses of the valleys that lay between the mountains. We all rushed into the open air, for the sight was awfully grand, and was momentarily growing more and more so, as the clouds, having tumbled from peak to peak, and having dived lower and lower along the hillsides, were rapidly nearing the sunny intervale, in which our hostelry was so pleasantly situated. At length, it burst upon us with all its fury, and soon drove us in doors, whither hastening precipitately, we called a council of our sagest men and matrons, with Mistress Hull to the fore, at which the questions, "Is this storm likely to last long?" and "Were it not better to make up our minds to stay here to-night?" were discussed with much world and weather wisdom, and ability. Being lovers of comfort, haters of wet travelling, fond of good quarters, and contented with those we had fallen into, the preliminary question being unanimously decided in the affirmative, we came to the conclusion, *nemine contradicente*, that there, at Bartlett, in the comfortable inn of Mistress Hull, would we cubiculate upon that (now not remembered) night of July, one thousand eight hundred and thirty *odd.*

Like Jupiter's on Olympus, our divan had been held over our nectar and ambrosia, and in the midst of thunder. The council being over, the former were removed, and the latter ceased its louder peals, and was heard during the remainder of the evening in distant mutterings only, as an occasional suppressed growl would spend an agreeable hour or two in redoubling its echoes among the thousand rocky hill-tops that loomed gloomily amid the faint flashes of the lightning. Our next thought was of that post-prandian repast, which we were just the party to enjoy most richly—*tea!* The storm had rarified the air extremely, and a brisk fire was at once the suggestion of all our feelings and the work of a moment. So we pulled down the paper hanging curtains, drew our cloth-covered chairs (home-made and soft) around the blazing hearth, and awaited the coming of "the tea things." They came at last, and a merry meal had we. After which, a round game of cards, the whole ten of us playing—with peas representing fourpennies, to be faithfully redeemed in coin at the end of our sport, for our wagers. I remember winning one pea for my share of the plunder, and I remember, too, the rosy cheeked boy the next morning got what it was exchanged for, as he told me how far it was to Tom Crawford's.

Our arrangements for the night were curious to behold. Commodious as was our inn, it had never contained ten sleepers, in addition to its regular tenants, before, and the most ingenious shifts and devices were resorted to, to bestow ourselves with some degree of comfort. The beds were all filled first, certain obvious considerations settling that point of precedence, of course; and it devolved upon the baccalaureate portion of the party to exercise their ingenuity in the fabrication of a temporary resting place. The point was settled by a skilful distribution, and workmanlike collection of chairs, upon which we were found sleeping as quietly, when the early house bell rang in the morning, as if we had been reposing upon the downiest feathers, or the most nicely matted mattress.

TO THE RIVER ——.

Fair river! in thy bright clear flow
Of labyrinth-like water,
Thou art an emblem of the glow
Of beauty—the unhidden heart—
The playful maziness of art
In old Alberto's daughter.
But when within thy wave she looks,
(Which glistens then and trembles,)
Why then the prettiest of brooks
Her worshipper resembles.
For in my heart—as in thy stream—
Her image deeply lies—
The heart which trembles at the beam,
The scrutiny of her eyes.

P.

A RESUSCITATED JOE.

BY A PHILADELPHIAN.

Mankind are often troubled with a vice
Which leads to error, and is called Prejudice.

Once on a time, the manager
Of a large theatre in a neighboring town,
Which had run down,
Whilst trusting solely to the histrionic art;
By way of giving it a start,
Thought best, if possible, to make a stir;
And much to every body's satisfaction,
Bills were stuck up on all the walls,
And large red staring capitals
Gave notice of a wonderful attraction,
A sort of spectacle, which ne'er had been,
Which never was and never should be seen.

The news flew fast on every tongue.
Night came, and to the theatre all throng.
No vacant places;
Many had not the least accommodation:
It was a general sea of human faces,
Hushed into expectation.
Forth came the hero of the night and bowed;
The audience cheered him with applauses loud.

A man divine—
Endowed by nature wirh such musical feeling,
That, grunting—squealing,
He could at will,
As if he'd always lived on swill,
Exactly imitate a swine.
Sometimes he grunted with a deep bass note;
Then on the treble key,
Would rise majestically,
Just like a porker, when they cut his throat.
The thing
Was almost universally
Allowed to be
The most astonishing.

An envious fellow, sitting in the pit,
Felt quite indignant at this admiration;
He could not relish it,
A bit,
To see this wretched gulling of the nation.
In truth to make such a confounded fuss
About a porcellian imitator,
Was a disgrace to human nature,
And quite ridiculous.

Soon as the noise had ceased, our man
Rose from his seat, and thus began:
"Ladies and gentlemen,
I hereby public notice give,
That if I live,
To-morrow, at this self same hour,
If with your presence you will honor me,
You then shall see,
In this enchanting line
Of acting, all conceive so fine,
A much more splendid exhibition of my power."

Pat to the minute,
The theatre was filled with the whole population;
And thick as they could cram,
A perfect jam—
It seemed, indeed, as if near all creation
Had crowded in it.

Both came upon the stage,
And first began
The imitating man,
Who now in fact was all the rage.
Loud rung the claps, the theatre resounds
As if their admiration knew no bounds.

The other's turn next came,
The one who envied him his hard-earned fame.
He had a real, genuine, live pig,
Not very big,
So as to lie concealed beneath his gown,
And most effectually to cheat the town,
He every now and then would pinch the shoat,
And without more ado,
Produced as rich and natural a note,
And quite as high,
And true,
As e'er was heard to issue from a stye.

But 'twas no go;
The audience hooted him with one consent:
'Twas voted low.
And even more,
They all considered it a bore,
And a most vulgar and unnatural imitation.
In fact, they could not tell for what 'twas meant;
While for the first,
There was another universal burst
Of admiration.

Our friend perceiving
His chance was very small
Whilst thus deceiving;
And giving vent at once to his indignant gall,
Exclaimed, as loud as he could bawl,
"A pretty set of critics are ye all,
To applaud the mimic—hiss the original!"
And then, to show them how they were mistaken,
Pulled out his pig and saved his bacon. L.

SKETCHES FROM

THE LOG OF OLD IRONSIDES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD IRONSIDES OFF A LEE SHORE."

Your glorious standard launch again,
To meet another foe!—*Camp.*

CRUISE OFF BARBARY.

The Constitution, having settled the warlike stomach of the emperor of Morocco, now proceeded to cruize as the flag ship of the gallant Preble, along the Barbary coast. On the 17th December, 1803, the Enterprize being in company, she captured a Turkish ketch, called the Mastico, with seventy Tripolitans on board, and on the night of the 26th, having made the coast of Tripoli, she stood off and on for the morning.

THE LEVANTER.

Who has passed through the Straits of Gibraltar and has not become perfectly familiar with the wind that sweeps down the Mediterranean for days and weeks together, with unmitigated fury? A wind that acts as a prohibition to every vessel bound up the straits during its continuance, and whose cold and cheerless whistle I can imagine I hear around me at this moment.

The Levanter is a perfect tyrant; day after day, it sweeps down the long narrow sea, and ever and anon slants from the rock of Gibraltar with a resistless force, bowing to the water's edge the crank merchantmen that obstruct its path, and scattering the xebecs of the Moors to the cliffs and nooks of the Mauritanian shore. It is supposed to proceed from the Black Sea; but whether it does, or does not, those who endeavor to beat against it look *black* enough in all conscience.

It was just before the hour of midnight in the Mediterranean, when a tall frigate, under close reefed topsails, came swiftly down before the breath of a Levanter. Her dead-lights were in, her ports closed, and as she came bounding along the waves in gloomy silence, she seemed to be looking out for a harbor.

"A dirty night, sir," said the first lieutenant to the commodore, as he came from the look-out at the forecastle.

"It is," replied the latter, as he gave a scrutinizing glance at the binnacle compass.

At this moment, the sails aloft began to shiver and flap against the masts.

"We are headed off," said the commodore; "call all hands!"

"All hands!" piped the boatswain's mate, and soon every man was at his post.

"About ship," bellowed the commodore.

"Station for stays," said the first lieutenant, and away flew the willing crew to execute the orders of their officers. Soon the ship answered her helm like a thing of life, and coming on the other tack, dashed onward for the space of an hour without any diminution of speed.

"Are we not near the land?" said the officer of the deck to the old master, as he came growling out of the cabin, like a bear with a sore head.

"Very near, sir," said the master; "it lies under that fog bank to the southward and eastward, and should the wind increase any, or haul to the northward, we shall be on the rocks before eight bells."

"That is a great consolation, truly," said the lieutenant, as he turned to look in the direction pointed out by the master.

"Breakers ahead—close aboard!" cried the look-out man from the lee cathead.

"We must wear ship, sir," said the commodore, in a stern voice, as he came out of the cabin.

"All hands wear ship!" thundered the deck trumpet.

"Put your helm up!" said the commodore.

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered the old cunner at the wheel.

"Shiver the after yards!"

"Brace the head yards square!"

"Pull cheerily, you lubbers—belay!" were the orders given in quick succession by the commodore.

"She comes up to the wind, sir," said the cunner, touching the tip of his tarpaulin, while he held it on to his head with his other hand.

"Brace the after yards, and haul every thing aft!" roared the commodore, as the frigate hung for a moment between two mighty waves, and then plunged up the black side of the hill of waters.

As she wore round, she passed within a short distance of the rocks, over which the heavy billows dashed in sheets of quivering foam, while thunder, hoarser than that of the lightning-rent heavens, answered in awful murmurs from the rocky caves, and mingled with the shriller notes of the increasing gale.

The shore was hid in the dark wings of the storm, and naught was seen but the dreadful breakers, whose spray fell like a shower of winter rain upon the trembling deck of the gallant ship. It was a fearful moment; a fathom nearer in, and the shrieks of five hundred drowning victims would have gone up amid the roar of the gale to the God of nature, while ten thousand fragments of the wreck would have strewn that benighted and bloody coast.

Firm as a rock, stood the gallant Preble and his noble crew, and as the frigate rode by on the top of the crested wave, he saw she headed off from the shore.

"She has cleared them!" said he, in a thrilling voice. "Pipe down, sir!" and immediately left the deck.

Commodores must never show their feelings before their crews; they must be firm amid the dangers of the contending elements, as well as amid the iron rain of battle; but when they have reached their cabins, they may return thanks to the God of battles and the king of storms, without interfering with the rules and regulations of the sea service. Commodore Preble was one of the bravest, and, at the same time, strictest officers in the service, and his character is now held up as a model to the aspirant for naval glory.

"Eight bells!" cried the orderly stationed at the cabin door, as he popped his head over the railing of the companion-way.

"Eight bells!" echoed the quarter master at the binnacle, and eight bells were struck by the messenger boy at the galley. The master looked at the first lieutenant with a grin of satisfaction, and soon the two took a puff of half-and-half, in honor of the skill of their commander.

"I say, Jack, ain't you dry?" said a jolly tar, to his messmate, as he rolled a quid of old Nipcheese poison, of the size of a young tree toad, from the larboard to the starboard side of his face.

"My eyes, I *are!*" said the party addressed; "I feel as though I had swallowed the cook, galley, coals, and all!"

"Splice the main brace, sir!" said the commodore, to the lieutenant of the watch, as he mounted the horse-block, and gave a last look towards the breakers, whose dying thunder and awful hissing fell upon his ear.

The ruffle of a drum was now heard amid the howling of the gale, and soon busy feet were seen moving towards the red bull, near the scuttle butt. Tin pots of old Jamaica were now turned bottom side up, and Jack was ready to take another graze by the breakers; "though," as one of them said, while he hitched up his lee waistband, "if he could have his own way, he would prefer a couple of fathoms more of sea room, and not quite so much wind."

The storm now began to abate, a light stripe extended along the eastern horizon, and when the day dawned, the blooming shores of Sicily were seen about ten miles off, bathed in the purple tints of an eastern morning.

The commodore, finding the ship had stretched her rigging by her heavy plunges, and that several spars had been sprung by the force of the gale, put his helm up, and ran for Syracuse. At nine o'clock, he came to an anchor beneath the snow-clad summit of Etna, and saluted the Neapolitan flag with twenty-one guns. The Levanter was now at an end; countless merchantmen came up, upon the breath of the balmy west wind, and stretched along the Italian coast, while the flags of every nation waved in the breeze, and glittered in the sunbeam.

BEFORE TRIPOLI.

On the 26th of July, 1804, commodore Preble, in the Constitution, in company with three brigs, three schooners, two bombs, and six gun boats, appeared off Tripoli, and proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for bombarding that nest of troublesome pirates.

The frigate Philadelphia, captain William Bainbridge, which run upon the rocks off the mole of

the harbor, in the latter part of the previous year, had been destroyed in a most gallant manner by Decatur and his intrepid band, whose names, had they lived in the glorious days of Sparta, would have been traced upon the portals of the temple of fame, and whose statues would have been raised beside the heroes of Thermopylæ, in the brazen temple of Mars. The fame of Morris, whose foot first trod the crowded deck of the Philadelphia, and of many others who acquired the title of heroes in that war, may well be cherished by every true-hearted American; but alas! "the days of chivalry are over," the brave men, now high in rank, who bearded the Turk in his den and set the captive free, who beat about the shores of cruelty and bloody despotism, and spilled their own blood like water, in the defence of the honor of their native country, are begrudged the miserable pensions at last allowed them by the talking Solons of the land.

Even the old Constitution herself is considered by many of the present day to be unfashionable; and the good old arrangements of former days are made to give way to hurricane houses, water sails, heavy masts, forecastle guns, raised decks, and spritsail yards; her white streak runs in a bow, and isingglass windows mark her quarter galleries, through which those only can see whose gimblet-eyed vision would penetrate a millstone.

The destruction of the Philadelphia amid the gloom of night had taught the Tripolitans to fear the navy of the young republic. The yell of the drowning Mussulmen—the thunder of the Philadelphia's cannon as they were exploded by the wreathing flames—the crackling of the old hull as it belched forth its gathered torrents of fire and smoke, and the hell-like explosion as the magazine ignited and sent the countless masses of that unfortunate wreck high amid the murky heavens, still rang upon their ears, and filled their breasts with terror.

Tripoli, however, was a city well walled, protected by batteries judiciously constructed, mounting one hundred and fifteen pieces of heavy cannon, and defended by twenty-five thousand Arabs and Turks. The harbor was protected by nineteen gun-boats, two galleys, two schooners of eight guns, and a brig mounting ten guns, which were ranged in order of battle, at secure moorings, inside of a long range of rocks and shoals, extending more than two miles to the eastward of the town. These shoals protected the enemy from the northern gales, and rendered it impossible for a frigate to approach near enough to destroy them. Each gun-boat mounted a heavy eighteen, or twenty-six pounder in the bow, and two brass howitzers on the quarters, and carried from thirty-six to fifty men. The galleys had each one hundred men, and the schooners and brigs were manned by the same number.

The weather continued unfavorable until the 28th, when the fleet stood in; but just as the Constitution anchored, a sudden change made it necessary for them to retire, and swiftly they dashed along that rocky shore before the breath of a terrific gale. This gale continued until the 31st, when it blew away the Constitution's foresail and close-reefed maintopsail, and had the sea risen in proportion to the wind, the gunboats and bombs would have been carried down to the charnel house of the mariner.

On the 3d of August, at noon, the commodore, having formed his plan of attack, made signal for the different commanders to come within hail. After communicating his orders to them, he wore ship, and stood in for the batteries. At half-past two, he made the general signal for battle. In an instant, the enemy's shipping and batteries opened a tremendous fire, which was promptly returned within grape shot distance. Several times the Constitution was within two cables' length of the rocks, and within three of their batteries. Every battery was silenced so long as the frigate's broadside bore upon them, but as often as she passed by, they were reanimated, and a constant heavy fire kept up upon her. At this time, in sheering and tacking, the gallant commodore felt most sensibly the want of another frigate.

At half past four, the wind inclining to the northward, signal was made to retire from the batteries, which was done under cover of the Constitution's heavy cannon. For two hours this noble frigate stood the close fire of the batteries, and the only damages received by her were a wound from a twenty-four pound shot in her mainmast, thirty feet from the deck, the loss of her mainroyal sail and yard, which were shot away, and the dismounting of a quarter-deck gun by a thirty-two pound shot, which at the same time shattered a marine's arm.

Thus came out, under the protecting wing of our favorite, the gallant squadron, at the hour of sunset, from before Tripoli, and, in the words of the brave commander, we must impute their getting off so well to their having kept so near the batteries of the enemy, and to their having annoyed them so excessively with their grape shot.

On the 5th August, the squadron was at anchor about two leagues north from the city of Tripoli, while the Argus was in chase of a small vessel to the westward, which she soon came up with, and brought within hail. She proved to be a French privateer, of four guns, which put into Tripoli a few days previous for water, and had left it that morning. Commodore Preble prevailed upon the captain, for a con-sid-er-a-tion, to return to Tripoli, for the purpose of landing fourteen very badly wounded Tripolitans, whom he put on board his vessel, with a letter to the prime minister, leaving it at the option of the bashaw to reciprocate so generous a mode of conducting the war. On the 7th of August, the Frenchman returned to the Constitution, and brought commodore Preble a letter from the French consul, in which he observed that the attack of the 3d instant had disposed the

bashaw to accept of reasonable terms, and invited him to send a boat to the rocks with a flag of truce, which the commodore declined, as the white flag was not hoisted at the bashaw's castle.

At 9, A. M., with a very light breeze from the eastward, and a strong current, which obliged the Constitution to remain at anchor, the commodore made the signal for the light vessels to weigh, and the gun and bomb-boats to cast off and stand in shore, towards the western batteries, the *prize* boats having been completely fitted for service, and the command of them given to lieutenants Crane, of the Vixen, Thorn, of the Enterprize, and Caldwell, of the Syren. The whole advanced with sails and oars.

At half past one, with a breeze from north north-east, Old Ironsides (for she received her *sobriquet* in this bombardment) weighed and stood in for the town, but the wind being on shore, made it imprudent to engage the batteries with the ship, as, in case of a mast being shot away, the loss of the vessel would probably ensue, unless a change of wind should favor her retreat.

On the 28th, the Constitution approached the harbor. Fort English, the bashaw's castle, and the Crown and Mole batteries, kept up a heavy fire upon her as she advanced. At half-past five, she was within two cables' lengths of the rocks, and commenced a heavy fire of round and grape on thirteen of the enemy's gunboats and galleys, which were in pretty close action with the gunboats of the squadron. She sank one of the enemy's gunboats; at the same time, two more, that had been disabled, ran on shore to avoid sinking; the remainder immediately retreated.

The old ship still continued running in until within musket shot of the Crown and Mole batteries, when she brought to, and fired upwards of three hundred round shot, besides grape and cannister, into the town, the bashaw's castle and batteries, silencing the castle and two of the batteries for some time. In all this unprecedented exposure to the deadly aim of a land battery, the frigate was only injured in her sails and rigging—her hull being but slightly peppered with grape shot.

On the 3d, the Constitution, to draw off the enemy's attention from the gunboats, ran within them. She brought to within reach of grape, and fired eleven broadsides into the bashaw's castle, town and batteries, in a situation where more than seventy guns could bear upon her.

She did not get out scatheless from this fight; her maintopsail was totally disabled by a shell from the batteries which cut away the leach rope, and several cloths of the sail. Another shell went through the foretopsail, and one through the jib. All her sails were considerably cut and her running rigging very much injured, but still no shot was received in the hull.

Thus ended the Constitution's services before Tripoli for the season; and, if ever a vessel earned a name, she earned the one which we have used in our title-page.

"During this attack, a thirty-two pound ball from the Constitution passed through the wall in the apartment of the prison where captain Bainbridge was sleeping, struck against the opposite wall, rebounded, and in its fall took part of the bed-clothes from him, and passed within a few inches of his body. In its passage through the first wall it knocked out a cart-load of stone and mortar, under which captain Bainbridge was buried until the officers relieved him. He was considerably bruised by the rubbish, and received a cut in the right ankle which occasioned a lameness for months."*

What must have been the feelings of Bainbridge, Porter, Jones, etc., as they lay within their gloomy prison-house and heard the thunder of their country's cannon dying amid the fastnesses of Barbary, and felt the rubbish rattling upon their heads, as the iron messengers of vengeance came sweeping through the massive walls with the swiftness of the lightning's flash!

This series of bombardments caused the haughty bashaw to come to terms, and the next year a treaty was signed on board the frigate—the first instance where a peace was concluded with any of the Barbary states on board a ship of war.

In giving an account of the Constitution's warfare with the Tripolitans, I have followed commodore Preble's letter to the Secretary of the Navy, and avoided, as much as possible, the manoeuvres and actions of other vessels and other crews. My subject is simply the life of one gallant ship—and those who wish for more may look for it in Goldsborough's Naval Chronicle.

* Naval Chronicle.

AN OPINION ON DREAMS.

VARIOUS opinions have been hazarded concerning dreams—whether they have any connection with the invisible and eternal world or not; and, it appears to me, the reason why nothing like a definite conclusion has yet been arrived at, is from the circumstance of the arguers never making any distinction between *Mind* and *Soul*; always speaking of them as one and the same. I believe man to be in himself a *Trinity*, viz. *Mind*, *Body*, and *Soul*; and thus with dreams, some induced by the mind, and some by the soul. Those connected with the mind, I think proceed partly from supernatural, and partly from natural causes; those of the soul I believe are of the immaterial world alone.

In order to support this position, it becomes necessary to show how the soul's dream and that of the mind are distinguishable; and whether sometimes, or indeed often, they are not both at the same moment bearing their part in the nocturnal vision.

That dreams, or, as they were then generally called, *visions*, were a means of supernatural instruction, if we believe the bible at all, is proved by Jacob's dream, the several visions of Ezekiel and other prophets, as also of later date, the Revelations to Saint John; and there appears no reason why this mode of divine communication should be discontinued in the present day.

We thus come to the difference between *dreams* of the *mind* and *visions* of the soul—making this distinction of terms, not only on account of convenience, but also, as I consider, of applicability. Upon retiring to rest after a fatiguing day of either corporeal or mental exertion, should a dream present itself either as recapitulatory of, or connected with, the past events, this I should say was produced by the immaterial mind, which, unlike the body, was still in a state of vigor and activity; and reflecting or re-enacting at night the scenes which had occupied its attention and energies during the day. But when slumbering, should a vision be induced either concerning Heaven or Hell, or any mystical and apparently prophetical forewarning of a coming event, and in connection with which the awakened visionist can trace no analogy to his thoughts or actions, this, I say, must proceed from the *soul*; as the mind cannot have any thing to do with that it has not been engaged upon, as we all know that the mind only expands, and is active in proportion to its various degrees of employment. Not so the soul; that of the infant is as ripe as the man's; it is as immortal and as ready for Heaven; and I have known children have nightly visions which were as evidently superior to the general tenor of their youthful ideas as possible, and which, had they not for the time being appeared to have had their mental powers raised above their usual level, they would have been totally unable to narrate.

It is a question, in my humble opinion, whether the soul ever slumbers at all; whilst the mind evidently does, or else we could always give upon waking some relation of our thought's employment during sleep. Besides which, it not unfrequently happens that when broad awake, a temporary *absence of mind* as it is called, takes place, and the person so affected cannot with all his endeavors discover upon what his meditations have been employed, or whether they have been so at all. Thus *three* portions of the *one* man seem to be most essentially different, in this way; that the body often sleeps, the mind occasionally, the soul never; and now I am expected to explain how, if the soul *never sleeps*, we have not *always* some vision to employ our waking consideration. I imagine that here in order to remember the vision of our *soul*, it is necessary for the connecting link between *it* and the body, viz. the mind, to be in full activity, although possessing its powers of memory from the eternal nature of its superior, and companion, the soul; thus rendering it no difficulty to the mind to retain the reminiscence of its own dream, as the soul never sleeps; which assertion may receive additional confirmation from the following argument; that were it only for one single moment to be unconscious of its existence, this would at once break in upon its eternal principle, as being a suspension of its own powers, and which cannot happen to eternity. It is the slumber of the mind and not the soul, therefore, which causes forgetfulness.

A CHAPTER

ON

FIELD SPORTS AND MANLY PASTIMES.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

ARCHERY.

SOME WORDS CONCERNING ITS ANTIQUITY—AN ACCOUNT OF ITS IMPORTANCE, AND HIGH ESTIMATION AMONG OUR BRITISH PROGENITORS—ITS MODERN REGULATIONS AS A PASTIME—ITS VARIOUS IMPLEMENTS, AND THEIR USE.

In our own country, the practice of archery as a pastime has met with a very trivial encouragement. We are, beyond doubt, too much a nation of matter-of-fact to indulge very largely in amusements of any kind; and archery, and most other of the manly pastimes (with perhaps the single exception of the race) have succumbed beneath the saturnine dominion of the genius of dollars and cents. Better times, however, may supervene, and for our own parts we shall welcome them with a hearty good will. We proceed to give, briefly, some general regulations touching the practice of modern archery—with a description of the implements and the method of their use, as well as the precautions to be used in their selection.

THE BOW.

The woods of which bows are now generally made are very numerous. The chief of them are rose-wood, lance-wood, and yew, the last being by far the best of the three, but from the difficulty of obtaining a bough of sufficient size, and possessing the necessary qualities, yew bows are by far the most expensive.

Several foreign woods, used for the purposes of dyeing and cabinet-making are very suitable for bows, such as fustic, rose-wood, etc.; that of the cocoa tree answers very well for making strong bows.

Formerly bows were made of both steel and iron, as well as of the horns of animals so fastened together as to secure their curved form and their elasticity. The woods above noticed have now altogether superseded these plans, the last of which was chiefly adopted among the Persians and Turks.

The best bows are made of two pieces,—the flat and outward part, which is called the *back*, and the round and inward part, termed the *belly*. When these bows are manufactured they are put into a reflex frame in order to make them turn a little backward, a form which gives them a greater velocity in shooting. This circumstance has frequently occasioned some very unpleasant mistakes, for the strength of the round piece, which is the very means of giving the bow its power, naturally compels the flat piece to fall back, and thus bows have been strung the wrong way, and consequently been injured; for, when so bent, the slightest stress will break them. When being strung the bow should always be bent with the flat part outwards. Old Roger Ascham's advice upon the choice of a bow is not bad. He says, "If you come into a shoppe, and find a bowe that is small, longe, heavye, and strong, lying streighte, not windinge, not marred with knotte, gaule, winde shake, wem, freat, or pinch, bye that bowe of my warrante. The best color of a bowe that I finde, is when the back and the belleye in workinge be much after one maner, for such often times in wearing do prove like virgin wax or golde, having fine longe graine, even from one end of the bowe to the other. The short graine, although such prove well sometimes, are for the most part very brittle." Such was old Roger's advice, and the counsel holds good to the present day.

It is especially necessary that the bow be well seasoned. Among the foreign woods the *Ruby*, as it is called, is considered by far the best. It is found in the East, difficult to be obtained, and highly prized by the bow makers. The tulip wood, cocoa-wood, thorn acacia, the purple wood, and the rose-wood, when backed with fine white hickory, or horn-beam, make excellent bows. Next to yew, lancewood is the best, and perhaps more elegant. Foreign yew, however, incontestably forms by far the best bow, especially when backed by hickory.

Nor is the form of the bow of much less consequence. Its curve, when the arrow is pulled to the head, ought to be a perfect semicircle. This has of necessity been much the same among all nations, and in all ages. The Persian bow is short, being scarcely longer than the arm of a man, and is frequently made of the horns of the antelope. The Chinese-Tartarian bows vary from three to five feet in length when bent; the largest possess prodigious power, and are said to be capable of casting an arrow full five hundred yards, and will allow arrows of thirty-three or thirty-four inches in length to be drawn quite up to the head.

The length of the bow should be for a gentleman five feet eight to five feet ten inches, but six feet is even better than either of these two sizes—a lady's bow should be from five feet, to five feet six inches; the former varying from forty-five pounds to seventy pounds, and upwards, and the latter seldom exceeding thirty-four pounds. Every bow has a mark upon it to indicate the weight requisite to draw it home to the head; and if it be recollected that just twice as much power is required as is marked on the bow, every one may easily ascertain his own strength.

PROVING THE BOW.

Having selected your bow, the next object is to ascertain that your judgment of it is correct. This is done by what is termed *proving*. Every bow, as we have stated, is of some particular strength; what that is, is learned by attaching weights to the string, when the bow is strung, until the bow is brought to such a curve as would draw the arrow to its head. Having done this, shoot for a little time with arrows in it twice the weight of those usually required, and then observe if it gives at all, and if it does, have that part strengthened, or change the bow.

THE STRING.

This is a very material part of the bowman's apparatus, as the safety of the bow in great part depends on its firmness. The concussion which the fracture of the string causes in the bow never fails either at the moment to shatter it in pieces, or to raise splinters, which, becoming deeper as the bow is used, speedily destroy the instrument.

The strings used by the ancients seem to have been made of thongs of leather, cut chiefly from the fresh hides of bulls and other animals, as also from the intestines. Many strings now used are made of the latter, and are composed of numerous small cords extending the whole length, and bound here and there with silk to keep them together, and these have been found by practical archers to possess more strength than a single string of the same external dimensions.

The material, however, of which the string is now usually made in England is hemp; and the Italian species is best for the purpose. Catgut is considered too much under the influence of heat and moisture to retain at all times a proper tension; while the former has not this disadvantageous quality in so great a degree.

Care should be taken in selecting strings, to observe that the substance of the string diminishes *gradually* from the thick part to the ordinary line, and that there are no knobs or unevenness in that part used for shooting. The choice of the string will depend upon the strength of the bow. A thick string will shoot with most certainty, but a thin string will cast farther. The choice, however, is a matter of indifference, provided the string selected be not decidedly too thin for the strength of the bow, particularly if the bow be a backed one, and much reflexed, for many a good bow has been broken in consequence of the sudden jerk occasioned by the breaking of the string.

The string should always be whipped with silk or fine twine at the nocking point, and also about the breadth of three fingers both above and below that point. The whipping as well as the string should be well waxed with bees'-wax; and that will not only secure the string from being fretted but will tend to fill the nock of the arrow, which ought always to sit rather tightly on the string. It would be also advisable to whip the eye, and if after trial the string be found worthy, it would be all the better for doing so, but attention to this particular is not so necessary as at the nocking point, where there is more wear. But to the noose it is a matter of far greater importance, for that is much more likely to fret than the eye. As soon as the silk or twine wears off, the string should be rewhipped.

STRINGING.

The next thing is to acquire a proper mode of bending the bow, for otherwise in the very first attempt it will probably be strained if not broken. We should again observe that the round part of the bow it is which should be bent inwards; that is called the belly of the bow; the flat part, or back,

should be bent outwards. Having particularly observed this, take the bow by the handle into the right hand; let the lower end of the bow be placed against the inside of the right foot, (the lower end of the bow has always the shortest horn,) the foot being turned to prevent the bow from slipping. Keep the wrist firmly pressed to your side, so that the strength required in the left wrist to press down the upper limb cannot force the right wrist from its incumbent position; place the centre of the left wrist upon the upper limb of the bow close under the eye of the string, keeping the arm quite straight—the tip of the thumb should be on one edge of the bow, and the knuckle of the fore-finger on the other. Pull the bow briskly with the right hand, and press the upper limb down with the left, sliding the wrist upwards towards the horn, while the tip of the thumb and the knuckle of the finger drive the eye of the string into the nock; the string must be fairly in the nock before the left hand is removed. The three last fingers may be stretched out, as they are not wanted, for if they get between the string and the bow they may receive a severe pinch. To preserve a steadiness of position, have the right foot placed against a wall or some other stable support, the left foot being brought about a yard forward, the right knee may be bent, but the left must be kept as straight as possible; a supposition may perhaps arise, in consequence of a failure to string in the first two or three attempts of the learner, that the bow is too strong for him; but this will in all probability be a mistake, for it is not strength that is so much required as a *knack*—a right knowledge of performing the operation, and facility in its execution. Before attempting to string the bow be careful that the string is not twisted round it, and that the noose is in the centre of the horn.

Should the string not be quite straight the defect may be remedied by first slackening it as in the act of unstringing, by pulling the bow up a little with the right hand, and pressing down the upper limb with the left, and then by twisting the noose to the right or left as may be required.

THE ARROW.

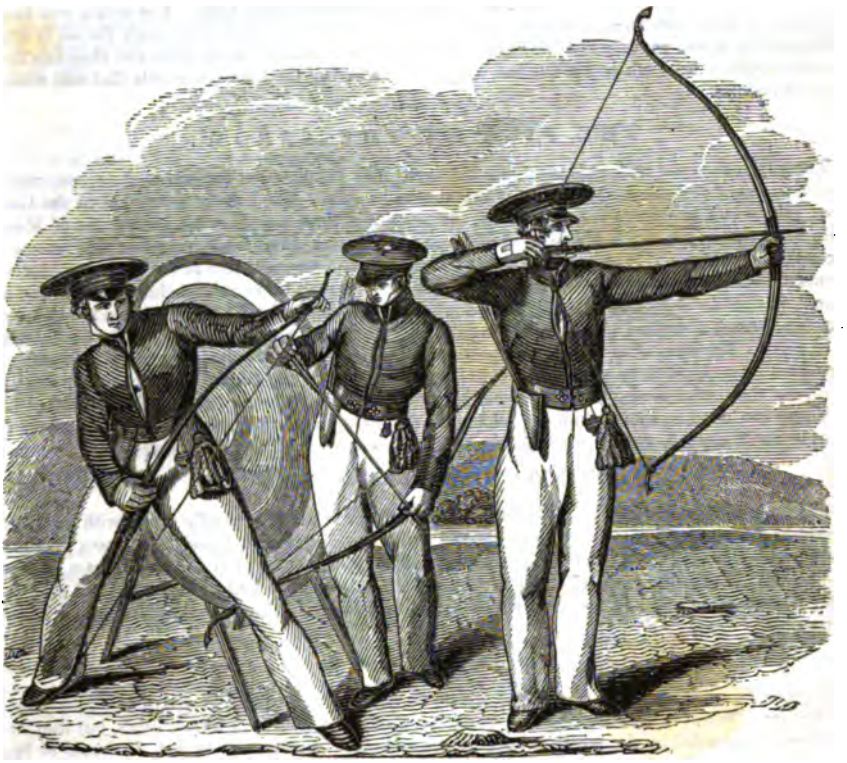
The use of the long bow has now so entirely superseded that of its complex rival that it appears almost unnecessary to speak of any arrows but such as are fitted to use with it, yet it may not be improper to notice briefly, *en passant*, the several kinds of instruments used in this very ancient mode of offence and defence. It is a singular fact, that the bow, as a weapon of war, appears to have been almost altogether confined to the Teutonic races. It is true that among some of the nations of Northern Africa, it has occasionally been used, and that among both the Greeks and Romans it was sometimes employed, but was never so efficient an arm to them as it was among the Parthians and the other tribes of North Western Asia, and the districts of Europe adjoining them, the inhabitants of which were in alliance with them. Through the connection between that people and the several races which occupied the northern countries of Europe be very obscuredly traced in history, we cannot but think that the evidence of it is sufficiently clear as to establish their identity. Among them, the short arrow and bow, the former from eighteen inches to two feet long, and the latter measuring about a yard, were the common weapons, and were thus used among them, until their individual existence as a people was lost in the great stream of modern population. In Britain it was the first form of the bow and arrow introduced, and continued in use here certainly till within a little time prior to the Norman conquest, and there is little doubt was chiefly and certainly used in England for a century, and perhaps for a century and a half, after that epoch. In Scotland, indeed, it appears never to have been changed for any other. But the use of the long bow in the hands of the English archers at Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, besides several other great engagements, so completely established its superiority that it quickly and almost entirely superseded any other form. The cloth yard shafts of Britain darkened many a sky, and seldom failed to carry death upon their wings; and though the use of them as weapons of war has long been discontinued, they are too closely connected with the glorious associations of the national annals to be forgotten and disregarded, and will long continue, as they now are, a favorite means of noble sport and recreation.

Arrows are made of weight and length proportionate to the size and strength of bows. Arrows for bows of five feet long are twenty-four inches in length. Bows under five feet nine inches have arrows twenty-seven inches in length; and above five feet nine inches, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, and sometimes thirty inches long. But the last is an extreme length, seldom necessary and seldom used; beyond the power of most men to draw them up to the head, and, to say the least of them, dangerous to the bow. Even arrows of twenty-nine inches long are inconvenient if not hazardous. Bows of five feet ten inches in length should never have an arrow longer than twenty-eight inches used with them.

Different nations have used different substances in the fabrication of their arrows, though reeds have been most common. Dogwood, or the cornelian cherry, were formerly much used in their manufacture, as well as for javelins; but the calamus was much prized for the purpose, on account of its weight, which enabled it to resist the air, and consequently rendered it more obedient to the impetus given by the bow.

Sheaf, or war arrows were, it seems, generally made of ash; for Ascham observes that it were better to make them of good ash, and not of the aspen, as of all woods he ever proved, ash he found the best and swiftest, as well as the most effective, from the weight of the wood, aspen being much

inferior. "The stele," (the arrow without feather or head,) he says, "should be made as the grain lies, or it will never fly straight; and knots ought to be carefully avoided, as a knotty stele is more liable to break, and does not fly so far, because the strength of the shoot is hindered and stopped by the knot. It is better to have the shaft a little too short than over long, somewhat too light than over lumpish, a little too small than a great deal too large." The shaft must be perfectly round, as it is the best shape both for swiftness and for most easily piercing any thing. Arrows are now usually made of red deal, ash, and a light white wood, very much like that of the lime and abele trees. Fletchers hold the first in high estimation; it wears quickly and is apt to splinter, and should therefore for protection be varnished two or three times over. Mr. Hastings says that lime is an excellent wood for arrows, and that those arrows fly farthest and cleanest through the air which are perfectly round, rather high chested, or tapering in a *very small degree* from the shoulder or close of the pile to the nock, taking care that the pile be not heavier than will cause the arrow, when completed, to balance on the finger about one third or a little more of the way from the pile to the nock, or rather more than half way from the nock to the pile.



COSTUME OF THE UNITED BOWMEN OF PHILADELPHIA.

The weight of an arrow is the next consideration. It is the usual practice in England, to weigh arrows against silver money at the mint standard weight; thus it has been ascertained that the weight of an arrow is from three to twenty shillings, though they are seldom used heavier than five. Roberts, in his "English Bowman," gives the following directions for arrows to shoot with at a particular distance: 30 yards, from 4*s*. to 6*s*., 60, 3*s*. 6*d*. to 5*s*. 6*d*., 90, to 120, 3*s*. to 4*s*. 6*d*. Thus it would appear that an arrow of the weight of 5*s*. would be about right for the generality of distances, but this of course depends much both upon the bow and the shooter, and much acute attention is required to ascertain the precise weight fitted for every occasion. We are induced to notice this matter particularly, because the success of archery mainly depends upon it, and a perfect knowledge of it is only to be acquired by practice and close attention. One thing should be observed, that arrows for particular distances should be selected and set apart.

THE FEATHER.

It has been well observed that nothing is of so much consequence as the feather of the arrow, and

the truth of the observation will at once be perceived, when it is recollected that this is the wing by which the arrow flies, and that upon this the steadiness and velocity of its flight depends. The best feather is from the wing of the gray goose, and it has been celebrated by both historians and poets, though we believe it to be equalled by that of the turkey, and surpassed by that of the eagle. This is natural, for strength and elasticity are the prime requisites in the feather of an arrow; and these qualities are found in a very superior degree in the feathers of the eagle. Of the goose's wing, the second, third, and fourth feathers are those most esteemed. The feathers should not be drawn, but pared with a fine sharp knife, and afterwards cut into proper length and shape. The length of the feather for arrows of twenty-seven inches long, exclusive of the pile, and of 4*s.* or 4*s.* 6*d.* weight, should be four and a half inches, or four and five-eighths, and set on the shaft about one and a quarter inches, or one and three-eighths from the extreme end of the nock, the feather being there three-eighths of an inch, and finely trimmed to the end. Should the shaft be a very heavy one, the feather must be made proportionably strong. A lady's arrow, which is lighter, should of course have a feather proportionably small. It should be particularly observed, to select the feathers from the right or the left wing, that is, the smooth side should always be kept the same way. The archer will find it necessary to have both sorts with him, as the arrow in its rotatory motion through the air is much influenced by a side wind. The resistance of the feather is on its convex side, and therefore those arrows should be used which are fletched with feathers having the convex towards that side whence the wind comes.

THE PILE OF THE ARROW.

The pile is the hard part, composed of whatever it may be, placed at the end of the arrow, and intended to pierce any substance against which it may be shot. The term is derived from the Latin word *pila*, a ball, and came to be used from the practice of those people, who, in the time of Henry VII., lived within the range of the royal forests, and were compelled to use round-headed arrows on account of the deer. It is in general made of some metal. Among some of the ancients brass was in much request. The Flemish arrows are at this day tipt with horn, as their laws prohibit the use of iron or steel for that purpose. The latter substances are those which have been, and are still most commonly used, tempered to the degree requisite to pierce the texture against which it is intended to be used. The piles of arrows for the pastime of archery should be made round, of thin steel, or very hard iron, about three-quarters of an inch in length, with the barbs just wide enough apart to admit the shaft, after having been filed sufficiently down to go up to the extremity of the pile.

When the wind is against him, or boisterous, the archer will find the blunt-headed arrows the best; but with a wind, and favorable for the flight, a sharp pile will be found preferable.

THE NOCK OF THE ARROW.

The nock is that part of the arrow fitted for the string. This is generally inlaid with horn, and should have the nick wide enough to fit on the string easily, but not loosely. Arrows should be chosen with the nock too narrow rather than otherwise, as that is a defect which can soon be remedied by the use of a file, while too wide a nock is both inconvenient and disagreeable, and most probably uncertain, and farther, is a fault which cannot be amended. The nock should also be as smooth as possible.

THE QUIVER

Is generally made of leather or tin, and should be deep enough to take in the arrows nearly up to the feather. Wood or leather were the substances used for making it in former times, but they have now been superseded by tin, which is both lighter and more impermeable to wet. It should be large enough to carry from eight to a dozen arrows. The quiver is never worn, except in roving. In shooting at targets, or butts, it is placed a few yards beside them, three arrows being all that are required for present use. The rest are kept in reserve, to supply the place of those which may meet with accidents. The quiver should be carried on the right side behind.

THE BRACER.

This article is made of leather, and buckles round the arm of the archer, answering two purposes; viz., preserving the arm from the violent stroke of the string in loosing, and from its smooth surface allowing the string to glide freely, and without the hindrances that an ordinary cloth sleeve presents. The pain inflicted by the string, upon an arm unprotected by the bracer, is sufficient to disable the bowman from the farther immediate use of his bow.

THE BELT AND TASSEL.

The belt is generally made of cow-hide leather, with a well or pouch to receive the pile heads of the arrows, through a leathern loop. It buckles round the waist, with the pouch on the right side, and a tassel made of green worsted, for wiping the dirt off the arrows, on the other. The tassel should be used as soon as the arrow is drawn from the ground.

THE TARGET.

The diameter of a gentleman's target, from the extremity of the outer white circle, is four feet, and all shots beyond that are not considered as being within the target. Ladies' targets are made on the same principle, but considerably smaller, generally about three feet in diameter. Targets are often made of millboard, which, though not nearly so durable as the others, are more convenient for carrying about, as a boy can with ease bear them for a considerable distance. There should always be a pair in the field, as it shortens the walk, and reduces the trouble to shoot backwards and forwards, instead of shooting at one target. The colors are a gold eye, surrounded by a red circle, that by a white one, that circumscribed by a black one, and that again by the white: each of these possesses a value proportional to its nearness to the centre. The margin of the target is called the petticoat.

DISTANCE FOR TARGET SHOOTING.

The usual distance prescribed is, for gentlemen, one hundred yards, and for ladies fifty. It is better, however, for gentlemen to begin at seventy yards, or at most eighty, than with the whole distance at once.

ATTITUDE.

This is of very much more consequence than the inexperienced archer would at first suppose. In doing a thing well, especially in a pastime, it is always worth while to do it gracefully also, for that is not only pleasing, but often useful. The most graceful position is that in which the mind has most complete command over the motions of the limbs. Ascham says the attitude should be such, "as shall be both pleasing to the eye of the beholder, and advantageous to the shooter, setting his countenance, and all parts of his body in such a manner and position, that both all his strength may be employed most to advantage, and his shot made and managed to other men's pleasure and delight. A man must not go hastily about it, nor yet make too much ado about it; one foot must not stand too far from the other, lest he stoop too much, which is unbecoming, nor yet too near the other, lest he should stand too upright, for so a man shall neither use his strength well, nor yet stand steadfastly. The mean betwixt both must be kept; a thing more pleasant to behold when it is done, than to be taught how it should be done."

The archer should place himself in such a manner, that the side of his body should be towards the mark, so that if the target be due north, he may face directly to the east, holding the bow horizontally, with the string upwards. Thus standing, he is prepared for

DRAWING THE BOW.

The arrow being thus placed and steadily held, the archer, with his feet nearly squared, and about eight or ten inches apart, commences the operation of drawing. Gradually pressing the bow down with his left hand, he draws at the same time the string with his right, and keeping his right elbow well up, gracefully raises his arms, his left extended with his bow, the wrist turned rather inwards, and the right drawing the string till the arrow be brought up about half way. The arrow being sufficiently raised according to the distance of the mark, it should be drawn up to the pile, and then, with a moment's aim (for that ought to be sufficient, and more would be injurious) the archer lets fly, with a steady and sharp loose.

OF TAKING AIM.

Of all exercises, coolness, attention, and confidence is most required in Archery, and few things are more affected in their success by the state of the animal spirits. Much judgment is necessary in taking aim, and it is especially requisite that a proper "length" should be taken. Many archers have a custom of looking down their arrows at the mark, but the best authorities seem agreed that the right plan is to keep the eye steadily fixed on the mark, and our high authority, Ascham, especially. He says, "For having a man's eye always on his mark is the only way to shoot straight, yea, and I suppose so redye and easy a way, if it be learned in youth and confirmed with use, that a man shall never miss therein." The supposition that a more correct sight is obtained by looking down the shaft is erroneous; doing so only distracts the attention.

The whole of these motions are of course but parts of one continuous effort, and the more evenly it can be performed the better. Drawing is one of the very nicest points in archery—Old Roger calls it "the best part of shootinge," and should be done as precisely as possible, with the utmost steadiness. If the fingers embrace the string too much, it will twist, and the arrow fly wide of its mark. It ought to have the string in a truly right line. In target shooting the nock of the arrow is brought a little under the ear, but in long shots the arrow has to describe a greater curve, and the drawing hand must consequently be more depressed, so that the nock of the arrow may be brought down towards the right breast.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Concealment. A Novel. Two Volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

This novel is of the Billy Lackaday school of perfection—full of Anna Marias, angelic captains, and seraphic situations. The author has indulged in the concealment of his name—if the booksellers had indulged in the concealment of the novel, the injured public would have been saved the infliction of considerable twaddle. We pity the poor creature, who, on a rainy day, has no other book at hand than this same novel of "Concealment!"

Phantasmion, Prince of Palmland. Two Volumes. S. Colman, New York.

These volumes form the first issue of a Library of Romance, edited by Grenville Mellen, and published by Mr. Colman. The editor, in his introduction, speaks of the merits of Phantasmion with most exaggerated emphasis; but, with due respect to Mr. Mellen's acknowledged judgment, we cannot give our assent to the praises he has bestowed upon the work before us. It is, at best, but a pretty puerility—a concoction of stale magicals, and fairy fancies, interspersed with some dainty conceits, and a few pieces of excellent poetry. Notwithstanding the clear definition of the fitness of simplicity, in the well-written introduction by the editor, and his assertion that Phantasmion is made to touch, with a masterly wand, every spirit that loves to indulge in unrestrained pilgrimage through the land of the free and the fanciful, we aver that the simplicity of Phantasmion frequently degenerates into positive inanity, and that the *intense* passages trench most closely upon the realms of verbiage and fustian. In support of our assertions, we append a brace of quotations.

First, for the "good taste" of the simplicity:—

"While the old man stood talking to Iarine, describing with lively gestures the battle of tigers, the braying of horns, the crashing of boughs, and the yelling of wounded beasts, many of his sheep, *as if glad to steal away from the oft-told tale*, had straggled into the woody glen, which was full of soft herbage, and Iarine offered to guard the main body of his flock while he went in search of the truants; so thanking her for that courtesy, taking a weapon of defence from his girdle, and placing his crook in her hand, he hastened away. The lovely princess led the flock slowly onward till she arrived at a stream, which crossed the dell, and had been swollen by sudden rains to a torrent: here she paused, waiting for the shepherd, and, while the sheep eyed the water, *thinking perchance of a ford lower down*, where they had crossed in the morning, Iarine's mind had travelled back to her father and Albinet, thence to her baby brother, and all the time was not wholly absent from Phantasmion. At last, she began to think that the old man was long away, and looked up with pleasure when she heard footsteps advancing; but he who now stood before her was more like a king than a rustic swain; his attire, though black, was costly, his countenance abstracted and grave. He stopped to look at Iarine, as she lifted up a dripping lamb which had slipped into the water, and, seeing that she eyed him anxiously, as if desirous yet afraid to speak, (for indeed she wished to inquire whether he had seen the shepherd,) his eye lit up with expectation, and in an eager tone he exclaimed—*'Hast thou aught to tell me of the silver pitcher?'*"

Now, for a specimen of the much-lauded "gorgeousness and exuberance:—"

"But lo! the sun has broken through its hazy veil, and Feydeleen's soft cheek, as if it faded in the brilliant light, is seen no more among the blossoms; Albinet raises his head, from which the airy chaplet melts away, and with wonder-stricken eyes Eurelio gazes upward, for Potentilla has risen from his side. A moment yet the wings of her insect steeds are painted against the background of one lingering cloudlet—but now they disappear, while earth below, suffused with splendor, becomes a softened image of the heavens themselves."

We give, in justice, a specimen of the poetry, which is excellent, but scarcely powerful enough to warrant the resuscitation of this tedious romance.

By the storm invaded
Ere thy arch was wrought,
Rainbow, thou hast faded
Like a gladsome thought,
And ne'er mayst shine aloft in all earth's colors fraught.

Insect, tranced forever
In thy pendent bed,
Which the breezes sever
From its fragile thread,
Thou ne'er shalt burst thy cell and crumpled pinions spread.

Lily, born and nourish'd
'Mid the waters cold,
Where thy green leaves flourish'd,
On the sunburnt mould,
How canst thou rear thy stem and sallow buds unfold?

Snowy cloud, suspended
O'er the orb of light,
With its radiance blended
Ne'er to glisten bright,
It sinks, and thou grow'st black beneath the wings of night.

Their armor is flashing
And ringing and clashing,
Their looks are wild and savage!
With deeds of night
They have darken'd the light,
They are come from reckless ravage!
O bountiful Earth,
With famine and dearth,
With plague and fire surround them;
Thy womb they have torn
With impious scorn;
Let its tremblings now confound them!
Our cause maintain—
For as dew to the plain,
Or wind to the slumbering sea,
Or sunny sheen
To woodlands green,
So dear have we been to thee.

The new-blown flowers,
From thy fairest bowers,
Their rifling hands have taken;
And the tree's last crop,
That was ready to drop,
From the dews have rudely shaken;
Through deep green dells,
Where the bright stream wells,
Like diamond with emerald blending;
Through sheltered vales,
Where the light wind sails,
High cedars scarcely bending;
Through lawn and grove,
Where the wild deer rove,
They have rushed like a burning flood;
For morning's beam,
Or the starry gleam,
Came fire, and sword, and blood.

Then lend us thy might,
Great Earth, for the fight,
O help us to quell their pride:
Make our sinews and bones
As firm as the stones,
And metals that gird thy side;
May the smould'ring mountains,
And fiery fountains
Inflame our vengeful ire,
And beasts that lurk
In thy forests murk,
Their tameless rage inspire;
While from caves of death
Let a sluggish breath
O'er the spoilers' spirits creep.
O send to their veins
The chill that reigns
In thy channels dark and deep.

But if those we abhor
Must triumph in war,
Let us sink to thy inmost centre,
Where the trump's loud sound,
Nor the tramp and the bound,
Nor the conqueror's shout can enter;
Let mountainous rocks,
By earthquake shocks,
High o'er our bones be lifted;
And piles of snow,
Where we sleep below,
To the plains above be drifted;
If the murderous band
Must dwell in the land,
And the fields we loved to cherish,
From the land of balm
Let cedar and palm
With those that rear'd them perish.

The Barber of Paris; or Moral Retribution. By Paul de Kock, author of "Andrew the Savoyard," "Good Fellow," etc. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

Paul de Kock occasionally receives a good share of abuse from various of the English critics of the newly-raised school of elegance and aristocracy—who delight to see mankind in embroidered coats and satin smalls, and vote every man a *mauvais sujet* who does not figure in silk stockings. A novel, must, to be good in their estimation, be devoted to the sayings and doings of the fashionable world—a close portrayal of human nature is of small avail, unless the characteristics of high life

form the text—in other words, the sterling value of the metal is not of so much importance as the fashion of the make.

There are other writers who, descending to the opposite extreme, revel in the development of the miseries of poverty and the degradation of vice—who relate, with a Crabbe-like minuteness, the insignificant details of every-day life, and require their readers to shed tears of agony over the distresses of the lowest and vilest of mankind. Now-a-days, the *personnes* of a novel are either superhuman in their goodness, or ultra-demoniac in their wickedness—it is the age of extremes.

Paul de Kock, as we have before observed, is a painter of life *as it is*—his pages teem with excellence, but his readers require the possession of a certain wordly experience before they can perceive the full value of the scenes presented to their notice. Notwithstanding the volatility of the class of people from which he selects his subjects, there is less of *outrance* or caricature in his delineations than in the pages of Marryatt, although, in other points, there is much similarity between the two authors. Paul de Kock's works will exist when many of the *popular* writers of the day are forgotten.

"The Barber of Paris" is the most powerful in its effects of all the author's works. Lively narrative, startling but natural incident, and great diversity of well-sustained character, combine to make the most agreeable reprint of the season.

The Jubilee of the Constitution. A Discourse delivered at the Request of the New York Historical Society, in the City of New York, on Tuesday, the 30th of April, 1839; being the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Inauguration of George Washington as President of the United States on Thursday, the 30th of April, 1789. By John Quincy Adams. Samuel Colman, New York.

This pamphlet should be read by all parties, and then carefully laid aside, as a work abounding in valuable minute points of historical information, many of which are not to be met with elsewhere. We have here a vigorous sketch of the difficulties which preceded, and of the inefficiency which embarrassed, the confederation originally adopted by the States, and a faithful detail of the causes, arising from the imperfection of the first league, which led to the adoption of our present constitution. What Mr. Adams has thus done could not be so well done, perhaps, by any man living. The circumstances by which he has been surrounded from his boyhood—his intimate connexion, private and public, with the leading men of the Revolution—his long continued political career—his industrious habits of observation—his personal identification for nearly half a century with the interests of his subject—all had conspired to assure us that this subject would be skilfully handled, and the discourse itself assures us that, essentially, it is. We say essentially—for, considered in a less important light, as a matter of mere literature—the whole will be regarded by every one of true taste as a failure. This turgid hyper-rhetorical style becomes neither the subject nor the man. Mr. Colman has printed the pamphlet most beautifully—as he does every thing of the kind—and no American desirous of accurate acquaintance with the political affairs of his country, will need to be told that it is absolutely incumbent upon him to procure a copy, and to preserve it.

The Gentleman of the Old School. By the author of "The Huguenot," "The Robber," etc. Two Volumes. Harper and Brothers, New York.

We have been told, by one who should know, that Mr. James' habits of composition are peculiar—for example, that, while walking to and fro hurriedly, he dictates, in an excited manner, to an amanuensis; and that it is impossible for the latter, although a practised penman, and chosen principally on account of his rapidity of hand, to keep pace with the improvisation of the novelist. We hear, moreover, from a different source, that the MSS. thus furiously indited are committed to the press, and issued, without farther intervention on the part of the author. The exceeding polish of his general style, and, especially, the nice adaptation to each other of the individual portions of his works, would, at first sight, seem to throw discredit upon these and similar statements; but the *litterateur* who writes much will be able readily to perceive how the unchecked fervor of such methods of composition may do more for niceness of finish, than even a diligent elaboration in cool moments. He will *not* be able to see, however, (provided he possess any powers of analysis,) how such methods can be consistent with weight, depth, true vigor, and, least of all, with originality—that apparently most intemperate of literary merits, but the one which, most of all, demands a quiet self-examination, and a deliberate adjustment of thought. Accordingly, in these points we find Mr. James deficient—here speaking, of course, comparatively. He is not *as* profound nor *as* original, as he is flowing and polished; but in all good qualities he far surpasses the mass of the novelists of the day.

We do not think the "Gentleman of the Old School" the best, or even the fourth or fifth best, of his fictions. We would therefore caution him (but then he will never hear us) to pause in his

system of amanuensing, and betake himself, in a deliberate spirit, to the ordinary proprieties of the lamp and the arm-chair. Lady Mallory is inconsistent. We should be wrong in quarrelling with any human being (much less with the representation of any human being) for inconsistency alone—but then she is impossibly inconsistent. Her qualities would neutralize each other; her feelings and principles are positively incompatible. Her attempts to interfere with the lovers, Ralph and Edith, are, in the bitterness of their malignancy, altogether at war with *that species* of goodness which is the *morale* of her whole nature and existence. We dislike, too, especially, the clap-trap system affected throughout the book. We despise all such things as rings and miniatures; and, above all, abominate little boxes with mighty secrets hidden therein. The entire merit of the novel is nevertheless great—but lies among deeper considerations than we could venture to touch upon in any cursory and random critique.

Sketches of London. By the author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," "The Great Metropolis," etc. etc. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

All the works of Mr. Grant are readable; but, in general, they have about them an air of *book-making*—an internal evidence, not to be mistaken, of having been written under the inspiration of Mammon, instead of a muse. There is always a woful effort at stretching out the matter—at making as much as possible of nothing at all. For this end, the gentleman indulges in an amplitude of narration, intermingled with an infinity of comment, which is amusing—to say no more. His style is about the flattest imaginable. The tone of his moral or philosophical observation—a point upon which he evidently prides himself—is positively grotesque in its utter platitude. Only imagine long chapters of such paternal advice as this! We should like to see the little queen reading it.

"I am sure, that were a sovereign, possessed of such amiable feelings as Victoria, and who is so exceedingly anxious to promote the cause of morals, and to increase the happiness of mankind—only aware of the deplorable and destructive consequences of horse-racing, she would at once withdraw her patronage from that pastime."

"The Sketches of London" resemble the previous books by the same author pretty nearly. All have been read—and there can be no very great harm in reading them. They contain a good deal of minute information, the accuracy of which has been impugned, and defended, and impugned again. To contradict the assertions, in general, of Mr. Grant, requires a kind of knowledge that few men possess. There can be no doubt however that he occasionally hazards a bold remark about matters of which he is stupidly ignorant. For example—"Oxford street," he says, "is about a mile and a half in length in a straight line, being, as already observed, longer than any street in any other city in the world." We forget the exact length of Broadway or of Greenwich street, in New York—but our own Front street is nearly four miles in length, and we have several others nearly as long.

Popular Lectures on Geology. Treated in a very Comprehensive Manner, by H. C. Von Leonhard, Counsellor of State, and Professor at the University of Heildelberg, in Germany. With Illustrative Engravings. Translated by Rev. J. G. Morris, A. M., and Edited by Professor F. Hall, M. D., etc., etc. N. Hickman, Baltimore.

These Lectures are, in the proper sense of the word, *popular*, being at the same time elaborate, and sufficiently scientific not to appear jejune. The author, Professor Leonhard, is well known as the writer of a large and excellent "Manual of Geology and Geognosy," and also of a "Treatise on Basaltic Formations, in their relation to Normal and Abnormal Rocks."

The pamphlet now before us is the first of a series which will be issued in monthly numbers, of about one hundred pages each, succeeding each other as fast as they can be done into English, and prepared for the press. Many valuable notes are added by the Editor, chiefly on the subject of American Geology. The engravings, however, are badly done, and derogate very materially from the high value of the publication, which we recommend, pointedly, to the notice of our readers.

The Pocket Lacon; comprising nearly One Thousand Extracts from the Best Authors. Selected by John Taylor. Two Volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

The title here does not fully indicate the nature of the work. The selections are made with no reference to beauty of style, or truth of sentiment—these points, at all events, being less considered than that certain pungency (derived from antithesis, or novelty, or boldness, or paradox,) which acts upon thought with the stimulus of spice upon the palate. We do not mean, however, to find fault

with our author upon this account; but, on the contrary, insist that he has displayed no shallow philosophy in his method and matter of extract. Books like this are not to be regarded as vehicles of truth, (who, in her majesty, disdains all insulated arguments, all fragmentary propositions, all reasonings *in petto,*) but merely as provocatives to her pursuit, as the means of an exercise well fitted for the strengthening of the powers to be subsequently employed in her attainment. We have before us now rather the incentive to logical thought, than its proper or admissible result. Most of the opinions advanced in this "Pocket Lacon" are questionable, many of them perversely sophistical, some trashy and unworthy of notice, some even outrageously absurd. In saying this, it will be seen that we say nothing against the merit of the book, which is great—or against the capacity of the compiler, who has perfectly fulfilled his intention, and who, moreover, in his Preface, has given undeniable evidence of sound discrimination and of a cultivated intellect.

The Triumphs of Science. A Poem. Delivered before the Whig Society of Hanover College. By William Wallace, author of the "Battle of Tippecanoe," "Dirge of Napoleon," and other Poems. Published at the request of the Society.

This poem contains about four hundred and fifty pentameter lines. The author, in a dedication to Messieurs I. and T. Dowling, Editors of the Wabash Courier, speaks of his production "as the last of the kind which he shall ever present to the public;" but we sincerely hope that he has either already thought better of this matter, or will think better of it hereafter.

In truth, the verses of this unpretending little pamphlet evince powers of a lofty order; we need hardly add that, in comparison with three-fourths, or indeed with nine-tenths, of the hot-pressed and gilt-edged inanities of the day, they are—Hyperion to a Satyr. We do not wish—it is not our fashion—to speak hyperbolically in praise of any thing, but it is no hyperbole to say that there are many passages in "The Triumphs of Science" (so many as to constitute the mass of the poem) equal at least to any of the very best specimens of our indigenous poetry. Such versification as this, embodying imagery so just, and enkindled by imagination so vigorous, is not a matter of every-day occurrence.

Oh! who can tell the raptures of that time
When o'er man's spirit science burst sublime—
Disclosed the splendors of the spangled dome
Whose mystic torches lit Jehovah's home,
As step by step his soul in wonder trod
Nature's bright stairway up to Nature's God?

Six thousand years the Bell of Time had tolled,
And still the sea in awful mystery rolled,
While his blue arms embraced a glorious zone
No eye had seen save God's great eye alone.

Passages like these abound in the poem. We need scarcely comment upon their wonderful beauty. The image in the third line italicized is of the very highest order of merit of which poetical imagery is susceptible—although, elsewhere, we have asserted, and do now still maintain, that imagery, even in its purest nature and most skilful adaptation, belongs to a secondary rank, only, of poetical excellence. But upon this topic we may take occasion to speak more fully hereafter. In regard to the line above, commencing "Six thousand years," we repeat that it is perfect in its way, and gives evidence of an original mind imbued with a deeply imaginative sentiment. An every-day poetaster would here have affronted and overpowered us by some classical balderdash about scythes and hour-glasses, (to say nothing of grey-beards and fore-locks and wings upon the feet,) and would never have dared to dream that there existed so modern and so common-place a thing in the world as the spirit-lifting and memory-stirring *bell.*

Still, we should be sorry to estimate the powers of Mr. Wallace by what we see here, and are inclined to regard this pamphlet rather as an indication, than as the result, of his ability. The simple idea of a task fulfilled, of a poem (especially) upon a stated subject, delivered at an appointed hour, before an expectant society, carries with it visions of embarrassment and constraint, repugnant to the best feelings of true merit, and in consonance with the feeble sleepy notions of mediocrity alone. Therefore, Mr. W. has not now written as he could and would have written under more favorable circumstances. But we acknowledge the evidence of far more than ordinary strength in his efforts—or, more strictly, in the character of his efforts—to break through the conventional trammels of this despicable species of task-writing—a species in which no man of true taste will wish to succeed—in which no man of high genius *can*—a species, in short, whose *sine qua non* of success depends upon the negative, and certainly somewhat anomalous merit, of the possession of no

talent at all. A reasonable individual would as soon think of flying in fetters, or of going up aeronauting in a leaden balloon.

Tortesa, the Usurer. A Play. By N. P. Willis. Samuel Colman, New York.

"Tortesa" is, we think, by far the best play from the pen of an American author. Its merits lie among the higher and most difficult dramatic qualities, and, although few in number, are extensive in their influence upon the whole work; pervading it, and fully redeeming it from the sin of its multitudinous minor defects. These merits are naturalness, truthfulness, and appropriateness, upon all occasions, of sentiment and language; a manly vigor and breadth in the conception of character; and a fine ideal elevation or exaggeration throughout—a matter forgotten or avoided by those who, with true Flemish perception of truth, wish to copy her peculiarities in disarray. Mr. Willis has not lost sight of the important consideration that the perfection of dramatic, as well as of plastic skill, is found not in the imitation of Nature, but in the artistical adjustment and amplification of her features. We recognize a refined taste upon every page of "Tortesa." Its *points*, too, are abundant, and scatter vivacity and brilliancy over the play. That the excellences of which we speak are great, cannot be more forcibly shown than by allusion to some of the innumerable faults which are still insufficient to render these excellences obscure.

The plot is miserably *inconsequential*. A simple prose digest, or compendium, of the narrative, would be scarcely intelligible, so much is the whole overloaded with incidents that have no bearing upon the ultimate result. Three-fourths of the play might be blotted out without injury to the plot properly so called. This would be less objectionable, if it were not that the attention of the reader is repeatedly challenged to these irrelevant incidents, as if they were actually pertinent to the main business of the drama. We are not allowed to pass them by, in perusal, as obviously episodical. We fatigue ourselves with an attempt to identify them with the leading interests, and grow at length wearied in the fruitless effort. When we perceive Zippa plotting and counterplotting upon every page, it is impossible not to think that she is plotting to some purpose. She does nothing, however, in the end; and for any effect upon the play, might as well never have existed. An instance of this is seen in the last act, where the whole of the second scene is introduced for the purpose of informing her, by means of Tomaso, of the danger of Angelo. She rushes from the stage exclaiming that she has it in her power to save his life; and of course, in the trial scene, we naturally expect some important interference on her part. The judgment is rendered, however, without her interposition. The conclusion of the play, too, is much in the same way. The audience cannot be brought to believe that all the scheming and counterscheming here introduced is in the slightest degree essential, since the entire difficulty might have been settled by a single word from the Duke, who is favorably disposed to all parties.

The old manoeuvre of the sleeping draught calls Romeo and Juliet somewhat too forcibly to mind. The idea, too, of the deception practised upon Tortesa by means of the portrait is borrowed apparently from the Winter's Tale, and is moreover absurd. No person could have been thus deceived, and the spectator cannot imagine any such deception. "The back wall of the scene," we are told in the stage directions, "is so arranged as to form a natural ground for the picture;" but this is obviously impossible, except in regard to a single point of view—the illusion would be dispelled by the slightest movement on the part of Tortesa. There are a great many other improbabilities which entirely destroy the vraisemblance—but we have not space to point them out. The characters, generally, are deficient in prominence—in individuality. Zippa is a positive failure—we can make nothing of her. Tortesa is outrageously inconsistent. It is impossible to reconcile the utter blackguard of the first scenes, with the lofty self-sacrificing spirit who figures in the last. The conception, too, of the revulsion of feeling on the part of the usurer is a very antique conception at best. But we repeat that, in spite of these and a hundred other serious blemishes, we esteem "Tortesa" as by far the best American play. Mr. Willis, we are happy to perceive, has nearly altogether thrown aside the besetting sin of his earlier days—the sin of affectation. This was his worst enemy—vanquishing it, he has nothing to fear. Mr. Colman cannot be too highly praised for the beauty of this publication, which forms a volume of his "Dramatic Library."

Precaution. A Novel. By the Author of the "Spy," "Pioneer," etc., etc. A New Edition, Revised by the Author. Two Volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

This, the first of Mr. Cooper's novels in point of time, is beyond all question the last in point of quality—yet it may be read with pleasure, and will and should be read by all our literary people, as a matter of simple curiosity, and in view of what the author of the "Spy" has since so happily accomplished. He tells us, in the preface to the present edition, that the book originally owed its

existence to an accident, and was printed under circumstances which prevented his own personal supervision of the press. The consequences were many defects in plot, style, and arrangement. The publication, too, was nearly, if not totally ruined, by mere typographical errors—the fruits of a bad MS. Under these circumstances the public must acknowledge their indebtedness to Messieurs Lea and Blanchard for the present edition. We cannot forbear saying, however, that had we been Mr. Cooper—had we been Alexander instead of Diogenes—we should *not* have again thrust the book upon the attention of the public, but, putting it quietly behind the fire, have endeavored, with all our might and main, to forget that so great a mass of trash ever existed.

Six Weeks in Fauquier. Being the substance of a series of Familiar Letters, illustrating the Scenery, Localities, Medicinal Virtues, and General Characteristics of the White Sulphur Springs, at Warrenton, Fauquier County, Virginia. Written in 1838, *to a Gentleman in New England. By a Visiter. Samuel Colman, New York.*

This is a long title to a rather small affair—a thin duodecimo of sixty-seven pages. The truth is that the whole *work* has very much the air of a quack advertisement; and, but for those incontrovertible words, "By a Visiter," one might suspect that the proprietors of the White Sulphur Springs had themselves turned authors for the nonce. Be this as it may, the writer should not be accused of a lack of zeal for these waters. Indeed he sometimes carries it to the verge of a blunder.—In the preface, for instance, he first abuses Saratoga on account of that facility of access which renders its company "promiscuous," and proceeds then to expatiate in praise of the "immense *crowds* which have hitherto resorted to the White Sulphur." Amid a collection of recommendatory letters, also, there occurs one from B. Watkins Leigh, in which the Senator somewhat equivocally asserts that the dropsical symptoms with which he went to Fauquier have been continually declining "*ever since he got home.*" There can be no doubt, however, that the springs in question have high medicinal, and higher fashionable virtues. The scenery is beautiful, the charges are moderate, the accommodations good. In fact every thing concerning them is good—with the exception of this stupid little book—which is very bad indeed—very.

The White Sulphur Papers, or Life at the Springs of Western Virginia. By Mark Pencil, Esq. Samuel Colman, New York.

A larger, a handsomer, and altogether a better volume on the same subject, although abounding, we are sorry to say, in typographical errors. This is the more to be regretted, as the mechanical execution, otherwise, is of a very superior order.

"The White Sulphur Papers" are written with sprightliness, and have much general interest. To persons contemplating a visit to the Springs such a book as this is invaluable. It affords, in an agreeable manner, all necessary information, besides being full of anecdote and chit-chat. Moreover, we can aver, upon the authority of our friends of the "Corsair," that Mark Pencil, Esq. is *not* the Proprietor of the Springs, and that he is a gentlemanly personage. We presume, too, that he has no private interests to serve in the publication—which, at all events, is very readable, and very creditable to both author and publisher.

A Defence of Female Education. Read before the Columbus Lyceum, by John Southerland Lewis. Columbus, Georgia. Published by order of the Society.

This essay does Mr. Lewis some credit. The necessity for any "Defence of Female Education" is, to be sure, not very apparent—but he has handled his subject with great ability, and placed that which was before clear in a perfectly brilliant light.

R. Penn Smith

Engraved for Burton's Gentleman's Magazine

BURTON'S

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1839.

BIOGRAPHY OF

RICHARD PENN SMITH.

Few of the literary men of this country can look back to so large an amount of ancestral talent as the subject of this memoir. His grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Smith, who had received a highly finished European education, was the first Provost of Philadelphia College, in the University of Pennsylvania, which station he filled with distinguished honor to himself and success to the institution for a period of twenty-five years. He was a man of rare natural endowments, and these he had carefully and assiduously cultivated, so that he stood foremost among the most eminent persons of his time, as a close student, a profound and varied scholar, an acute and vigorous thinker, an accurate observer, and a writer of great beauty and energy, who attracted attention by his felicitous style, and secured admiration by his manly and high-toned sentiments, no less than by his abundant, apposite, but never ostentatious knowledge. As a preacher, he possessed a bold, and commanding, mingled with a subduing power of eloquence, which sometimes led him to break forth in strains of the most startling admonition and reproof; and at others to melt the feelings of his audience by displays of the tenderest sympathy and affection. All contemporary critics bestowed upon him high praise for his pulpit exercises, and more than one of the British reviewers compared him to Massillon and Bossuet, to each of whom in certain things he was said to bear a very striking resemblance. He was also much addicted to scientific labors, and in the study of astronomy, which he pursued with great ardor, he was instrumental in bringing to light the abilities of the then unknown Rittenhouse, and his friendly advice and assistance were always fully appreciated by that self-taught philosopher. He had, moreover, a very exquisite taste in the fine arts, and was one of the first to perceive, and the warmest to encourage, the dawning genius of Benjamin West, whose early efforts, rude and misshapen as they seemed, satisfied the quick eye of the connoisseur that he was destined to fill no ordinary place among painters renowned for ability. Some of the first productions of the future President of the Academy were made at the instance of this patron, and they still hang upon the walls of his former library, which they serve to render curious if they do not adorn. Nor with all his variety of learning and elegance of taste, did he neglect things that were of more immediate utility. His active mind was strongly directed to the Internal Improvement of the State, and in a treatise which he published on the subject more than fifty years ago, he designated several of the lines of communication which have since then been adopted. Altogether he was a remarkable man; sagacious as well as learned; at once brilliant and profound; one who mingled with a fervid imagination, a severe discipline of judgment, and engaged with equal earnestness in the pursuit of abstract literature, or works of practical value. His writings, which have been collected into several volumes, have passed through various editions, with the most marked approbation.

Dr. Smith left several sons, the eldest of whom Wm. Moore Smith was the father of our present subject. As might have been expected, this gentleman enjoyed all the advantages of the most liberal

education which this country could then furnish. Nor were these advantages misplaced in him. Inheriting from his father a love of study, and gifted with a quick capacity, he early distinguished himself as a scholar; and as he joined to his ardor in graver acquirements a keen relish for the lighter branches of literature, his mind was equally stored with the profound and elegant productions of the classics. Early in life he published a volume of poems, which were characterized by much brilliancy of fancy, ease of versification, justness of sentiment, and chaste and nervous diction. They were re-printed in England, and made the subject of much commendation, a fact at that time of such unfrequent occurrence, that it deserves to be remembered. Having enlarged his views and replenished his judgment with extensive foreign travel, Mr. Smith came to the bar of this city, and soon rose to deserved eminence. The dry details of legal science, and the slavish attendance during term-time on the courts, were, however, uncongenial to his feelings, and he retired to cultivate his favorite studies amid the thick umbrageousness that surrounded his family mansion on the Schuylkill. Here in daily intercourse with the poets and sages of antiquity, and continual observation of the choicest beauties of nature, he passed his life in grateful enjoyment, and here he has left behind him the enduring monument of an unsullied reputation.

Richard Penn Smith is a native of Philadelphia, where he has generally resided. When a boy he was remarkable among his school-fellows for great quickness of perception, which being united to a memory of singular retentiveness, gave him peculiar facilities in acquiring the different branches of knowledge to which his attention was directed. In the mathematics he was especially distinguished by the ease, rapidity, and accuracy with which he mastered the most complicated and perplexing details of the science; and, as we have been informed by more than one of his class-mates, such were his extraordinary powers of calculation that many of his demonstrations, in this respect, were matters of absolute astonishment. In other studies he was also forward; and while he was thus preparing for a future ripeness of scholarship, he was at the same time drinking deeply from the various fountains of belles-lettres literature, which were furnished to him in his well-stored paternal library. His love of writing manifested itself while he was yet quite young, and a series of essays contributed by him to the "*Union*," under the title of the "Plagiary," show very considerable ability of design and very correct taste in composition. About the close of the year 1822, he purchased the *Aurora*, a well known newspaper establishment, of which Mr. Duane had previously to that time been the editor. Like many others who have embarked in similar enterprizes, Mr. Smith found this a most unprofitable speculation, and after five years of toil and vexation, he abandoned it, though not before it had swallowed up a considerable portion of his patrimony. During the period of his connexion with this paper, notwithstanding he conducted it with zeal and industry, he made numerous contributions to the periodical literature of the day, besides producing several dramatic pieces, some of which were not only cordially received at the time of their first representation, but still continue to maintain their places on the stage.

Mr. Smith is one of the best dramatic scholars—so to speak—that it has been our good fortune to meet with. In this department of literature he has studied with all the masters, both of ancient and modern times, and his mind is richly laden with the fruits of his application. With the old English dramatists he is especially familiar. He knows them all as he does his nearest and most intimate friends. In their native, though sometimes unpolished strength—their clearness of thought—their charming simplicity of expression—their healthy tone of sentiment—their undiluted force of diction—his correct taste early found abundant means of gratification; and undeterred by the rubbish beneath which many of their beauties lie concealed, he spared no pains until he possessed himself fully of their treasures. With such a keenness of relish for this species of literature—with so ample a knowledge both of the rules of the art and the works of the artists—with strong powers of observation, varied acquirements, a lively imagination, and successful practice in poetical composition, it was natural that Mr. S. should have attempted to emulate what he so much admired, and accordingly we find that he has written two dramas avowedly prepared after the old English models. These plays "The Disowned, or the Prodigal," and "The Deformed, or Woman's Trial," both exhibit much skill in construction, considerable invention, and accurate delineation of character; and they are still more distinguished by a just and elevated tone of sentiment, and a copious flow of sterling language obviously drawn from the "pure well of English undefiled." Both these pieces have been performed with decided marks of success; and the last named, "The Deformed," received last winter the most unequivocal approbation from as intelligent an audience as was ever assembled within the walls of Chestnut street Theatre. "The Disowned" and "The Deformed" were also performed at the London theatres, where they made a favorable impression. Besides these dramas, Mr. S. has written a tragedy, and numerous petite comedies, and farces. The Tragedy, *Caius Marius*, was composed for, and at the request of Mr. E. Forrest, for whom the principal character was specially designed. *Caius Marius* was originally brought out at the Arch street Theatre, where it had a run of several nights, but such was the weakness of the then company, that it was grossly marred in the performance, and Mr. S. withdrew it in disgust from the stage. It has great capabilities for an acting play, abounds in vigorous declamation, and contains many passages of strong and beautiful poetry. We hope shortly to see it revived under better auspices, and we confidently predict its success.

Many years ago Mr. S. published a novel in two volumes, which he called *The Forsaken*. At that

time the surpassing glories of Mr. Cooper had completely eclipsed all other American novelists. Few indeed, then ventured to enter upon the path which he had made so completely his own, and fewer still could successfully bear up against the overpowering weight of his reputation. One or two only, and they moved in a different sphere, occupied any favorable place in the public regard. Simms, and Bird, and numerous others who have since successfully entered the lists against the "Author of the Spy" had not then appeared, and all eyes were turned to him as undisputed master of the field. Under such discouraging circumstances it is a proof of much merit in *The Forsaken* that a large edition of it was speedily exhausted. It possesses, in fact, far higher claims to favor than many similar publications which have since enjoyed more enviable popularity. The plot is natural and developed without any violence to probability; the incidents which are chiefly historical, are skilfully introduced and interblended with the progress of the narrative; the characters are vigorously drawn, and forcibly contrasted; the descriptions are truthful, and the dialogue well sustained and discriminated. The prevailing fault of the book is carelessness of manner, and an inattention to the minor details; but it is strongly marked with all the characteristics of an original and vigorous intellect.

In 1836, Mr. S. published two volumes of miscellaneous productions, under the title of "The Actress of Padua, and other Tales," which had an extensive sale, and were much commended. In tale-writing Mr. S. has few superiors. He selects his subjects with great care, avoiding always such as are trite, but never seeking for novelty in the regions of mysticism or terror. The narrative portions of his stories are always simple and unexaggerated; the persons he introduces are plain, every-day, real flesh and blood people, without much pretension or display, but full of homely sense and practical wisdom; and he always places them in such situations as to draw from their conduct a sound and valuable moral. The style of these lighter productions is remarkably chaste; neither encumbered by needless ornament, nor rendered harsh by ill-timed affectation of conciseness, but easy without negligence and flowing without diffuseness.

In the same year that Mr. S. gave to the press the volumes just referred to, he produced a work which has been the subject of much grave speculation. We allude to "Colonel Crockett's Tour in Texas," a pseudo-autobiography, or memoir, which purported to have been written by the gallant Tennessean, prior to the fatal field of the Alamo. This work which was published anonymously, and of course, without any view to reputation, was prepared in great haste, but it contains nevertheless much that is worthy of admiration. As an evidence of Mr. Smith's facility in composition it may be mentioned that on the day succeeding that on which the idea was first suggested by the booksellers, for whom it was written, a portion of this volume was actually in press, and the remainder was supplied from time to time, so as to keep even pace with the stereotype founder. Few books have gained equal popularity. In the course of a single year upwards of ten thousand copies were sold in the United States, and the demand for it still continues active. Soon after its appearance here, it was re-printed in London, where it was reviewed by the principal critical journals in terms of the most flattering approval. Frazer's Magazine commends it for its quaint humor and graphic description; the London Monthly Review compares it to Goldsmith for pathos, and to Swift for satire; and Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, completely deceived by its air of sincerity, quotes from it as the best account of the then existing state of affairs in Texas. Indeed, although Mr. S. never visited our sister republic, it is not unlikely that his descriptions of her agricultural demesne, and his strictures on her civil polity, may be to the full as true as most of the accounts of "travelled history" which in this book-making age are so abundant. "Crockett's Tour" abounds in lively sallies of humor, intermingled with much acuteness of observation and keen and caustic satire.

In addition to the works specifically mentioned, Mr. S. has written voluminously for numerous periodicals. His poetry, if collected, would make a book of respectable dimensions, and much of it would be found superior to the average quality of that commodity. As most of his smaller pieces were written on occasional subjects, and are scattered over various publications, they are not likely to be reclaimed. It is by his dramatic efforts, therefore, that his merits as a poet must be determined, and judged by these he will be assigned a place in the foremost rank of American writers.

In person Mr. Smith is about the middle height, of a spare but vigorous frame. His face is a remarkably fine one. The features are all regular, symmetrical, and well formed, and the expression is eminently intellectual. The accompanying engraving, which is made from an admirable likeness, by Williams—a young artist of great promise in this city—in consequence of the heavy masses of shadow, represents him as older and sterner looking than he is in reality; but otherwise conveys a very just idea of his appearance. In his social relations no man is more esteemed. Of a frank, generous, and benevolent nature, he attracts and secures the friendship of all who know him; while his ready and never-failing wit, and his varied and abundant stores of information, make him a delightful and instructive companion.

Mr. Smith read law with the late William Rawle, one of our most distinguished jurists, and was admitted to the bar after the usual course of studies. For several years past he has applied himself diligently to the practice of his profession, to the neglect of weekly literary pursuits, though we have recently been told that he has an historical work in preparation. In addition to his engagements as as a lawyer Mr. S. holds the situation of Secretary to the Comptrollers of Public Schools, a situation that yields him a handsome income.

THE PRIVATEER.

A TALE OF THE LATE AMERICAN WAR.

[Continued from page 75.]

CHAPTER IV.

SCENES AT SEA.

It was daybreak on the sea, and a solitary yawl with two men was drifting many leagues from land, away to the eastward of Cape St. Roque. The dawn was beautifully serene. The wind yet slept on the broad, smooth vestiges of a recent storm, and far around as eye could trace, not a flaw of the waking gale skimmed the wearied swells. *Here* was flung a gay green mantle of undulating sea-weed; *there* the quick ripple of a shoal of silver minnows dimpled the waving sheet, and sometimes a sudden billow and a splash would call the eye away to catch the glistening fin of a shark, sinking in a whirl. Softly glancing up the eastern sky were the first rosy pencillings of Aurora's fingers. In another moment the splendid light of these climes was shooting rocket-like across the gorgeous dome, and waving on its spangled floor. The sea was an immense coverlid, fresh and dazzling from nature's loom. Its softer tints and bolder brilliancy ever changing and dancing with the sweeping roll of the swells, cheated the baffled eye into the illusion of enchantment. The most exquisite painting could not have reached the brightness of even its shadows. As if the superb scene were lighted for the coming of a wizzard, the sun burst vividly on the stage, and a train of gorgeous clouds floated in his sparkling wake like a noble fleet under convoy.

And now, quicker and keener, the mariners swept anxious looks around; rising hurriedly on the seats without daring to look at each other, they searched the red horizon again, more slowly, more closely, with trembling hands shading their eyes. He in the stern of the yawl was a young man of elegant form and high-bred features, yet he was pale and ghastly, and his coal-black whiskers and soft moustache were shapeless, and blended with a later growth of beard. He had neither hat nor cap, and his profuse, neglected hair, was matted with a swollen gash, that glanced from the top of his head to the temple. A black silk handkerchief was thrown around his handsome throat in a careless sailor's knot. He wore a soiled blue jacket of elegant cut, and a pair of full white trowsers were belted to his waist, falling loosely around his limbs, and barely preserving the wasted outline of their naturally muscular symmetry. There was a wild, and at that moment, a somewhat fiendish glare in his quick black eye, which seemed to read the soul of others by its own light, as the hunter's torch, when it catches the gaze of the quailing stag. The other was a negro of powerful frame, and a clever, boyish countenance; with the exception of a worn French naval cap, he was dressed as a sailor in the merchant service, and the usual jack-knife swung by a lanyard from his button hole. There were two oars in the boat, and the dew stood thick on their blades and handles, as if they had not been used for some hours. No sail, arms, compass, or provisions were to be seen.

Long and intensely they scanned the ocean. Sometimes a far-off porpoise would fling a volume of foam into the air, or a white sea-bird ride across a distant swell, and then their hearts beat loud and their breath came quick, but alas, its echo was a groan. Nothing—not a speck they saw, till, tracing the spotless circle around, their eyes met and read despair. The young man threw himself with an impatient curse upon the seat, and the negro ventured a word of hope.

"Nebber give up, Mas Walter," for it was Walter De Berrian to whom he spoke, "hab verry good luck dis fur—got away from de cursed willians, and weathered a heavy squall last night,—ain't all for nothin—please gor Amighty."

"No, for the sake of blood," gnashed De Berrian, with a start. "I would live for nothing else,—my only friend is a friendless negro. Relatives!—the word chokes me!—and I, a gentleman by birth and rearing, am here, a starving outcast, trampled and damned by the very canaille of hell! Ha! I would barter eternity for a sabre and foothold on the Tiger's deck."

The kind-hearted negro was troubled at the fierce words and look of his young companion; and tears coursed over his dusky cheeks, when De Berrian glanced hatefully on even him. The dreadful thought of his insanity was agonizing to the faithful black; he feared and wept to think that

fever from his wound and thirst might have turned his beloved young master's brain. De Berrian threw himself half over the stern, and plunged his hot hands deep into the sea. He splashed the water over his aching head, and it trickled back with the same cool murmur as the fresh waterfall. What was the doom of Tantalus to the mockery of death from thirst on an ocean?

A sudden thought illumined the eye of the delighted negro. Tearing the woollen lining from his jacket he carefully wiped up the heavy dew from the oars and the seats, and applied the swab to De Berrian's mouth.

"Suck 'um, Mas Walter, suck 'um dry, when dats gone, here's de knife, and here's my finger,—Peter must die first."

"Never, my devoted friend," answered the youth, wringing the swab in the sea, "we will die together."

The negro turned away to hide his tears. Bathing his wound, which was bleeding afresh, De Berrian saw a slender braid of Catharine Harman's hair upon his wrist; it encircled the chafed and inflamed mark of a handcuff. Many years ago the rosy girl had woven it there, and laughingly called him her slave. "Am I such a slave even *yet?*" he thought, as he dashed aside a tear. "Oh if she could see me now, would she not regret?" Vividly did that delicious hour rise up before him when his cousin's fairy fingers were weaving that frail ringlet upon his arm. It was a morning, the fairest of fair summer's daughters, when the imperious little queen and her train of fawns and parrots were handed into a painted barge, and rowed far out on the tranquil bay, by her brother and cousin. When they landed again, her delighted majesty wove for each a braid of her glossy curls and, with bended knee, and kiss of her hand, they were dubbed "Knights of the Raven Tress." The spell of memory's dream was upon the youth, and dropping his head upon the hard gun-wale he fell asleep with one hand trailing in the sea. The negro carefully folded the lining of his jacket over De Berrian's wound, to protect it from the sun, and resumed an anxious watch.

An hour after, he espied a branch of some tropical tree floating near, and reaching it with an oar, he found it bore a few redish berries; perhaps some careless hand had thrown it into the sea, for it had many tiny stems from which the fruit had been apparently plucked. The noise awoke the uneasy sleeper, and hastily gathering the greater part of the berries in his cap, the negro presented it joyfully to Walter.

"Nay, nay, good Peter, we shall divide them equally."

"No, massa,—don't lub 'um—dese enough for me."

Walter ravenously ate the acid fruit, and picking the last from the cap, he started to see beneath the blackened stamp of the manufacturer, the name of "Charles Harman, schooner *La belle Ianthe.*"

"Peter, where did you get this cap?" breathlessly asked De Berrian.

"Britishman took my bran new tarpaulin, and gib me dat, him said it 'longed to one of de prisoners—only fit for dam nigger."

"It cannot—it must be!"—wildly spoke the youth, as he bounded to his feet. "Peter! for heaven's sake tell"—but the negro was dumb and still, for his eagle eye had caught a sail! Away to the south a broad blue belt, the track of a glorious breeze, was careering towards them, and the seamen felt that the feeble point at its farthest edge on which the sunlight trembled must be a sail. Motionless as the cascade frozen in its leap, he stood for one straining, intense moment. The mere speck fluttered like a ray in the dew-drop shaken by the wind of morning. It vanished, it glittered again; and De Berrian started from his trance at the wild and prolonged shout of "a sail! a sail!"

O, what a tide of vivid thoughts comes bounding over the soul of the shipwrecked at that exulting cry! The clasped hands, the bended knees, and the fast and eloquent prayers from tongues that never prayed before! The world—that libelled yet delightful world, to which stern hearts had bidden eternal adieu, starts up again in its joy and splendor. Wealth, fame, and heaven, dance in brilliant fancy's train; or else some sweet cottage steals upon the sight, and the sailor sees his wife and babes. And how quick and dark is the reaction! Like death in a festive hall, at the next moment all is dread and pallor. The distant sail may glide along the ocean's edge, and disappear; and who can tell the misery of such a fear? The chilling awe that hushes the breathing of a child when a beautiful scene of clouds and fairies is suddenly shifted, he knows not how, for the den and incantations of a demon, is not half so withering as that dreadful doubt.

With such hopes and fears, flashing and darkening as lightning at midnight, De Berrian and Peter hoisted a handkerchief on an oar. They spoke not a word, and their eyes never for a moment left that far low sail. For hours it seemed as still as the floating foam at dawn, but slowly at last it lifted higher from the haze of many leagues, and the slender hull became a dark point under the silvery bubble of canvas. They strained their eyes again—and yes—hurrah; her course lay towards them. In a delirium of joy the negro caught De Berrian in his brawny arms, and then tears fell fast together. She came skimming along like a sea-bird, and Peter at the next look stamped a furious jig that almost capsized the boat, for he saw the stars and stripes poised like a butterfly on the bosom of the gale. In a half hour a beautiful armed brig dashed alongside, and Walter and his shouting companion clambered over the gang-way of the American Privateer, Sea-Gull.

Walter was known and recognized by one of the officers, and his singular story was listened to

with much interest. "We belonged," said he, "to the ship Atalanta, of Baltimore. On her return voyage from the South seas, a week since, we were crossing the line, when a strange sail which seemed to be following us, was reported to windward. Near dusk we made her out, a large top-sail schooner, low and black in the water, with long booms and great rake of mast. She bore suddenly down athwart our course. Suspecting her to be a cruiser, the captain put on all sail, and bore two points away. At dawn, however, the schooner overhauled us, showed British colors, and threw a shot across our bows. The captain defied them; the crew cheered; they gave us a broadside, and boarded. A sanguinary fight ensued, but they poured upon us in swarms, and we were overpowerd. Enraged at our defence, and the loss of some of their best men, they threw us into irons, and treated us with the utmost barbarity. I received this slash across my head from a copper-gilled Spaniard of a lieutenant, who was for making us all walk the plank. He was a very devil, and eternally growling for our blood. The schooner was the British Privateer, Tiger, commanded by a villain who had been dismissed from the Royal navy. She was fitted out from the West Indies."

"But how did you escape?"

"This man," resumed De Berrian, looking gratefully at Peter, "was cook of the Atalanta. When she was taken, he pretended to be mad with joy at his deliverance from slavery, though he is free. The British were taken in, and so was Peter, for they shipped him at once, and messed him with the prize guard. Peter had conceived a lasting friendship for me; I saw him as often as caution justified, and he swore to assist us all at the first opportunity. My friend the Spaniard, Juan De Alva, was prize-master of the Atalanta, though the Tiger still kept company. My wound, which had never been dressed, became excessively painful, and at times I was delirious. At the intercession of a humane officer my irons were taken off, and I was allowed for an hour or so to come on deck. The cursed Spaniard took these occasions to treat me with the basest indignity. He never forgave me for a gash I gave him in the bloody fray of our capture, which spoiled his prided moustache forever. Often I would have snatched a pike and pinned him to the deck, but a moment's thought, or a look from Peter, restrained me.

"Two nights ago we were close in shore. The night was dark, and a light land breeze was springing up. I had been on deck some time, watching several lights scarcely discernible on the coast. The watch were half asleep, and Juan was below drunk and ill-humored. Peter came to me carelessly whistling; as he passed he whispered in my ear to go over the side and clamber aft, if I would escape with him; he said we could get off in the yawl and reach shore before morning, as he knew the coast perfectly well. Trembling with hope, I did as he directed, unobserved by a single soul. I had reached the bow of the yawl, when I heard a short cough, as of one being choked—it was the man at the wheel, whom Peter had gagged and bound. He quickly lashed the wheel, and lowered the yawl, without noise, till the keel almost touched the water, and then belayed.

"'On deck there!' halloed the gruff Spaniard.

"'Aye !aye!' answered Peter, in a feigned voice.

"I thought we were gone. It was a terrible moment. The next thing was a startled 'Jesu Maria,' from the companion way—then a stunning blow, and the grating of the hatch as it was fastened down. Peter threw himself over the taffrail, and we swung ourselves into the yawl. Hooking his feet under the stern sheets he caught the tackle alone and lifted the stern so that I could cast loose. With a powerful effort of strength he held on and I cut away the forward fall, till but a few strands supported us. 'Let fall,' I whispered, as I severed them at a stroke, and instantly with a splash that nearly capsized us, we found ourselves a hundred yards from the ship.

"In less than a quarter of an hour, we heard a shout from the Atalanta. Lights were run up, and answered instantly from the Tiger, that was sailing on her lee. Presently we distinguished shouts from several boats rowing swiftly in different directions, they seemed at length to converge to a point—that point was ourselves. They separated again, and we rowed like Turks, for the chances were in our favor. We listened for a moment—but one boat was in hearing, and the long sweep of her oars was plainly distinct, for she was coming right upon us. I now thought the game was up, but Peter cooly drew in the oars, and lashed them fore and aft, on the seats. Directing me to look out, he dipped the gunwale under a wave, and the yawl filled. We held on with our heads just out of the water. The short and active clang of the pursuing boat grew fearfully near. She passed within pistol shot; and the men rested on their oars to listen; by the gleam of a dark lantern which he frequently flashed across the water, I saw the fiendish countenance of Juan De Alva. The Spaniard yelled a bloody oath, which was chorused by all hands—the boat shot off in another direction—and we saw them no more. Peter, chuckling to himself, bailed out the yawl with his cap, and we pulled again for the shore. The wind, however, freshened, and we were obliged to stand before it. By day neither ship nor shore was to be seen. Last night we encountered a heavy gale, and expected every moment to be lost. Thank heaven, we are here."

"The Tiger—from the West Indies?"—half-mused Captain Parole.

"Yes," answered De Berrian, "but this deserter can give you more information than I."

"Dat him dam name," said Peter, "him tuck many vessels—hab plenty cash, massa—'sprised one French schooner last thing 'fore us—hab ossifers in 'um hold now—treats 'um wery bad."

"And what is his force, you black traitor?"

"Him totes 'leven guns, and a hundred and large odd men. Call me traitor, massa! Traitor like to go back again wid present company—ha—ha."

"Well, my fine sea minck," laughed the captain, "we will solicit an interview, and restore you to your honor, and your flag."

CHAPTER V.

THE INTERVIEW.

Samuel Parole, the bold commander of the Sea-Gull, was a tawny fine looking man, with a fierce moustache, short black tuft, and a dare-devil eye. That eye swept the blue ocean at a glance, and, disappointed, hid its impatience in a frown; but when it caught the coming sail its gleam of joy was dark and stealthy as the crouching search of the tigress. His frame was built with the manliness of a statue, and the bounding activity of an Arab steed. Captain Parole was a daring tactician, a stern commander; and a better swordsman never crimsoned steel. Beloved, or rather adored, by officers and crew, but one mind and purpose ruled the brig, and a braver command never spread canvas on the sea. Parole was a man eminently gifted by nature. He might have shone the sun of the council hall, and won the huzzas of a grateful people. Bland and strangely winning in his manners, he could have moved the grace and delight of polished society, the noble votary of woman. Yet she never swayed his heart, glory never dazzled his eye; for the first and darling passion of his soul was revenge. Once, indeed, his young bosom thrilled to the impulses of love and ambition; but, in a single hour, he was changed from a happy, dreaming boy, to a dark and revengeful man. The story of that change is one of the shameful many that blot the historic page.

On one of those quiet and beautiful streams that steal away from the bosom of the Chesapeake, enamored of vales and flowers, was an humble yet tasteful cottage, the birth place of Samuel Parole. The lad was sixteen years of age when his father was killed in a naval action in the revolutionary war. Weeping in his mother's arms, and pressing to his bosom a fond and lovely sister who had shared his cradle, the young Parole saw a British uniform at the door, and heard the oaths and insolence of marauders. A sickening scene of plunder and foul insult ensued. The mother was struck to the floor, and her blood streamed upon the sacred hearth, while her maddened son was held down by a minion's foot upon his neck. A tall giant of a soldier snatched a family watch from the sister's bosom, and caught her in his foul embrace. The poor girl seized a knife in her wild despair, when the coward felled her senseless by a blow on her cheek, and bore her from the room. The infuriated brother broke at last from his pursuers and fled to his sister's chamber. It was too late—the hellish deed was done, and the fiend was gone. The scream and embrace of the agonized lad recalled his sister to life and the bitter sense of dishonor. In an instant the resolve of the high-souled girl was made. She plunged the knife her grasp had never yet relaxed, into her breast, and her pure heart's blood deluged her brother's bosom.

For hours the young Parole was lurking around the track of the marauding band. At last, making a circuit of several miles, he secreted himself in a road-side thicket, and as the troop straggled past he singled out the tall murderer of his sister, and shot him through the heart. Fleet as the prairie deer he escaped, and enlisted at once in the continental ranks. Draughted in a corps of skirmishers, he became a fatal marksman, and never drew a trigger that an enemy fell not. When peace was declared he vowed enmity to the British till death should cut him down. That dark oath was terribly fulfilled.

Young Parole went to sea, and became captain of an American trader. When England took a hand in the dazzling game of the French Revolution, Parole disappeared, and for many long years his desolate mother mourned him as dead. At the declaration of the war of 1812 he came home, a sunburnt man, with a foreign air and strong French accent. He had served under the tri-colored flag, and passed unhurt through the tremendous battles of the Nile and Trafalgar. His fearful oath was yet unfulfilled.

The weather was glorious, and the Sea-Gull flew skimming over her gay blue home. On the morning after the rescue of De Berrian, she spoke an iron-hulled, taunt-masted yankee, who that night, had dodged a chase in the shape of a large thief-stealing schooner, that sailed like a witch in the eye of the wind. The chase was convoying a ship, and Jonathan guessed her to be "a tarnation privateer, no offence to the cloth." The adventurous son of cider and ginger-bread held his course untroubled by a fear, while the Sea-Gull wore to the southward, and ploughed the foam under every rag of her canvas. There is usually sharp fighting when two privateers of different flags come across each other. They often have immense quantities of specie, and the rarest spoils of every clime. For this reason, aside from national animosity, an action between them is of the bloodiest nature. Many such dreadful fights have crimsoned leagues of the ocean that are hardly heard of on shore. In the stir of greater events the historian knows not, or fails to record them, and they sleep in the graves of their actors.

Noon wasted into crimson evening. It was the 25th of November, 1812. The Sea-Gull was bowling down a dozen leagues off the Brazils, in latitude 10° south. The sun set at last with a frown behind the fleecy edge of a bank of clouds. The look-out thought he saw the glimmer of a sail as the last glow went out in the west, but he could make nothing of it. Captain Parole glanced around for a moment, musingly paced the deck, and went below, desiring the officer of the watch to call him at any change of weather. An hour passed, and it was fast growing into a dismal night. The moaning easterly wind still hung on; the far clouds in ambush to the northwest, peeped wearily over the verge of the sea, and then came rolling on in sullen gloom like the funeral pageant of some spirit of darkness. One by one the twinkling stars were wrathfully put out, till a small clear space no bigger than a mainsail was left uncovered, away down to the south and east. The sea was black, muttering, and hideous; an oppressive silence reigned through the brig. The usual song and laugh were hushed. Sometimes a large dark wave would rear up alongside, and sprawl away in a shower of sparks, and one might fancy he saw a skeleton ghost of the shipwrecked, rising in a shroud of fire. The fitful wind was now hurried like the swelling wail of an Eolian harp, then it fell with a rustle as of passing wings; and the footfall of the watch, the creaking of the wheel, or a sharp flap aloft, as if some winged messenger of gloom had ran afoul, alone kept silence awake.

It was near midnight, when the binnacle light faintly told its whereabout, that a forecastle coterie were listening mutely to a yarn of bloody interest. At the tragic *dénouement* the superstitious Peter leaped from the circle, unable to stand any more, and leaned upon the weather waist. Something between a groan and a laugh escaped him, and he started aghast, for it was mysteriously answered. He listened for a dubious moment, when a stealthy "Hard alee!" was whispered in his larboad ear, and he heard an abrupt dashing of waves and the heavy boom of filling canvas.

"Sail to windward!" he lustily sung, at the same moment that a tall spectral mass of spars and rigging loomed out of the darkness jam abeam. There was a cry and bustle on the Sea-Gull's deck, but it was drowned in a tremendous crash, as the cut-water of the strange sail stove in the quarter waist, and her flying-jib-boom became entangled in the fore-shrouds.

Quick as lightning, a band of armed men were jumping aboard, when at the instant a wave leaped up between the vessels, dashing them apart like the arms of a strong man, and leaving the wreck of the jib-boom dangling overboard. A plunge or two, and a gurgling shriek, told that some had sprung too late, and fallen short. The boarders quailed at that appalling cry—victory was yet in their grasp;—to have locked the hatches and mastered the watch would have been the work of a moment, but that precious moment was lost in hesitation. There they stood—few and awed on that narrow deck—their own vessel gone ahead, and the drowning yell of their comrades ringing in their ears. It was only for an instant. The astonished crew of the Sea-Gull threw themselves on deck at the fierce commands of their leader, to be attacked by an enemy scarcely twenty in number. That bloody fray was over in a moment. Scorning the call to surrender, the foiled and maddened boarders were cut down to a man, hardly knowing whether by friends or enemies.

"Short and sweet"—tauntingly laughed the dark captain—"they are British hounds, I see—but where did they come from?"

"From the Tiger," exultingly answered De Berrian, from the deck, as he unlocked the death-clasp of a fallen foe, and stood upon his feet.

"Ha!" shouted Parole, "how do you know?"

"Here is my friend, Juan De Alva," replied De Berrian, lifting the huge limber corpse by the open bosom of the shirt, and showing the savage moustached face of the Spaniard—"a prosperous cruise to Port Brimstone," he added; and the dead was plunged heavily overboard.

A shout now arose—there was no answer; and the darkness was so intense that the mysterious assailant could no where be seen.

"Beat to quarters," ordered the captain—"run out the cannonades there—clear away the long gun!"

Hardly had he spoken, when a broadside from the lurking enemy came crashing through the rigging. The blaze of her guns lighted for a lurid moment the tall fleet-looking Tiger, covered with British colors. She was luffing on the starboard bow. The Sea-Gull fell to leeward, returning a raking fire. Again the Tiger opened, and the cannonade was instantly rapid and furious on both sides. Firing by the momentary flash of their guns, but little damage was sustained. Captain Parole's blood was up; he gave the order to haul to windward, and lay alongside. The Sea-Gull answered not her helm, for it was suddenly and awfully calm. The buoyant brig rocked helplessly on the dead-swells, and the airless sails flapped without life on the creaking spars.

The warning of that calm was not to be mistaken. By mutual consent, the enemies left their guns. Captain Parole looked around the sky for a moment, ordered every sail to be taken in, and even the top-masts and lighter spars to be housed. Many young sailors started at these orders, for they foretold a struggle with a fiercer enemy than man.

"Bear a hand, my lads,"—commanded the cool and inflexible captain—"we have plenty of sea room, and the Sea-Gull is at home in a hurricane. When it is over she will feed on the carcass of the Tiger."

"Well, eh!" ejaculated Peter, as he reached the yard-arm; "can't see nothin—Tiger don't shine him eyes dis night. Hab saw many dark night fore dis, but dis do take de shine off 'em all!"

"Avast there cokum hide," roared a seaman—"the old port admiral of the Styx has piped a court martial to overhaul you for that desertion. D'ye see that hell of a cloud yonder?—why that's the constable and his gang coming after you. Halloo, there goes a blue-light."

It was a glimmer of lightning that dimly traced the rigging around them; a far lurid flash like damp powder straggled away on the grim ocean's edge—then another, nearer and brighter, flared up through an embattled array of ponderous clouds. The signal was instantly answered from the whole line of the horizon, till the sky was sheeted far and near like the burning of a city under a pall of funeral smoke. The dread army was in motion on its path of death—the thunder came rumbling with a distant tramp like the cumbersome rattle of artillery. Every thing aleft was snug. Captain Parole took the wheel, and ordered the standing jib to be half hoisted, and the men to stand by with the down-haul. It was done, and then the enemies were reeling and dipping their yard-arms within musket shot of each other: their crowded decks, grim cannon, painted masts, and copper bottoms glancing in the vivid lightning. A mass of ragged skirmishing clouds flew overhead, and next came the vast opaque body, shooting up in tremendous pillars, and whirling grandly along. The stunning howl of the storm was terribly distinct. All was blaze and deafening bursts—the sea was levelled into a foaming plain, for the tornado's path was but a quarter of a mile distant.

"Down jib!" thundered the American captain, when the first mad puff twirled the brig safely before the gale. More terrific than the earthquake's ago-pent fury was the burst that followed.

The Sea-Gull trembled from topmast to keel, and bounded away like the fawn starting from the ravine's brink. The wind screamed its shrillest note, and the zigzag glare of the lightning ran down the reeking shrouds, and hissed upon the spray. Immense sheets of spray whirled above in a race with sweeping clouds, and fell conquered on the buried vessel. Torrents of rain hurtled upon the decks, and towering foam-cliffs sprung unseen astern and broke impetuously over her—but the Sea-Gull rose again and shook her dripping pinions unharmed.

With a hand of iron, her captain bore upon the helm; his cap was blown away, and his heavy hair parted over the forehead and streamed flat upon his cheeks. His eye was lit with that strange excitement that finds companionship in the terrible. Fearless and exulting, the commander pointed over the quarter, and there, at a cable length, the Tiger was bursting from a shroud of foam like the dead of the ocean at the last day. Her large white topsail was rent in ribbands from the yards, and playing with the lightning's blaze. She bore herself gallantly through, and strode away in defiance. Faster than the fleetest wave the enemies scudded side-by-side. It was a terrific moment; yet strange to say, fierce passions were *there* at work. At one of the frightful pauses of the hurricane, the privateers exchanged broadsides. The deluging rain had ceased as suddenly as it came, and for an hour they fired at every chance, the lightning showing the mark. The furious wind at length somewhat abated, and the thirsting enemies bore up a point to close, and end the combat by the bloody method of boarding. The waves were short and tremendous, and the guns could not be worked. It seemed a reckless attempt to lay alongside; but the only fear of either was that the other might escape.

Captain Parole called his ready men around him. He stood by the wheel, dressed in a shining boarding cap, light pumps, close fitting shirt, and trowsers girded very low in the waist with a sabre belt, in which were thrust two pair of long, glittering pistols. He drew a large and splendidly mounted sabre, which he stuck quivering in the deck beside him; his right hand fell upon the hilt, and his full chest swelled as he cast a flashing glance on that dark array. "Men," he spoke in a voice of deepest volume, "there are graves in the sand for some of us; our foes are as eager as we—I lead the boarders—I want fifteen or twenty men for a post of honor."

With a thrilling cheer the number was instantly made up, and the second lieutenant, a youth of fire, stood at their head.

"Away to the fore-top," proudly continued the captain, "and spring into their rigging when we grapple. When I shout 'Ironsides,' drop to the deck, and receive the arms of the prisoners, or busy me in the ocean."

The men bounded away to their perilous duty. The heavy armed boarders stood close and eager, and the hostile vessels were rapidly closing. It was a scene of sublime and fearful interest. "Ready there, gunners," was the cry as their yard-arms cracked together, and each shot forth a last and deadly broadside. On the next wave, the Sea-Gull and the Tiger grappled fore and aft.

With a bound and shout, Captain Parole touched the Tiger's deck amidships, followed by about forty of his crew. They stood for a moment on the open main deck between two dark bodies of men, who were about to board the Sea-Gull fore and aft at once. A rank of musquetry forward wheeled and fired with their gleaming barrels thrust into the faces of the boarders; the murderous discharge flung many to the deck, and the flash revealed a strong body of men behind, wedged together, and grim with steel. Captain Parole loudly cheered and fired a shot, when the Americans saw the mass of men behind bursting through the opened ranks of the now useless musquetry, sabre in hand. They were led by a whiskered giant in a captain's uniform. At the same fierce whoop and bound the foes met like whirlwinds; as each American crossed steel with his man he thrust a pistol to his throat and fired—they were clashing with the second rank.

"Away there, boarders!" shouted the British leader to the corps on the quarter-deck—"board! board! and the game is up!—leave us to do the honors to these rogues."

But the manœuvre was anticipated. The yelling Tigers were crouching for a spring, when the Sea-Gulls pounced upon them dozen after dozen, till there was hardly room to whirl a sabre on the slippery deck. In a moment the crowded schooner was an arena of the most desperate fighting—a hundred and fifty men were moving to and fro in that butchering work. When the ghastly lightning flared again, the thick blood was jetting and bubbling from the scuppers.

"*Ironsides!*" now thundered Parole, more hoarsely than the bellow of the storm.

"*Ironsides! We are coming! Hurrah!*" echoed the young and enthusiastic De Berrian from the quarter deck, as, with Peter forever by his side, he fought with a nervous and powerful arm. The stirring watchword rang again from around and aloft, answered terribly by the defying yell of the enemy. The battle swept on, darker, bloodier, yet the party in the rigging came not. They had been intercepted by a nest of Tigers on the same errand. Curses and the ringing of sabres—scattering shots, and often a dead body falling with a whirl in the struggle below, or plunging singly overboard, gave evidence of a savage fight aloft. Long, long, was that battle undecided. The screams of rage and pain sounding above the brawl of the tempest—the infernal gloom, and ever and anon the blueish glare of lightning, or the white flash of fire-arms, disclosing hideously uplifted sabres, faces begrimmed and fierce, and bloody men locked, falling, stiffening in death, displayed a revel of fiends rather than a human fight.

Struggling abaft the forward hatch, and vainly contending with superior numbers, was the American leader and his band. The unheeded slain were cumbering the deck, yet no shout of victory rang over the din. Parole was in his element, and at every stroke of his terrible sabre he yelled the dark oath of his blighted youth.

"The wedge—the wedge—give them the wedge!" he shouted, leaping before his men as they ranged away in a triangular body behind him. "Well done my boys—drive on!" and, almost alone, he cleared a horrid path through the astonished ranks. Few men could follow him in that reckless feat. The mad captain turned when no enemy stood before him, and at once he saw the fatal error of his success. Part of his men were surrounded away amid the foe, and those that gathered beside him were panting and few. For the first time that strange man felt fear; yet when his tremendous voice shouted again, "Keep together my brave boys, and mow down to the gang, way," there was not a quiver in its tone. The work was impossible to all but him.

The British were furious and unshaken; in another moment all would be lost. In that agonising thought the American captain was fast losing self-command. The dying cries of his beloved men bereft him of reason; he was maddened, and the time for the prodigy of his valor had arrived. At once, as if the resistless lightning dwelt in his single arm, he bounded away, and fought with the headlong fury of a maniac.

"Clear the deck, or sink with the dogs in their kennel," he thundered, cleaving down a heavy Briton who sought to grasp with him. The taunt went alike to friend and foe; for, at once, from both sides, a sickening shout of "No quarter," rent the air. The tall British commander, in the hellish struggle that ensued, singled out the American, and the fire whizzed from their sabres.

"Dogs are we," muttered the Briton through his clenched teeth, "then thus we throttle midnight thieves."

"Dogs ye are!" roared the infuriated Parole, hurling a discharged pistol in the other's face, and, ere he could recover, the American swept his skull skimming overboard, and stamped on the prostrate body. Like a tortured fiend unbound, Parole now burst among the contending mass. Fighting in his frenzied might, an invisible power seemed to guard him. Pistols blazed in his face, and reeking sabres shivered over his head, yet he coursed without a scar.

It was a last and critical moment when a straggling body of Tigers came running forward, and a stirring hurrah of victory rang from the quarter deck. In the wild chorus, mingled the deep toned voice of De Berrian, cheering to the rescue of their captain and his followers. They were not a moment too soon, for Parole was singly engaged with a host, and the rest were surrounded, beaten, and falling at every blow. The impetuous victors hurled themselves upon the British rear, and then came the last dread struggle of war. It was the crisis—it was past; the vanquished and bleeding Britons threw down their sabres at the offer of quarter, only when they could not raise an unwounded arm.

And again that wild, screeching, unearthly yell of victory echoed over the dismal ocean. A fainter answer went up from the shrouds, and seven mutilated Americans staggered to the deck, and fell into the arms of their comrades. They were all that lived of the intrepid corps that were posted in the foretop. They came alone, which told the story of their bloody victory—their young lieutenant came not with them.

[To be continued.]

LAYS OF THE EARLY MARTYRS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

THE CHURCH'S LAMENT FOR ST. JOHN.

He hath gone to the place of his rest,
  He is safe in the home of his God;
And we who have loved him, forsaken, oppressed,
  Submissive would bow to the rod.
Though his accents can cheer us no more,
  His love yet may speak from the grave;
And thus on the broad wing of Faith may we soar
  To One who is mighty to save!

Our friend and our father we heard
  On earth, paint the glories of heaven;—
But now the lone church, like a wandering bird,
  To the home of the desert is driven.
Entranced on his visions we hung;
  Our hearts and our hopes were above;
For the words of Persuasion fell soft from his tongue,
  And the soul of his teaching was Love.

In vain the stern Tyrant assailed
  With threats of the dungeon or grave—
He spoke but the word, and the timid ne'er quailed,
  In pangs that had mastered the brave.
The babe hath endured, while its frame
  With the scourge and the torture was torn—
The maiden, the mother, in chariots of flame
  To glory triumphant were borne.

For what were thy terrors, O Death!
  And where was thy triumph, O Grave!
When the vest of pure white and the conquering wreath
  Were the prize of the scorned and the slave.
Oh! then to our Father was given,
  To read the bright visions on high;
He gave to our view the full glories of heaven;—
  We heard and we hastened to die!

Some died—they are with thee above—
  Some live—they lament for thee now—
But who would recall thee, blest Saint, from the love
  That circles with glory thy brow!
Long, long didst thou linger below,
  But the term of thy exile is o'er,
And praises shall mix with the tears that must flow
  From the eyes that behold thee no more.

Praise—praise—that thy trials are past!
  Joy—joy—that thy triumph is won!
The thrones are completed—for thine is the last
  Of the twelve that encircle the Son!
O Lord! shall the time not be yet
  When thy church shall be blessed and free!
Thou who canst not forsake, and who will not forget,
  Come quickly—or take us to Thee!

THE MARTYR TO HIS APOSTATE JUDGE.

No!—think not I could ever be
  False to my Saviour's honored name,
For aught that thou canst offer me—
  A little life—a little fame:—
'Twere weak indeed to lose for them
A never-fading diadem.

Thou hear'st my fixed resolve;—and now
  The guards—the rack—the flame prepare;
And count me weak and false as thou,
  If I fall back, or tremble there.
Go thou, thy bleeding Lord disown;
Be mine the faithful Martyr's crown.

Ay! thou may'st smile—but not in scorn,
  Proud minion of the despot's will;
Thy direst vengeance have I borne,
  And stand prepared to bear it still;
My pride, my triumph it shall be,
To die for Him who died for me.

And if one passing pang I feel,
  Deluded man! 'tis felt for thee;
I stand prepared the truth to seal,
  But what shall thy departing be?
Blest Saviour! Lord of earth and heaven,
Oh! be his sins—and mine—forgiven!

THE INFERNAL BOX.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

The story which follows is true in every particular, and can be supported, if necessary, by testimony of the most respectable character. The individual who therein plays the principal part has been variously distinguished. Men of fashion study his elegance of manner, and philosophers esteem his profound erudition. He is the nephew of that illustrious man and great orator, M. Royer Collard; but he is something more than the nephew of a great man—he is himself eminent for genius and acquirements; in a word, it is M. Hypolite Royer Collard, one of the most distinguished professors of the medical faculty of Paris, and at the same time, and by an anomaly purely Parisian, the most exquisite dandy that ever trod the Boulevard of Ghent.

My story, then, is matter of history, and having thus premised, I enter upon the subject. At the same time, let it be understood that I intend no attack upon the reputation or honor of M. Royer Collard. The mystification on which this narrative is founded, and of which he was the victim, was not aimed at the Professor, but at the Roué. My aim shall be the same.

THE INFERNAL BOX.

If Paris be the wonder of the world, the opera is the wonder of Paris. The opera is the essence of that society, which is in itself the extract of all other society.

One of the front boxes of the Parisian Eldorado has received a singular surname—that of the *Infernal Box*. Not because it is haunted by those tempting demons with angelic features, whose seductions have gained so many souls to Lucifer. No woman has ever entered the Infernal Box. The demons of this hell are good devils enough, who, in point of virtue, have hardly triumphed over any virtue but that of an opera nymph. These demons are by no means malicious. The Infernal Box is thus termed because in it they make *un bruit d'enfer*—literally, "a hell of a noise." For a considerable length of time it has been the rendezvous of a set of roystering blades, generally of high rank, who thus endeavor to continue in our own age the traditions of the Regency. The Don Juans of the Café Anglais, free livers of some renown, meet there of evenings, and assemble to display their chivalric graces and their folly.

The life of these men, and their manners, cause no little astonishment to a stranger who has not comprehended the object of this society, which, through a peculiarity which it were easy to explain, carefully conceals its good qualities, in order to display with ostentation its bad ones. Pure coquetry! for beneath this apparent frivolity there exists an incontestible superiority, and even a real and bitter sadness.

To behold the occupants of the Infernal Box assume a rudeness almost disgusting, and point their opera glasses with insolent effrontery at the features and dress of the ladies—to hear their shouts of laughter whilst every one else is silent—this, I say, would excite in a stranger mingled feelings of pity and indignation. He would take these men to be some of those illustrious nullities, who promenade their uselessness, their idleness, and their yellow gloves, from the wood of Boulogne to Frascati and the opera. But pity would ere long give place to astonishment. In fact, these dandies are men. After Byron and Pelham, their masters and models, they have made of folly a system and a mode of life.

Who form this society at the present day, I know not; but at the time of my history, (a year previous to the revolution of July,) the infernal phalanx was composed of men who have since become celebrated under various titles. Carlé and Ditmer, the witty authors of "Soirées de Neuilly," were of the party. Mignet, the historian, was one of the faithful. Remieu, the king of good livers, who is now changed into a magistrate, and thunders against the "excesses of our evil passions," he who was one evening found dead drunk at a corner, surmounted by two lamps with the following

inscription, "carriages do not pass here,"—this Romieu, who in days of yore caused so much chagrin to municipal authorities, and so many sleepless nights to prefects of police—Romieu, formerly the most joyous man, and the greatest mystificator in all France and Navarre, and at present, by a just recompense, the most mystified man in Christendom—this Romieu was a leader in the infernal band.

Montalivet, now minister, a man of racy spirit then, was the right hand of Romieu. Editors of the opposition, and they who espoused legitimacy, after having crossed pens in the morning, came in the evening to the Infernal Box, to a strife of wit and puns. (Puns were in fashion then.) Some aristocratic rakes, and finally, M. Hypolite Royer Collard, completed the sacred phalanx. All these men occupy, at this present day, with much talent, important and difficult posts: which proves that the hide of a graceless varlet, turned inside out, will make excellent stuff for a statesman.

M. Hypolite Royer Collard was the Don Juan of the society, and his manners conformed to this character.

One evening, a piece that drew all Paris was played at the opera. The house was full, and the Infernal Box in full complement. The infernals were in humor for wit and insolence. More than once their shameless bursts of laughter had disturbed the general emotion. The pit growled, the stalls murmured, the boxes were in agitation and whispered. Some young men in the galleries began to cast towards the Infernal Box menacing glances. The insurrection threatened to become general. But the infernals were accustomed to these storms, and prepared to make head against the impending one. Suddenly, there was a movement in the house. Two persons had just entered the only box which had remained empty. Every one has had occasion to remark the sensation which is experienced on seeing one box empty, whilst the rest of the house is full to overflow. Whoever then comes in to occupy the vacant place is sure to attract attention, at least for some moments. All eyes were immediately turned towards the new comers. One was a man, the other a very young woman, of great beauty. This incident, although of no unusual occurrence, sufficed to change the current of popular feeling. The opera-glasses of the Infernal Box were immediately levelled at the lady whose arrival had been so apropos, and nothing else was thought of but to obtain some information respecting her.

"I have never seen her before," says Romieu.

"Nor I," replied every one else in the box.

"It must be some pretty provincial, just arrived!"

"Pshaw! behold her elegance and grace! I will hold you Hypolite's horse against Talivet's tilbury, that this fair flower has opened in the Faubourg St. Germain! Is there a shape like that in the provinces?"

"Respect the departments! They improve daily, and I am acquainted with some women who have beautiful eyes and a very passable figure."

"Every man for himself. The viscount is about to begin the history of his love adventures!"

"Messieurs," observes the viscount, "I swear by the head of Romieu, that this woman does not belong to the noble Faubourg—probably I know her—she is decidedly, gentlemen, a rose of the province. Happy the man who may first breathe the delicious perfume."

"There's a beautiful poetical flower for you," cries Mignet; then turning to a young man elegantly dressed, he added, "put that into your book."

The young man addressed is a poet who makes adorable elegies, impressed with ineffable sadness, during the brief respites which he obtains from speculations on exchange, gambling, and opera girls. To read his productions, one would suppose him to be consumptive, and a lover of the pale rays of the moon. He is a Hercules, who leads the life of hell itself.

"For heaven's sake," replies he, "no poetry to-night! I feel gloomy yet with my last ode to melancholy."

"Is it possible," cries Romieu, "that people make odes to melancholy? 'Tis horrible, upon my soul! An ode to champagne might pass!"

"Champagne!" cries Mignet, "shame upon you! Champagne is naught but a chimera, a mere deception, fit only for pensioners!"

"Who blasphemes champagne?" demands Romieu, with a majestic air. "Apropos to champagne, I invite you to sup to-night with the viscount. Come, it is time—come, Mignet!"

"Well," says Mignet, rising with an air of resignation, "we must occasionally sacrifice to politeness."

As the company was departing, Romieu observed that Hypolite Royer Collard remained in the box.

"Come, Hypolite!" cries he.

"I am not with you this evening; I need all my senses!"

"And what the devil are you about to do?"

Hypolite leaned towards Romieu and whispered something in his ear.

"Gentlemen," cries Romieu, turning to the joyous band, "Hypolite has just poured his heart into mine! He is smitten with the fair unknown, and he must go to night to sing a romance beneath her chamber window. He wishes to know if some of you will lend him a guitar!"

"Don't be a child," cries the viscount; "come to supper! You will lose your time and your trouble!"

"Perhaps!"

"Will you bet?"

"I will!"

"A hundred louis!"

"Done!"

The two epicureans touched hands, and Romieu arranged the terms of the bet as if it were an ordinary one. For them, in fact, the stake was not very heavy—a hundred louis and a woman's honor!

"Remain, then," said Romieu, as he departed, "and recollect that you have fifteen days only!"

When the fair unknown, leaning on the arm of her escort, quitted the opera, she observed a man who made himself a path towards her through the crowd, and regarded her with passionate earnestness. Then she cast down her eyes, and dared no longer to look around. In going from the theatre to her hotel, it appeared to her also that a carriage followed her own. These two incidents troubled her a little, but she soon forgot them; and when she fell asleep, she dreamed neither of the opera, nor the stranger. The angels of dreams, during her repose, carried her, on their white wings, far from Paris, under the pure sky of her native town. But when she arose, all fresh and rosy, and ran to the window to breathe the fresh morning air, she perceived a man passing under the balcony, and recognized the stranger.

"Ah, my God!" cried she, "this gentleman has strange manners! I am afraid there would be a quarrel, or I would speak to my brother about it!"

Louise de ***** had as yet read no romances.

A LOVE-LETTER.

If there exist in Paris (this unjustly slandered city) much corruption, it is not that less virtue is found there than elsewhere; but it is that vice there knows how to be amiable, and how to encircle its enemy with snares often inevitable.

In Paris, exists a class of men who have made the art of seduction a perfect science. They attack a woman as a fortified place. They know precisely how many curves and parabolas their sighs must describe before firing the heart of their future conquest. Love is for them an algebraic equation, and their plan of attack is always graduated in proportion to the means of resistance.

And these men are more dangerous, inasmuch as their infamous calculations are not always the result of a frigid egotism. Commonly, they owe their experience to long suffering and numberless deceptions. By the wounds inflicted on their own hearts, they have learned to know the vulnerable points of the hearts which they attack. If pitiless, it is because they have not been pitied. They retaliate upon others the mortal blows which they have received. They not only seduce, they avenge themselves.

There exist, however, obstacles, against which all their science fails. And as famous fencers are generally killed by youngsters who know not how to hold a sword, thus all the experience of these famous seducers is set to nought and frustrated by the ignorance and simplicity of a school-girl.

About noon, Louise de ***** left the hotel, accompanied by her brother, and visiting the richest shops in Paris, there made numerous purchases. She observed that a man followed her at a distance, and stopped when she stopped. As often as she came out of a shop she hoped to be relieved from the impertinent pursuit of this stranger, but to her surprise, he still followed. Finally, she came to the celebrated shop of Susse; the crowd was great, and it behoved to wait a little. But what was her amazement when she perceived M. Hypolite Royer Collard (for it was he) approaching her in silence, pretending to examine the objects placed on the counter.

Louise de ***** held in her hand one of those bags which are called reticules. As she held it out to the clerk to have her purchase therein placed, Hypolite, who was near her, took the purchase from the hands of the clerk, and handed it to Louse de *****. All this was done in a very natural way. At this moment, the brother of the young girl returned, and cast upon Royer Collard a glance almost threatening.

This scene, so ordinary in appearance, was not however deficient in a certain degree of interest. Royer Collard turned about coolly, as if he had performed a simple act of politeness, yet, notwithstanding, in the packet which he handed to Louise de *****, he had slipped a letter. At this insolence, the young girl grew pale with indignation, but she had noticed her brother's glance, and dreading an explosion, the result of which might be terrible, she restrained herself. To return, or to destroy the letter was impossible; a scene would inevitably ensue. On that Hypolite had trusted. The young girl put up the package, at the same time casting upon Royer Collard a glance of contempt, which seemed to say, "I take your letter because I cannot do otherwise; but you are beneath notice."

"That is possible," replied Hypolite Royer Collard, in the same language; "nevertheless, you have received my letter!"

That evening, when Hypolite met the infernals, he replied to Romieu, who demanded news of his adventure—"The affair is in excellent train! I believe I shall win the bet—I have a superb plan there," added he, striking his forehead.

Unfortunately, Hypolite was unable to put his plan into effect, for he learned the next day that Louise de ***** and her brother had quitted Paris, and no one had been informed of their destination.

THE PLOT.

Some days after this event, a scene sufficiently singular occurred at Brest, in the saloon of Madame de *****, among some ladies who had met together. They were seven in number, and with the exception of one lady, no one was over twenty-five years of age. Tears are becoming to a woman, but I believe that laughter is still more so. These ladies, then, were laughing so heartily that tears actually came into their eyes. Sometimes a calm was gradually re-established; their features resumed for a few moments a gravity which endured but a short space. A demure smile, or a word spoken in a low voice, was the signal for renewed merriment. To look at them thus, these sprightly creatures were charming. One of them, a brunette, erect as the palm, a black-eyed beauty, seemed to take the lead in the general merriment. Twenty times had she attempted to enforce silence, and finish a sentence as many times commenced; in vain did this young girl essay to put on a serious visage; all that she could accomplish was to pout a little, which became her charmingly. At this moment a young man entered. On his appearance, the effort made to check the mirth only served to give it double force. At first he gazed in amazement, but the example was contagious, and he soon laughed more heartily than any. This lasted for more than a quarter of an hour.

"Ah, my God! how good it is to laugh!" cried one of the foolish creatures, as she wiped away the tears which came to her eyes.

"Cousin," said the young man, approaching the lady of whom we have already made mention, "there must be some mischief afoot, that you laugh so heartily! May I be made acquainted with the cause of so much gaiety?

"I give you a hundred guesses, Henry; I give you a thousand! Guess!"

"But you know very well, cousin, that I never guess a riddle!"

"Well! it is too ridiculous! Louise has a lover!"

"Certainly, a very extraordinary incident!" replied the young man, carelessly. "Whose head would she not turn? I make no allusion to myself—that would be awkward for a pretender—moreover, it is my profession," added he, putting his hand to his heart, and looking slily at Louise, who was blushing like the rose.

"Oh yes, certainly," said the cousin, who would not see the signs which Louise was making to her: "but this one is not a dying lover, to say the least. He goes straight ahead, and has already come to love letters!"

"Ah, indeed?" exclaimed the young man, with an emotion which he was unable to repress, and which caused new bursts of laughter.

Henry leaned majestically against the mantel, observing, "God forgive me, cousin, but I really must believe that you have lost your senses!"

"Don't stir!" exclaimed the young girl, "don't stir! you are superb in that position! You resemble precisely the portrait of Tony Johannot!"

"But what letter is this? and who is this man?" demanded Henry, impatiently.

"None of your business, my little cousin; we have our own secrets! Nevertheless, if you promise me something, I will give you the letter, with the signature."

"Whatever you please."

"You hear him, ladies! Well, I demand that you play Boston for the space of eight days with our good aunt Beaupré!"

"Oh, my God!" cried Henry, in alarm. "Nevertheless," resumed he, working up his courage by degrees, "I will play Boston—I will play Loto, if necessary—I will make riddles—I resign myself in all things: but, for God's sake, give me the letter!"

The cousin took the letter from her bosom. "There it is!" said she.

The young man stepped forward to seize it.

"One moment, cousin! I have yet to impose another condition."

"No more conditions; Boston is enough!" cried Henry, pursuing his cousin, who ran across the room, but was soon caught.

Henry opened the letter with some agitation. Affecting gaiety, he did not the less feel that his heart was beating with unusual force. "H. Royer Collard," exclaimed he, perceiving the signature, then he turned to Louise, and inquired how the letter had come into her possession. The cousin,

Can any sceptic read this simple mausoleum inscription without being forced to the conviction that the soul of her, of whom it is commemorative, survives the body.

This Monument is dedicated to the Memory of
a beloved daughter,
MARY BLAINE W——,
who died
on the 8th day of January, A. D., 1836.
aged 15 years.

They that have seen thy look in death,
No more need fear to die.

An infinitely just and all-wise God would not have taken from earth one so young, so "beloved," had it not been to invest her with a crown of immortality.

Mary died as dies the christian. I saw her but once—she was a lovely girl, but the flushed cheek and sunken eye told too truly that she was consumption's victim. Treacherous disease! that never permits the sufferer to doubt a restoration to health till the hour of dissolution is just at hand. To Mary,

"Hope told a flattering tale,"

and she thought not that she would die, until her wasted form was laid upon the couch of death, and *then* she felt that her spirit must ere long depart. A little while, and her sarcophagus was borne to this home of the dead.

On the day after her burial—a cold, wintry day—I sat upon a grave-stone near her tomb, and with a pencil traced, in "homely phrase," upon the attrite marble this

DIRGE,

SUGGESTED BY MARY'S DEATH.

Her voice is hushed; no more is seen
The loved one decked in beauty's bloom;
Come sorrow, in thy saddest mein,
And chant a requiem o'er her tomb.
Ye wintry winds blow softly by
The sacred spot where Mary sleeps;
Where sable sadness breathes her sigh,
And gloomy grief her vigil keeps.

The spotless, peerless, guiltless one,
Who ne'er on vice's threshold trod;
Whose earthly course had scarce begun,
Now, lifeless, moulders 'neath the clod.
The guileless heart that yet had learned
To wear the garb of truth alone—
And every baneful folly spurned,
The turgid earth-worm claims its own.

Successive years may glide away;
Oblivion tarnish memory's page—
But Mary's name shall not decay
Whilst one who knew her treads life's stage.
And when the last of those shall leave
This terrene world, who knew her well,
Let none presume the name to breathe
Of her whose worth they cannot tell.

Come, let us round her hallowed shrine,
O'erspread with garb of sombre gloom—
A wreath of peaceful cypress twine,
And plant with evergreens her tomb.

When spring-time bids the red-breast come,
And o'er her pour his mournful lay;
Wild roses then, of sweet perfume,
We'll gather from the dew-dipt spray.

At close of the departing day,
Their leaves, on Mary's grave, will spread;
And garlands, woven of flow'rets gay,
We'll scatter o'er the slumb'ring dead.
Ye breezes bleak blow softly by
The sacred spot where Mary sleeps;
Where sable sadness breathes her sigh,
And gloomy grief her vigil keeps.

The mother who dedicated a monument "to the memory of a beloved daughter," planted roses and evergreens around the tomb of her lost one: but they are now neglected. There is no hand to nurture them; for that mother, too, has gone to the home of the blessed. Beneath yon tall, frondiferous locust, through whose topmost boughs the morning sunbeams are just now beginning to peer, is she laid. Her grave is but one of the many scattered around me, upon which the grass has not yet grown. Whose obsequies shall next be here celebrated? Perchance mine. Be it so. In yonder unfrequented nook, where the sexton's spade has never yet disturbed the sod, would I be interred.

S. D. A.

Carlisle, Pa., 1839.

THE DYING WIFE.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

Part we at last, beloved!
'Tis but the harvest time of life—but we,
Where once our footsteps roved
No more together in our joy shall be.

Methinks I see thee stand
By the deserted hearth, all sad and lone,
Grasping a shadowy hand,
Or peopling air with my low voice's tone.

I hear thy gentle sigh,
When some pale flower, which I had fondly nurst,
Brings to thy pensive eye
Those vanish'd scenes where we had wander'd first.

I mark thy pale, pale cheek,
When some fond kindred voice within thine ear
Shall of me kindly speak,
Calling from thy heart's depths a tribute tear.

Yes, thou wilt sadly weep,
know thou wilt, when I have gone to rest;
And, o'er my dreamless sleep,
Pour the low wailing of an aching breast.

Oh! mine own love, and true,
Thou know'st how long my heart-strings round thee clung;
How, year by year, they drew
Closer the loving chords on which they hung.

But we are parting now;
The links give way, the mighty charm is riven;
Death, from my darken'd brow,
Shuts out thy gentle love—my earthly Heaven.

Yes, dearest, I depart,
I feel thy warm breath o'er my wan cheek stray;
I hear thy throbbing heart,
And yet, oh! ruthless death, I must not stay.

Thou'rt fading from my sight,
And low, soft tones, in music round me swell;
Earth is a world of night,
And I am going hence—farewell. farewell.

SKETCHES FROM

THE LOG OF OLD IRONSIDES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD IRONSIDES OFF A LEE SHORE."

Your glorious standard launch again,
To meet another foe!—*Camp.*

BEARDING THE BEY.

In May, 1805, commodore Barron returned to the United States in ill health, leaving commodore Rodgers in the Mediterranean, in command of the largest American squadron ever known.

Commodore Rodgers immediately hoisted his flag on board the Constitution, and shortly afterwards, as the echo of the evening gun at the Valetta died along the shores of Malta, the fleet got under weigh, and stood over towards the African coast. It was on the eighth day after their departure when the squadron made cape Carthage, and on the ninth, at sunrise, anchored in the roads of Goletta. Before the gallant frigates lay the city of Tunis, the abode of happiness, and the fountain spring of jackasses and orange water. The signal for the consul to come on board was immediately made, and on the following day he repaired on board the Constitution, and gave the commodore a detailed account of his fruitless conferences with Hamouda Bey. A council of war was then called, at which Col. Lear, the consul-general, assisted, which resulted in the determination to bombard the town in the course of thirty-six hours, if a favorable answer was not returned to commodore Rodgers' letter demanding satisfaction.

Previous to the arrival of the squadron, the Bey had called the American consul to his presence, and, before the assembled divan, demanded the release of a Tunisian Xebec and her two prizes which had been captured by the Constitution for attempting to violate the blockade of Tripoli. The consul assured him that they would not be released, and the Bey, with a frown, threatened a declaration of war. He accordingly wrote a letter to commodore Rodgers, and in answer received a visit from his fleet as before stated. The Bey, up to the very day of the appearance of the squadron, had assumed a lofty tone of menace, and while his guards surrounded the consul with their drawn scimetars and slackened bowstrings, addressed him as follows:

"Ask any of the christian consuls in this regency if Hamouda Bashaw has ever received such an insult from their government? The President of the United States must know that my father and grandfather have sat on the throne and ruled a kingdom. He shall learn from me that Hamouda is not yet dead; and every crowned head in Europe shall approve the eternal continuance of that war which you seem resolved to force me into—for I solemnly pledge myself, that if war is the result, never, while I have a soldier to fire a gun, will I accord peace. You may form some idea of my character from the difficulty you had to negociate a peace, because you weakly permitted the Dey of Algiers to interfere. You may also learn my conduct to the Venitians, who rashly forced me into a war; and if I am doomed to engage in another, it shall be continued to the last hour of my existence. I frankly tell you that the famine in my country has prevented my declaring war against you, in order that I might convince my subjects that their miseries should not be increased, unless I was forced thereto. Without such a motive, you certainly never would have been asked the reason why you captured my vessels; but that just motive to a protraction of our difficulties, must be sacrificed to those considerations which I owe myself and all Europe. You are the first power which has ever captured a Tunisian cruizer in full peace, on any pretext whatever. You are the first that has ever offered unprovoked insults to Hamouda Bashaw, who has ruled a kingdom for twenty-seven years, and been respected by all the world as a sovereign. If I were tamely to submit to such acts of outrage, what should I expect from nations far more powerful than yourselves? You have seen what has been accorded me by Spain, Sweden, and Denmark, whose local situation and maritime force must render them more formidable enemies than the United States. Abstracted from this, the measures pursued are such as do not permit me to enter into any negotiation. Your admirals have

done me great and repeated injuries, for the last of which my political existence forces me to insist on a proper reparation."

At this moment a heavy cannon awoke the echoes of the palace, and, breathless with running, a Janizary entered the presence chamber.

"Ha, Selim," said the Bey, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity, "comes there a war ship from Stamboul?"

"Nay, most illustrious and magnificent prince, the christian dogs have entered the abode of happiness."

"By my grandfather's beard," said the Bey—for he could swear like a christian—"come they with their single frigate to beard Hamouda!—let them retreat in time. Consul! go to your admiral, and bid him not let the morning sun shine upon him by the '*Garden of the World*,' or his head shall answer for his temerity."

At this moment another Janisary came with the astounding news that the largest fleet ever before Tunis had anchored in the harbor, and that the signal for the "consul Americana" fluttered at the fore of the admiral. Hamouda Bey lost his tone of defiance in a moment. "Consul," said he, "remember me kindly to your admiral"—and, clapping his hands, broke up the divan.

The next morning captain Decatur was directed by the commodore to proceed to Tunis, and cooperate with the consul in obtaining from the Bey an unequivocal and satisfactory guarantee for the faithful observance of peace. The Bey, still excited, refused to receive captain Decatur in this character; and the captain, in his usual spirited manner, "refused visiting him on any other terms;" and left Tunis to return to the squadron, and report the result of his mission. As soon as the Bey heard of his departure, he manifested great concern. His royal breast appeared to be panic-struck, and he despatched a messenger with a conciliatory letter with such expedition that it "was received on board the Constitution before captain Decatur came alongside."

The next day a treaty was concluded between the most magnificent prince and the United States; and the Congress, having received on board a Tunisian ambassador, the Constitution, followed by the squadron, got under weigh, and stood out of the harbor.

As they passed the island of Goletta, the old frigate caught a glimpse of the American flag floating proudly in the breeze, and hoisted an ensign at the fore—then, as if by one simultaneous impulse, the star spangled banner ascended to the fore of every vessel in the squadron, and upwards of two hundred cannon woke their thunder-notes, while two thousand five hundred men raised the loud huzza.

A faint echo came back upon the dying land-breeze, and "the abode of happiness" was lost from view.

CRUIZE OFF TEXEL, AND DOWN THE CHANNEL.

We hear nothing more of the old frigate until the close of the year 1811, when, under the command of captain Isaac Hull, she left the United States for Holland, having on board specie for the payment of the interest of the national debt. It was a wild night when she hove too off the Texel, and landed her rich freight; and as her last boat left her, the English cruizers were seen hovering in the distance, and the seaman's halloo rang far over the stormy waters.

At length the delicate affair was finished, and she bore up for Plymouth, where she arrived after a boisterous passage. Here the spirit of impressment again reared its agitating form. While lying at anchor in the roads, a man jumped overboard, and swam with the tide to the British frigate Madagascar, which vessel lay astern of the Constitution. The deserter was too much exhausted when first taken up to state his object, and the Englishman sent a boat to acquaint the commander of the Constitution that one of his men had been picked up by that ship while in a drowning condition. In the morning a cutter was sent from the Constitution to procure the man, but, upon reaching the Madagascar, the officer was informed that the man had claimed protection as an Englishman, and that he had been sent on board the guard ship.

In the absence of captain Hull, Mr. Morris, the first lieutenant of the Constitution, sought an interview with sir Roger Curtis, the port admiral, and claimed the deserter. The admiral informed Mr. Morris that it was not in his power to give up a *deserter who claimed to be a British subject*. Mr. Morris asked the admiral if he had any evidence except the man's own word to satisfy him that he was an Englishman.

"None whatever sir," said the swallow-tailed admiral; "but we are obliged to believe him."

The officer therefore returned on board his ship empty-handed.

That night, as the evening gun died away over the silent waters, the Constitution's crew were mustered, and after a minute inspection, the watch was set, and extra sentinels posted, with positive orders to fire at any thing that might be seen floating near the ship. About midnight all hands were roused by the hail of the sentinel, and the discharge of three muskets—and on inquiry, it was found that there was a man in the water close alongside. A boat was immediately lowered, and,

upon its return, brought on board a seaman of the Madagascar's, who had contrived to buoy himself up on some shells of blocks, and profiting by a turn of the tide, to drift down to the Constitution. This man was asked what countryman he was, and he answered in a strong Irish accent, "An American, your honor." He was sent below, with orders to take good care of him.

The next day the deserter was inquired after by the British commander, and it was intimated that as he had *declared himself an American* he could not be given up. It is believed, however, that no formal demand was made for the Irishman, though it was rumoured on shore that there would be trouble when the Constitution attempted to go to sea, as it was known that she was about to do that night.

In the course of the day two frigates came and anchored near her; when, disliking his birth, the American commanding officer got under weigh, and dropped out about a mile to seaward. So close were the British ships at the time, that the pilot expressed his apprehension of getting foul of one of them—and he was told to go foul if he could do no better. By careful handling, however, the ship went clear. A frigate followed the Constitution to her new anchorage. About 8 o'clock, captain Hull, who was now on board, ordered the ship cleared for action. The battle-lanterns were lighted fore and aft, and the crew went to their quarters by beat of drum. It is not easy to portray the enthusiasm that existed in this noble ship; every officer and man on board believing that the affair of the Chesapeake was about to be repeated—so far, at least, as the assault was concerned. The manner in which the men took hold of the gun-tackles has been described as if they were about to jerk the guns through the ship's sides. An officer, who was passing through the batteries, observed to the men that if there was an occasion to fight, it would be in their quarrel, and that he expected good service from them.

"Let the quarter-deck look out for the colors, and we will look out for the guns," was the answer.

In short, it was not possible for a ship's company to be in a better humor to defend the honor of the flag, when the drum beat the retreat, and the boatswain piped the men to the capstan bars. Home came the yielding anchor to the tune of Yankee Doodle—and the ship, casting to starboard, stood over to the French coast without a follower. Were the English frigates satisfied that the lion might be humbled in a single-handed attack with the gallant frigate? Perchance the echo of the tune that drowned the wailing of the dying soldiers at Bunker Hill, was still familiar to their ears. Be this as it may, the noble stranger was permitted to bid the cliffs of Dover good night alone.

The next day, while beating across the channel, several sail of English men-of-war were seen in chase, and it was the impression on board the American ship that the vessels were sent in pursuit. The Constitution, however, outsailed all the strangers but one, a frigate, that weathered upon her. After leading this ship a long distance ahead of the others, captain Hull hove to, beat to quarters, and, beneath the flag that was so soon to wave in glory above her quarter-deck, awaited to know the stranger's object. It *unfortunately* proved amicable. On reaching the entrance of the port of Cherbourg, the English vessel kept close to the American frigate—and while the latter was turning into the roads, with a fresh breeze and thick weather, bore up also. The private signal agreed upon before the Constitution left France, however, was not made, and the battery fired a gun. The shot struck the Constitution in the bends. It was followed by a second, that flew between the masts. A third past through the hammock nettings, and stove one of the boats over the main hatch. The steadiness of the frigate now induced the French to pause; and an opportunity offering soon after to display the signal, the Constitution glided into port, while the English frigate hauled her wind, and made the best of her way to join the channel fleet. In this brush, a midshipman of the Constitution was killed by the wind of a shot. Thus did this old cruizer dash along the English channel, bandy words, and give tit for tat to the British admiral beneath his thousand guns, and then return to the United States to fire the first gun in the second war with the mistress of the sea.*

THE CHASE.

On the 12th of July, 1812, the frigate Constitution, under her former commander, captain Hull, having, on her return from Europe, shipped a new crew, sailed from Annapolis on a cruize to the northward. On the 17th of July—on a Friday, be it remembered—while out of sight of land, though at no great distance from the coast, with a light breeze from the N. E., and under easy canvas, she made four sail to the northward, heading westward. At 3, P. M., while captain Hull and his officers were at dinner, the midshipman of the watch came down and reported that a squadron of men-of-war was in sight.

"Mr. Morris beat to quarters," said the gallant commodore, as he repaired to his state-room to put on the symbols of his rank.

* I have taken Cooper's note to his Naval History, as my guide in this chapter.

"Aye, aye, sir"—and a wave of the hand, was all the reply that was made; and soon the decks of the Constitution were in battle array.

This was but five years after the one-sided action between the Leopard and the ill-fated Chesapeake—an action which covered the unhandsome conquerors with shame—an action based upon the misunderstanding of an order, and which the whole of the nations of Europe viewed with disgust and contempt. Disgust, that a captain of the British navy should have been found, in the eighteenth century, illiberal and cowardly enough to attack an unoffending vessel in a time of peace; and contempt that any American should have been found vile enough to justify it. Much injured Barron! Who can feel as you have felt for the neglect of others? Who has suffered as you have for the faults even of Congress itself? Appointed to a half-fitted, ill-arranged ship, and ordered to sail at a moment's notice, with your decks lumbered with stores, without a powder-horn filled, or a match that could be lighted. Who, but dolts, under such circumstances, could have expected any other result than the unfortunate one which took place, in the placid waters of your own native state? No one could doubt you who had seen you standing at the gangway of your own ship, receiving the fire of the enemy, while a friendly hail died upon your lips, and bathing your trumpet with your own blood. No one could censure you who had beheld you doubting the dishonor of the first naval power in the world—a power whose highest glory was national honor, and whose greatest zeal was to emulate the knights and heroes of old, whose helmets had flashed back the sunbeam upon the scorching plains of Syria, and whose battle-cry had rung in the cause of virtue along the crowded lists of enlightened Europe. It was a sight to call forth the disgust and contempt of a free-born nation; aye, and of a world of fettered slaves. What! the sons of Agincourt and Cressy! of Poictiers and Calais! firing into an inoffending vessel of a friendly power in her own waters, and under a friendly guise! Heavens! where were the nole hosts of old—where the Drakes, the Raleighs, to stay the dishonorable battle—where the Plantaganets and the Percys? No Black Prince ordered there—"no noble Essex—no immortal Blake"—but in their place ruled a little one—

"————with soul so small,
That were it less, it were no soul at all."

But to our subject; the day of probation had passed away—condemnation had been heaped upon the actors—the deed of shame had received its proper reward; and the dim lion looked out upon the world of leaping waters, and cried in vain, "England is mistress of the sea."

* * * * * * * *

"Six bells," cried the orderly at the cabin door, as the Constitution tacked in nineteen fathoms water, and cleared off the shore. At 4, P. M., she discovered a fifth sail to the north-east, which had the appearance of a vessel of war. This ship subsequently proved to be the Guerriere, captain Dacres. By this time, the other vessels of the enemy were made out to be three ships and a brig; they bore N. N. W., and were all upon the starboard tack, apparently in company. The wind now became light, and the heavy courses flapped idly against the mast.

"Haul up the mainsail," thundered the first lieutenant, and away went the main wing of the frigate like a passing cloud.

At 6, the ship in the eastern board had altered her position so as to bear E. N. E.—the wind hitherto having been fair for her to close. At a quarter past 6, however, the wind came out light at the southward, bringing the American ship to windward.

The old frigate, eager to take advantage, now wore round with her head to the eastward, set her light studding-sails and staysails—and at half-past 7, with drums beating, and matches lighted, bore down to speak the nearest vessel. The wind continued light, and the two vessels were slowly closing until 8. At 10, the Constitution shortened sail, and made the private signal of the American cruizers. After keeping the lights aloft for nearly an hour, and getting no answer, at a quarter past 11 she lowered them, and made sail with her starboard tacks aboard.

During the whole of the middle watch the wind was light, and many a little knot of officers and men watched the dark hulls and gleaming sails of the pursuing fleet, as the moon-beam trickled upon them and the sleepy waters beyond, and then lost itself in a fleecy cloud. When the morning watch was called, a rocket shot up from the Guerriere, the foremost frigate, and sank in a blaze of stars upon the shadowy deep. As the day opened, three sail were discovered upon the starboard quarter, and three astern. At 5, A. M., a fourth vessel joined the latter, making seven vessels in chase. This was an anxious time—the squadron of commodore Broke was in pursuit, and Old Ironsides had nothing to depend upon but her silver heels. The nearest vessel was nearly within gun-shot, and a deep mist only concealed the object of the pursuers from their view. As the ships slowly varied their positions, and the mist cleared away, the Constitution perceived that she had two frigates on her lee quarter, and a ship of the line, two frigates, a brig, and a schooner astern. The chasers had English colors flying, and occasionally the thunder of a long eighteen would echo in the distance, and die away astern. It now became calm, and the frigate hoisted out her boats, and sent them ahead to tow, with a view to keep the ship out of the reach of the enemy's shot. At the

same time she whipt up one of the gun-deck guns and run it out aft as a stern chaser, bringing a long eighteen from the forecastle for a similar purpose. Two twenty-fours were also run out of the cabin windows, though it was found necessary to cut away the wood-work of the stern-frame to make room. By 6, A. M., the wind, which heretofore continued very light and baffling, came out from the northward and westward, and knocked the ship off with her head to the southward. All her light canvas that would draw was set. The Shannon now opened her fire upon the Constitution—but perceiving that her shot fell short she ceased. At half-past 6, the frigate sounded in twenty-six fathom, and finding that the enemy was likely to close, from the circumstances of his having the boats of two ships to tow, and being favored by a little more air, she played out her spare rope, and sent out her cutters with a kedge nearly a mile ahead, and then let it go. At the word, the boats were manned, and the old ship walked away, overrunning and tripping the kedge as she came up with the other end of the line. While this was doing, fresh lines and another kedge were carried ahead, and in this manner, though out of sight of land, the frigate had glided away from her pursuers before they discovered the manner in which it was done. The greatest sluggards will awaken at last; and thus we see the Shannon, after the chase had nearly left her by her towing, lower her boats, and follow the successful example. At half-past 7, the Constitution had a little air, when she ran up the old thirteen, and fired a shot at the Shannon in token of defiance. At 8, however, it fell calm again, and further recourse was had to kedging, the enemy's vessel having light air, and drawing ahead.

The Shannon was now fast closing, and Old Ironsides was busily employed in preparing to give her visiter a warm reception.

It was evidently the intention of the English commander to cripple the Constitution by means of the Shannon, and then to close upon her, and bear her down with mighty odds. A more despicable and cowardly plan never was conceived of by a naval commander. The Constitution bore down to engage the Guerriere—and she defied the Shannon. Why did not the British commander haul his wind, and let them have a bout? It was like a stag hunt; and nobly did the flying frigate leave the yelling pack in the distance, to bay at the moon, or wake the ocean echoes with their thunder notes. Every thing on board of the chase was stoppered—the decks were sanded to dry up the expected torrent of blood—and hope beamed from the eyes of the officers, and was reflected by the iron faces of the unequalled crew.

Captain Hull was not without hopes, in case even of a meeting, of throwing the Shannon astern by his fire, and of maintaining a safe distance from the other vessels. It was known that the enemy could not tow very near, as it would have been easy to sink his boats with the stern chasers of the Constitution, and not a man of the crew showed any disposition to despondency.

"Remember the Chesapeake," muttered the old captain of the gun.

"Remember the Chesapeake," answered the powder boy at his heels.

"Remember the Chesapeake," sang the man in the chains.

And from the look-out aloft came down, in broken words, the same inspiriting battle-call.

It was an hour of life or death—thank God, it was of life and glory.

THE ESCAPE.

Historian! throw aside your record of the past, and tell me what shall be the result of this wearisome chase. Man of prudence and safe calculation! turn away and tell me the probable chances of safety by your unyielding figures. Thinking mariner! retire to your cabin and tell me the prospect of the gallant frigate out-speeding the fast-sailing squadron that nearly encircles her. The winds of heaven, and the waves of ocean conspire against her. The flag of the republic clings like a wet sheet to her signal-halliards. The Shannon is fast closing with her astern, while the Guerriere is swiftly bearing down upon her quarter. An hour promises to bring the struggle to an issue; but hark! there is a whisper in the clear heavens; gentle voices seem to echo in the sky—a catspaw wrinkles the glassy waves, and now the ripple sings in the Constitution's wake.

"A breeze," cries the drowsy look-out-man—the nodding seaman, worn out by long and arduous watching, springs up at the spiriting cry.

"A breeze," thunders the officer of the deck, and soon the gallant ship is brought to the wind, with her sails trimmed, and her boats alongside. The quarter boats are run up to their davits, while the others are lifted clear of the water by purchases on the spare spars, where they swing ready to be used at a moment's notice.

Onward she dashes in her majesty, the glorious stars of freedom proudly sparkling above her quarter deck; but we must descend from the present to the past. The deed has been chronicled by the pen of the historian and the poet; and the death-cry of one of the pursuers has long since ascended to the God of battles—while the loud hussas of victory have wakened the echoes of the blood-tipped ocean from the Constitution's deck.

As the frigate came by the wind she brought the Guerriere nearly on her lee beam, when that

vessel opened a fire from her broadside. While the shot were dimpling the water just beside them, the crew of the Constitution were securing their boats with the steadiness and regularity of an admiral's crew in port. In a short time, however, another calm settled upon the deep. It was now 10 o'clock of the second day, and the labors of the first were about to be acted over again. Captain Hull now started two thousand gallons of water, and sent the boats ahead again to tow. The enemy then sent all his boats to the Shannon, the nearest ship astern, and up came the lazy frigate upon the chase. A few hours of uncommon exertion followed—the crew of the Constitution being compelled to supply the place of numbers with activity and zeal; and nobly did they do it.

The ships were close by the wind; every thing that would draw was set, and the Shannon was slowly but steadily stealing ahead. At noon, a light breeze carried the frigate clear, but shortly afterwards the boats were again manned, and the toilsome work of towing and kedging was renewed again.

At 1, P. M., the cry of "Sail O," rang through the busy ship. Was she a friend or an enemy? She was to the leeward, and could not be distinctly made out. At this moment, the four frigates of the enemy were about one point upon the lee quarter of the Constitution, at long gunshot distance, and the Africa and her two prizes were upon her lee beam.

At a little past 2, the Belvidera, the nearest ship, began to fire with her bow guns, and the Constitution to answer with her stern chasers. On board the latter ship, however, it was soon found to be extremely dangerous to use the main-deck stern guns; the transoms having so much rake, the windows being so high, and the guns so short, that every explosion lifted the upper deck, and threatened to blow out the stern frame. Perceiving his shot did but little execution, and having fired a royal salute, double shotted, at the admiral, captain Hull ceased burning powder.

For several hours the enemy's frigates were within gun-shot, sometimes towing and kedging, and at others endeavoring to close with the puffs that occasionally passed.

At 7, the boats of the Constitution were again ahead the ship, steering S.W. half W. with a light air. At half-past 7, she sounded in twenty-four fathoms.

Four hours now elapsed of the same toilsome duty; but a little before 11, at night, a light wind struck the ship, and the sails, for the first time in many a weary hour, bellied to the breeze. The boats were immediately picked up, with the exception of the first cutter. Top-gallant, studding sails, and staysails were set, and for an hour the weary seamen slumbered at their guns.

At midnight another calm ensued, and it was perceived that the Guerriere gained upon the chase. At this time, the Constitution's top-gallant and studding sails were taken in.

Morning at length came upon the ocean, and it was found that three of the enemy's frigates were within long gun-shot, on the lee quarter, and the other at about the same distance on the lee beam; the Africa and the prizes being much farther to leeward. The Guerriere now tacked, when the Constitution did the same, to keep her windward position. Soon after, the Æolus passed on the contrary tack, so near that she might have materially damaged the Constitution had she opened upon her her fire. Captain Hull now hoisted in the first cutter, and set all sail. The scene was beautiful beyond description; friends and foes looked on with admiration—and "War's red angel slumbered on his wings." The weather was mild and clear—the sea smooth and transparent as an inland lake—and the wind blew sufficiently to do away with the everlasting kedging, which has continued, with but slight intermission, for forty-eight hours. The coot danced upon the wave—the stormy petrel no longer whistled astern. From the far-off shore, the gray gull came screaming with delight, and the bald eagle hovered over the republican frigate—"The symbol of a mighty land." All the English vessels had got on the same tack with the Constitution, and the five frigates towered like moving mountains of snow upon the sleeping waters. Including the chase, eleven sail were in sight; shortly after, a twelfth appeared to windward. Captain Hull soon ascertained the stranger to be an American merchantman, and setting an English ensign, fired a gun to warn her to keep aloof; the hint was not overlooked, for soon the merchantman turned her cabin windows upon the belligerent squadron, and made a clean pair of heels for a more peaceful latitude.

Until 10, A. M., the Constitution was making every preparation to carry a press of canvas, should it be found necessary. She now sounded in twenty-five fathoms. At noon, the wind died away again, but she had distanced the fleet. The Belvidera, however, was about two and a half miles off in her wake, bearing W.N.W. The nearest frigate to the leeward bore N. by W. half W. three and a half miles. The two other frigates were on the lee quarter, distant about five miles; and the Africa was hull-down to leeward on the other tack. This was a vast improvement in the state of things, and officers and men were permitted to rest at quarters.

At meridian, the wind began to blow a pleasant breeze—the water again rippled under the noble vessel's bows, and onward she dashed from her persevering pursuers like a Chesapeake pilot-boat before a north-easter. Her sails were watched and regulated in the most careful and seaman-like manner, until 4, P. M., when the Belvidera was four miles astern, and the other vessels thrown behind in the same proportion, notwithstanding the wind had become very light.

In this manner both parties pressed ahead and to windward as fast as circumstances would allow, profiting by every change of wind and tide, and resorting to every possible means of forcing their vessels through the water.

At 7, P. M., a black squall was seen rising ahead, and the Constitution prepared to meet it with the coolness and discretion displayed by her throughout this whole affair. All hands were at their stations, and every thing was kept fast until the last moment, when the order was given "Clew up and clew down"—in an incredible short space of time the light canvas was furled, a second reef taken in the mizen topsail, and the ship brought under short sail.

The English vessels, seeing her sudden movement, began to take in their canvas long before the squall reached them; and when they were shut in by the rain, were seen steering wild upon the stormy sea.

The Constitution, on the other hand, no sooner felt its weight than she hoisted and sheeted home her fore and main top-gallant-sails; and while the enemy undoubtedly believed her to be a prey to the wind and the waves, she was flying away from them on an easy bow-line, at the rate of eleven knots an hour.

In little less than an hour after the squall had struck the ship, it had entirely passed to leeward, and a sight was again obtained of the enemy. The Belvidera, the nearest vessel, had altered her bearing in that short period nearly two more points to leeward, and she was a long way astern. The next nearest vessel was still farther to leeward, and more distant; while the two remaining frigates were fairly hull down; the Africa was barely visible in the horizon. All apprehensions of the enemy now ceased, though sail was carried to increase the distance and to preserve the weather gage.

At half-past 10, the wind backed farther to the southward, when the Constitution, which had been steering free for some time, took in her lower studding sails.

At 11, the enemy fired two guns—and the nearest ship could just be discovered in the dim distance. As the wind blew a soldier's breeze—viz: all around the compass—the enemy persevered in the pursuit; but when the day dawned, the nearest vessel was hull down astern, and to leeward. Under these circumstances, it was considered safe to use every exertion to lose sight of the enemy; and the wind dying away, the Constitution's sails were wet down from the sky-sails to the courses. The good effects of this application was soon apparent, for at eight bells the topsails of the enemy began to dip. At a quarter past 8, the English ships hauled their wind to the northward and eastward, fully satisfied in their own minds that, however much the members of the British parliament might affect to despise them, the fir-built frigates, decorated with bits of striped bunting, were manned by those who were fully equal, if not superior, to them in seamanship, and who, as the sequel will show, could triumph over them in the desperate struggle of naval war.

The day after the enemy gave up the chase, the Constitution, under a press of canvas, entered the harbor of Boston; and with her yards manned, and her colors flying, saluted the city with seventeen guns.

Thus ended this extraordinary chase, which, for nearness of approach, overpowering numbers, and unmeasured exertion on the part of the English; and for coolness, discretion, and wariness on the part of the pursued, never had been equalled in the world. Whether we look at the old ship kedging away from the Shannon, running down to speak the Guerriere, lifting her boats when the breeze freshened, or running into the squall, and stripping herself with the swiftness of the wind; whether we see her firing her gun of defiance, and beating to quarters in the face of eight ships of war, and then tacking with the Guerriere to keep to windward, and exposing herself to the fire of the Æolus; we are equally filled with admiration and astonishment; and, with Dibdin, are almost constrained to say—

"There's a sweet little Cherub that sits up aloft
That keeps a look-out for poor Jack."

SILENCE.

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;
No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke—over the idle ground;
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls,
And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

P.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was—but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain—upon the bleak walls—upon the vacant eye-like windows—upon a few rank sedges—and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium—the bitter lapse into common life—the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart—an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it—I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the reason, and the analysis, of this power, lie among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder even more thrilling than before—upon the re-modelled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country—a letter from him—which, in its wildly importunate nature, had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The MS. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness—of a pitiable mental idiosyncrasy which oppressed him—and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best, and indeed, his only personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said—it was the apparent *heart* that went with his request—which allowed me no room for hesitation—and I accordingly obeyed, what I still considered a very singular summons, forthwith.

Although, as boys, we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament, displaying itself, through long ages, in many works of exalted art, and manifested, of late, in repeated deeds of munificent yet unobtrusive charity, as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognizable beauties, of musical science. I had learned, too, the very remarkable fact, that the stem of the Usher race, all time-honored as it was, had put forth, at no period, any enduring branch; in other words, that the entire family lay in the direct line of descent, and had always, with very trifling and very temporary variation, so lain. It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon the possible influence which the one, in the long lapse of centuries, might have exercised upon the other—it was this deficiency, perhaps, of collateral issue, and the consequent undeviating transmission, from sire to son, of the patrimony with the name, which had, at length, so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the "House of Usher"—an appellation

which seemed to include, in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion.

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment, of looking down within the tarn, had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition—for why should I not so term it?—served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only, that, when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself, from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy—a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that around about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity—an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray walls, and the silent tarn, in the form of an inelastic vapor or gas—dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued. Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts, and the utterly porous, and evidently decayed condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old wood-work which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zig-zag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet, of stealthy step, thence conducted me, in silence, through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the studio of his master. Much that I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. While the objects around me—while the carvings of the ceilings, the sombre tapestries of the walls, the ebon blackness of the floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies which rattled as I strode, were but matters to which, or to such as which, I had been accustomed from my infancy—while I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this—I still wondered to find how unfamiliar were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up. On one of the staircases, I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation and passed on. The valet now threw open a door and ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was very large and excessively lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

Upon my entrance, Usher arose from a sofa upon which he had been lying at full length, and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which had much in it, I at first thought of an overdone cordiality—of the constrained effort of the ennuyé man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down; and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely, man had never before so terribly altered, in so brief a period, as had Roderick Usher! It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the wan being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely moulded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more than web-like softness and tenuity; these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten. And now in the mere exaggeration of the prevailing character of these features, and of the expression they were wont to convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to whom I spoke. The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous lustre of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded, and as, in its wild gossamer texture, it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not, even with effort, connect its arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence—an inconsistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome an habitual trepidancy, an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter, than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament. His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic concision—that abrupt, weighty, unhurried, and hollow-sounding enunciation—that leaden, self-balanced and perfectly modulated guttural utterance, which may be observed in the moments of the intensest excitement of the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered, at some length, into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, a constitutional and a family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy—a mere nervous affection, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly soon pass off. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these, as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me—although, perhaps, the terms, and the general manner of the narration had their weight. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. "I shall perish," said he, "I *must* perish in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial, incident, which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have, indeed, no abhorrence of danger, except in its absolute effect—in terror. In this unnerved—in this pitiable condition—I feel that I must inevitably abandon life and reason together in my struggles with some fatal demon of fear."

I learned, moreover, at intervals, and through broken and equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition. He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and from which, for many years, he had never ventured forth—in regard to an influence whose supposititious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be restated—an influence which some peculiarities in the mere form and substance of his family mansion, had, by dint of long sufferance, he said, obtained over his spirit—an effect which the *physique* of the gray walls and turrets, and of the dim tarn into which they all looked down, had, at length, brought about upon the *morale* of his existence.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin—to the severe and long-continued illness—indeed to the evidently approaching dissolution—of a tenderly beloved sister; his sole companion for long years—his last and only relative on earth. "Her decease," he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, "would leave him (him the hopeless and the frail) the last of the ancient race of the Ushers." As he spoke, the lady Madeline (for so was she called) passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and, without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmingled with dread. Her figure, her air, her features—all, in their very minutest development were those—were identically (I can use no other sufficient term) were identically those of the Roderick Usher who sat beside me. A feeling of stupor oppressed me, as my eyes followed her retreating steps. As a door, at length, closed upon her exit, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the countenance of the brother—but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers through which trickled many passionate tears.

The disease of the lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person, and frequent although transient affections of a partially cataleptical character, were the unusual diagnosis. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed; but, on the closing in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed, as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation, to the prostrating power of the destroyer—and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain—that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

For several days ensuing, her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself; and, during this period, I was busied in earnest endeavors to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together—or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking guitar. And thus, as a closer and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility of all attempt at cheering a mind from which darkness, as if an inherent positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe, in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

I shall ever bear about me, as Moslemin their shrouds at Mecca, a memory of the many solemn

hours I thus spent alone with the master of the House of Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies, or of the occupations, in which he involved me, or led me the way. An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sulphurous lustre over all. His long improvised dirges will ring for ever in my ears. Among other things, I bear painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and amplification of the wild air of the last waltz of Von Weber. From the paintings over which his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew, touch by touch, into vaguenesses at which I shuddered the more thrillingly, because I shuddered knowing not why, from these paintings (vivid as there images now are before me) I would in vain endeavor to educe more than a small portion which should lie within the compass of merely written words. By the utter simplicity, by the nakedness, of his de igns, he arrested and over-awed attention. If ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Roderick Usher. For me at least—in the circumstances then surrounding me—there arose out of the pure abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas, an intensity of intolerable awe, no shadow of which felt I ever yet in the contemplation of the certainly glowing yet too concrete reveries of Fuseli.

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of abstraction, may be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words. A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white, and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch, or other artificial source of light was discernible—yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor.

I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments. It was, perhaps, the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar, which gave birth, in great measure, to the fantastic character of his performances. But the fervid *facility* of his impromptus could not be so accounted for. They must have been, and were, in the notes, as well as in the words of his wild fantasias, (for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with rhymed verbal improvisations,) the result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily borne away in memory. I was, perhaps, the more forcibly impressed with it, as he gave it, because, in the under or mystic currrent of its meaning, I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness on the part of Usher, of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne. The verses, which were entitled "The Haunted Palace," ran very nearly, if not accurately, thus:

I.

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Snow-white palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

II.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow;
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away.

III.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne, where sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The sovereign of the realm was seen.

IV.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes whose sole duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

V.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)
And, round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

VI.

And travellers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows, see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a rapid ghastly river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

I well remember that suggestions arising from this ballad led us into a train of thought wherein there became manifest an opinion of Usher's which I mention not so much on account of its novelty, (for other men have thought thus,) as on account of the pertinacity with which he maintained it. This opinion, in its general form, was that of the sentience of all vegetable things. But, in his disordered fancy, the idea had assumed a more daring character, and trespassed, under certain conditions, upon the kingdom of inorganization. I lack words to express the full extent, or the earnest *abandon* of his persuasion. The belief, however, was connected (as I have previously hinted) with the gray stones of the home of his forefathers. The condition of the sentience had been here, he imagined, fulfilled in the method of collocation of these stones—in the order of their arrangement, as well as in that of the many fungi which overspread them, and of the decayed trees which stood around—above all, in the long undisturbed endurance of this arrangement, and in its reduplication in the still waters of the tarn. Its evidence—the evidence of the sentience—was to be seen, he said, (and I here started as he spoke,) in *the gradual yet certain condensation of an atmosphere of their own about the waters and the walls.* The result was discoverable, he added, in that silent, yet importunate and terrible influence which for centuries had moulded the destinies of his family, and which made *him* what I now saw him—what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

Our books—the books which, for years, had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid—were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with this character of phantasm. We pored together over such works as the Ververt et Chartreuse of Gresset; the Belphegor of Machiavelli; the Selenography of Brewster; the Heaven and Hell of Swedenborg; the Subterranean Voyage of Nicholas Klimm de Holberg; the Chiromancy of Robert Flud, of Jean d'Indaginé, and of De la Chambre; the Journey into the Blue Distance of Tieck; and the City of the Sun of Campanella. One favorite volume was a small octavo edition of the Directorium Inquisitorium, by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne; and there were passages in Pomponius Mela, about the old African Satyrs and Œgipans, over which Usher would sit dreaming for hours. His chief delight, however, was found in the earnest and repeated perusal of an exceedingly rare and curious book in quarto Gothic—the manual of a forgotten church—the *Vigiliæ Mortuorum secundum Chorum Ecclesiæ Maguntinæ.*

I could not help thinking of the wild ritual of this work, and of its probable influence upon the hypochondriac, when, one evening, having informed me abruptly that the lady Madeline was no more, he stated his intention of preserving her corpse for a fortnight, previously to its final interment, in one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building. The wordly reason, however, assigned for this singular proceeding, was one which I did not feel at liberty to dispute. The brother had been led to his resolution (so he told me) by considerations of the unusual charac-

ter of the malady of the deceased, of certain obtrusive and eager inquiries on the part of her medical men, and of the remote and exposed situation of the burial ground of the family. I will not deny that when I called to mind the sinister countenance of the person whom I met upon the staircase, on the day of my arrival at the house, I had no desire to oppose what I regarded as at best but a harmless, and not by any means an unnatural precaution.

At the request of Usher, I personally aided him in the arrangements for the temporary entombment. The body having been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it (and which had been so long unopened that our torches, half smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation) was small, damp, and utterly without means of admission for light; lying, at great depth, immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment. It had been used, apparently, in remote feudal times, for the worst purposes of a donjon-keep, and, in later days, as a place of deposit for powder, or other highly combustible substance, as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. The door, of massive iron, had been, also, similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp grating sound, as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon tressels within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin, and looked upon the face of the tenant. The exact similitude between the brother and sister even here again startled and confounded me. Usher, divining, perhaps, my thoughts, murmured out some few words from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead—for we could not regard her unawed. The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of youth, had left, as usual in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced and screwed down the lid, and, having secured the door of iron, made our way, with toil, into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue—but the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more; and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance.—There were times, indeed, when I thought his unceasingly agitated mind was labouring with an oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage. At times, again, I was obliged to resolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness, as I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours, in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound. It was no wonder that his condition terrified—that it infected me. I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was, most especially, upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the entombment of the lady Madeline, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch—while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavored to believe that much, if not all of what I felt, was due to the phantasmagoric influence of the gloomy furniture of the room—of the dark and tattered draperies, which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and, at length, there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and, peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, harkened—I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me—to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste, for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night, and endeavored to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognized it as that of Usher. In an instant afterwards he rapped, with a gentle touch, at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan—but there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes—an evidently restrained hysteria in his whole demeanor. His air appalled me—but any thing was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

"And you have not seen it?" he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence—"you have not then seen it?—but, stay! you shall." Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the gigantic casements, and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was, indeed, a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity; for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind; and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving the life-like velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other, without passing away into the distance. I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this—yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars—nor was there any flashing forth of the lightning. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapor, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

"You must not—you shall not behold this!" said I, shudderingly, to Usher, as I led him, with a gentle violence, from the window to a seat. "These appearances, which bewilder you, are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon—or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement—the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favorite romances. I will read, and you shall listen—and so we will pass away this terrible night together."

The antique volume which I had taken up was the "Mad Trist" of Sir Launcelot Canning—but I had called it a favorite of Usher's more in sad jest than in earnest; for, in truth, there is little in its unearthly and unimaginative prolixity which could have had interest for the lofty and spiritual ideality of my friend. It was, however, the only book immediately at hand; and I indulged a vague hope that the excitement which now agitated the hypochondriac might find relief (for the history of mental disorder is full of similar anomalies) even in the extremeness of the folly which I should read. Could I have judged, indeed, by the wild, overstrained air of vivacity with which he harkened, or apparently harkened, to the words of the tale, I might have well congratulated myself upon the success of my design.

I had arrived at that well-known portion of the story where Ethelred, the hero of the Trist, having sought in vain for peaceable admission into the dwelling of the hermit, proceeds to make good an entrance by force. Here, it will be remembered, the words of the narrative run thus—

"And Ethelred, who was by nature of a doughty heart, and who was now mighty withal, on account of the powerfulness of the wine which he had drunken, waited no longer to hold parley with the hermit, who, in sooth, was of an obstinate and malicious turn, but, feeling the rain upon his shoulders, and fearing the rising of the tempest, uplifted his mace outright, and, with blows, made quickly room in the planking of the door for his gauntleted hand, and now pulling therewith sturdily, he so cracked, and ripped, and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow-sounding wood alarummed and reverberated throughout the forest."

At the termination of this sentence I started, and, for a moment, paused; for it appeared to me (although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me)—it appeared to me that, from some very remote portion of the mansion or of its vicinity, there came, indistinctly, to my ears, what might have been, in its exact similarity of character, the echo (but a stifled and dull one certainly) of the very cracking and ripping sound which Sir Launcelot had so particularly described. It was, beyond doubt, the coincidence alone which had arrested my attention; for, amid the rattling of the sashes of the casements, and the ordinary commingled noises of the still increasing storm, the sound, in itself, had nothing, surely, which should have interested or disturbed me. I continued the story.

"But the good champion Ethelred, now entering within the door, was sore enraged and amazed to perceive no signal of the malicious hermit; but, in the stead thereof, a dragon of a scaly and prodigious demeanor, and of a fiery tongue, which sate in guard before a palace of gold, with a floor of silver; and upon the wall there hung a shield of shining brass with this legend enwritten—

Who entereth herein, a conqueror hath bin,
Who slayeth the dragon, the shield he shall win.

And Ethelred uplifted his mace, and struck upon the head of the dragon, which fell before him, and gave up his pesty breath, with a shriek so horrid and harsh, and withal so piercing, that Ethelred had fain to close his ears with his hands against the dreadful noise of it, the like whereof was never before heard."

Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement—for there could be no doubt whatever that, in this instance, I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound—the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up as the sound of the dragon's unnatural shriek as described by the romancer.

Oppressed, as I certainly was, upon the occurrence of this second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and extreme terror were predominant, I still retained sufficient presence of mind to avoid exciting, by any observation, the sensitive ner-

vousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in question; although, assuredly, a strange alteration had, during the last few minutes, taken place in his demeanor. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair, so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber, and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast—yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye, as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body, too, was at variance with this idea—for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded:—

"And now, the champion, having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass from out of the way before him, and approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor, with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound."

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than—as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver—I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled reverberation. Completely unnerved, I started convulsively to my feet, but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance their reigned a more than stony rigidity. But, as I laid my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his frame; a sickly smile quivered about his lips; and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over his person, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

"Not hear it?—yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long—long—long—many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it—yet I dared not—oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am!—I dared not—*I dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute?—I *now* tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them—many, many days ago—yet I dared not—*I dared not speak!* And now—to-night—Ethelred—ha! ha!—the breaking of the hermit's door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield—say, rather, the rending of the coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footsteps on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!"—here he sprung violently to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul—"Madman! *I tell you that she now stands without the door!*"

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell—the huge antique pannels to which the speaker pointed, threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust—but then without those doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold—then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her horrible and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had dreaded.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued—for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely-discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken, as extending from the roof of the building, in a zig-zag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened—there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind—the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight—my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder—there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters—and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the "*House of Usher*."

Note.—The ballad of "The Haunted Palace," introduced in this tale, was published separately, some months ago, in the Baltimore "Museum."

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE NORTHMEN

IN THE TENTH CENTURY.

BY HALL GRANDGENT, PHILADELPHIA.

We suppose that many persons will be greatly mortified to learn that America was discovered as early as the tenth century, which is several centuries previous to its discovery by Columbus. His fame is held so sacred by a large portion of mankind that obstacles are thrown in the way of any attempt to prove that it was visited long before his birth.

We by no means wish to lessen the glory acquired by Columbus in his perilous voyage; for we have no reason to suppose that he availed himself of any information respecting the prior discovery. It is true that he visited Iceland in the early part of his life, and it is probable that he made himself acquainted with the western discoveries of the Northmen. But his own famous voyage was made in quest of India; and that he had no reason to suppose them to have discovered the land he was in search of, is sufficiently apparent from his never having mentioned their discoveries to the sovereigns whose patronage he sought. Had he thought this to be the case, he could have told the sovereigns who considered his scheme as visionary, that the country had already been discovered by the Northmen; and that he, having visited Iceland in his youth, had made himself perfectly acquainted with their discoveries, and had no doubt, in his own mind, of being able to reach this country. This would have been the most powerful motive he could have brought forward for making the attempt; and it is very probable, had he mentioned it to any of the sovereigns by whom his proposal was rejected, that they, having proof that there really existed a country in the west, would have immediately lent him their assistance for the advancement of his design.

But we have every reason to suppose that America might have been discovered by the Northmen, even if there were no records to prove it. These people, who were natives of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and some of the other northern countries of Europe, were the great navigators of their age. Their fleets covered most of the seas by which Europe is surrounded; they had made conquests in Scotland, England, and some other countries, and some of their vessels had sailed through the strait of Gibraltar, visited Marseilles in the reign of the emperor Charlemagne, and spread over the whole coast of the Mediterranean. That they discovered and colonized Iceland and Greenland before the period of their alleged discovery of America, is a matter of undoubted history. Now there is no reason to suppose that the Northmen, who had sailed so far as the Mediterreanean, would have hesitated to cross the strait which separated Greenland from America, being only about two hundred miles in breadth.

Having finished these preliminary observations, we will now give a brief account of the voyages made to America by the Northmen in the tenth century. We derive our information on this subject principally from a work entitled "Antiquitates Americanae," which has recently been published by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, a society that has devoted itself to the task of rescuing from oblivion the accounts of the early discoveries of the Northmen, which have remained in the hands of the Icelanders, who had made a respectable progress in literature at the period of the discovery, and are known to have maintained a high literary character ever since. The records thus preserved by the Icelanders have always been respected by them as authentic, and have precisely the same degree of authority with their other national records. They have been comparatively neglected by the historians of the south of Europe from a variety of causes, among which it is sufficient to enumerate the isolated condition of the Icelanders, their small intercourse with the rest of Europe, the difficulty of their language, the want of inclination among the historians to publish any thing that would derogate from the fame acquired by Columbus, and more than all from the claim of the Icelanders to the discovery of America having been confounded with other claims which had really no foundation in truth.

It appears from these Icelandic records as well as from some others which have been considered as authentic, that the Northmen, who still maintained their enterprising character, shortly after their discovery of Iceland, visited Greenland by crossing a narrow strait of one hundred and fifty-eight miles in width, and formed settlements on its western coast. The remains of these settlements, such as houses, churches, etc., are visible at the present day. Voyages were now not unfrequently made from Iceland to Greenland, in the course of one of which, the ship was carried by contrary winds to the coast of Labrador. This fact is thus narrated by their historians.

Among the persons who followed Eric the Red to Greenland, in 986, was Heriulf Bardson, who established himself at Heriulfsnes. He had a son, named Biarne, who at that time was on a distant trading voyage; having finished his business, he returned to Iceland, but finding that his father had departed for Greenland, he resolved to go and seek him. He set sail, but encountered northerly winds, by which he was carried from his course, and knew not where he was. When the weather cleared up, he saw a land covered with wood, and having many small hills upon it. As this land did not correspond with the description of Greenland, he continued sailing for some time, when he again discovered land the appearance of which was similar to the other. He again stood out to sea, and in a few days arrived safely at Heriulfsnes in Greenland,

In the year 994, Biarne visited Eric, earl of Norway, and told him of the lands he had discovered. He then returned to Greenland and sold his ship to Leif, a son of Eric, who manned it with thirty-five men. They began their voyage in the year 1000, and first discovered the land which Biarne had last seen. They cast their anchors and went on shore to seek for some vegetables; but finding none, and the shore being covered with slate, they named it Hellu-Land, (Slate Land.) They again set sail, and discovered another shore, on which they also landed. The country was level and covered with woods; and they therefore called it Markland, (Woodland.) They sailed from this island in a northeasterly direction, and in two days came again in sight of land. They passed an island which lay east of the mainland, and went on shore at the mouth of a river. They brought the ship through the river into the lake in which it rose, where they cast anchor. Determining to pass the winter there, they constructed themselves several large houses. After they were finished, Leif divided his men into two parties, one of which was to remain to guard the houses, while the other made small incursions into the country; he had ordered this party to go no farther than that they could return in the course of the evening of the same day. One day, a German, named Tyrkir, was missing. Leif with a small party went in search of him; but they had not gone far before they met him coming towards them. Leif inquired where he had been. He answered: "I did not go much farther, yet I have a discovery to acquaint you with; I have found vines and grapes." The party had now two occupations, viz., to hew timber for loading the ship, and to gather grapes. With these last they loaded the ship's long boat. They called this country Vinland, (Vineland,) on account of the vines which they found there. In the spring they set sail, and arrived safe at Greenland.

After Leif's return to Greenland, his voyage to Vineland became a subject of frequent conversation. Thorwald, his brother, thinking the country had not been sufficiently explored, resolved to pay it a visit. He accordingly borrowed Leif's ship, and set sail in 1002. He arrived at Leifsbooth in Vineland, where he passed the winter. In the next spring, he sent a small party in the ship's long boat on a voyage of discovery southwards. The country was very beautiful; but they could discover no traces of men, excepting on a small island to the westward, where they found a wooden shed. They did not return until fall. Thorwald left this place in the summer of 1004, and passed a headland which, from its form, he called Kial-ar-nes, (Keel Cape.) They then sailed along the eastern coast of the island to a promontory where they landed. When about to go on board they discovered three hillocks, and on going to them, they found three canoes, under each of which were three Esquimaux; they killed eight of them, but the ninth made his escape. He returned with a great multitude of his countrymen from the interior of the bay. The Esquimaux discharged their arrows at the Europeans for some time and then retired. Thorwald was mortally wounded with one of their arrows, and feeling that he could not long survive, he charged his companions to bury him on the promontory, with a cross at his head, and another at his feet, and to call the place Krosa-ness, (Cross Cape.) They did as he had ordered them, and passed the winter there; in the spring they returned to Greenland, and gave an account of their voyage to Leif.

Thorstein, Eric's third son, in attempting to proceed to Vineland to bring away his brother's body, was tossed about upon the ocean during the whole summer, and knew not where he was driven: but early in the winter, he landed at one of the western settlements of Greenland, where he died. His wife, Gudrida, who had accompanied him in this voyage, returned to Ericsford the following spring.

In the summer of 1006, there arrived in Greenland two ships from Iceland; one was commanded by Karlsefne, the other by Biarne Grimolfson and Thorhall Gamlason. During the winter Karlsefne was married to Gudrida. In the following spring an expedition was fitted out, consisting of three ships and one hundred and sixty men. They first landed at Hellu-Land, and two days afterwards they came to Markland, a country covered with woods. Leaving this, and sailing in a southwesterly direction, they came to Kial-ar-nes, which was covered with sands and trackless deserts. Going forward they found several inlets. There were two Scots among the party, who were very swift of foot. These were put on shore and told to proceed in a southwest direction. After the lapse of three days they returned, bringing with them some grapes and ears of wheat. They then continued their course till they came to a firth at the mouth of which was an island, past which there ran strong currents. This land they called Straum-ey, (Stream Isle,) and the firth Straum-Fiords, (Stream Firth.) Thorhall and eight men, now went towards the north, in search of Vineland, but were driven by westerly winds on the coast of Iceland, where they were seized and treated as slaves. The rest of the company sailed southwards, and arrived at a place where a river, rising in a lake, empties into the sea. At the mouth of the river were several large islands. They steered into the lake and

called the place H óp. One morning they saw a large number of the natives approaching in canoes. These people were very sallow and ill-looking. After gazing at the ship a short time, they rowed away to the southwest. Karlsefue and his company erected their dwellings near the bay, where they passed the winter. They were early one morning again surprised by some of the natives, who immediately fell to trading with them. While the trade was going on, a bull belonging to Karlsefue came out of the woods and bellowed loudly. On hearing this, the natives rushed into their boats and rowed swiftly away. In the following winter, the natives again came in great numbers, and showed signs of hostility. Karlsefue advanced against them, and a battle ensued. The natives had a sort of sling with which they discharged huge stones among Karlsefue's people, who became terrified, and fled in all directions. Freydisa, a natural daughter of Eric, who was with them, cried out: "How can stout men like you fly from these miserable caitiffs, whom I thought you could knock down like cattle! If I had only a weapon, I ween I could fight better than you!" They did not listen to her words, but continued their flight. She endeavored to keep up with them but was not able; she, however, followed them into the woods, where she found the dead body of Thorbrand Snorraeon, whose sword was lying by his side. This she picked up, and, uncovering her breast, struck it with the naked sword. At this sight the natives became terrified and fled to their canoes. Karlsefue now determined to leave this country, and having left part of his crew at Vineland, he sailed towards Greenland: on his way thither he stopped at Markland, where he met with five Esquimaux. The crew seized two of them, (boys,) whom they carried with them to Ericsford, in Greenland, where they arrived in safety.

In the summer of 1011 another voyage was fitted out for Vineland. The ship belonged to two brothers, Helge and Finuboge, who entered into the agreement with Freydisa, that they should share equally all the profits with her. A coldness arose between them and Freydisa, owing to her having introduced more men into the ship than was agreed upon; and a short time after, Freydisa prevailed on her husband to massacre the two brothers and their followers. After the perpetration of this base deed they returned to Greenland about the time that Karlsefue was ready to sail for Norway, (1013.) He set sail, spent the following winter there, and in 1014 went to Iceland, where he purchased an estate, on which he resided during the remainder of his life. A numerous and illustrious family descended from him, among whom we may mention the bishop Thorlak Runolfson. It is probable that the account of the voyages here mentioned was originally compiled by him.

The particular places discovered and visited by the Northmen have been satisfactorily ascertained. Hellu-Land is the same with Newfoundland; Markland, with Nova Scotia. Vinland is Nantucket; Kialarnes, Cape Cod; The Straum Fiordr, Buzzards Bay. Straum-ey is Martha's Vineyard; Kross-a-ness, Gurnet Point; and H óp, the country through which the Taunton river flows.

Such were the discoveries and settlements of the Northmen in America in the tenth and eleventh centuries. They were at first driven there by accident; but afterwards repeatedly visited it, and formed several settlements on the coast. The question may now arise, if there were, really colonies in America, why were they abandoned? We say in the first place, that they were abandoned because the colonies in Greenland, from which they received their supplies of food, clothing, etc., were abandoned; and secondly, because the Northmen had settled themselves in the southern parts of Europe, and now, being in a better country, they felt no inclination to hazard such distant and dangerous voyages, since they had not the aid of the mariner's compass, which was not invented till some centuries after these events had taken place.

THE SUMMER MOON.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

The bright moon of summer looks down from the sky,
And sleeps silently on thro' the regions of night;
And while we pursue her still course upon high,
We deem it the pathway of glory and light.
And the scenes that she smiles on, illum'd by her ray,
Look fairer than when they were touch'd by the sun,
And come to the heart with a lovelier sway,
Than in day's full effulgence they ever had done.

But the smile that enchants, and the glory that beams,
With a lustre more pure, and a radiance more bright,
Is the sunshine of worth that unfadingly gleams,
Where Beauty and Virtue together unite.
The moon will look forth when the tempest is gone,
And the clouds that obscured her, have vanished away—
But Virtue's pure ray shines unceasingly on,
With a light that no cloud and no tempest can stay.

A RUMMAGE IN MY OLD BUREAU

BY A NONAGENARIAN

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

[*Extracted, by permission of the Publishers, Messrs. Carey and Hart, from the forthcoming volume of the "Literary Souvenir."*]

Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my life froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left.

Shakspeare.

Out upon time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before!
Out upon time! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be:
What we have seen, our sons shall see;
Remnants of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone reared by creatures of clay.

Byron.

NOTHING annoys me, in my enforced removal from the home of my childhood, so much as the dilapidated state of an old bureau, which is positively too shattered by the knocks of "the scythe man" to admit the possibility of another transplantation in a state of entirety. It is indeed a venerable relic, and has been the repository of the secrets of our family for a century of twelvemonths. My father's parent, the formal dispenser of colonial law, secured in one of its secret drawers his patent of appointment, graced with the kingly signature of the second George. My father placed within its pigeon holes the sage records of his comrades, the rebellious colonists, who threw off the foul yoke of dependance upon the magnates of a distant land, and gave liberty to their fellow men.

I love this antique piece of furniture like a thing of positive life. It has been an old friend to me, in whose bosom I have deposited many a strange matter; and the withdrawal of its contents will bring back the recollection of bye-gone days, with all their burning thoughts, and the exploded chimeras of that false prophet, hope. I shall again behold, in my mind's eye, the old familiar faces of my buried friends—and foes. I shall again live over the painful events of my long, long life, and open the sluices of my age-clogged, tide-worn heart—for there are some few matters in the recesses of that old bureau which I cannot leave to be desecrated by the workman's touch.

How the rust has eaten into the works of the lock, and destroyed the action of the hinges! the corroding sand of old Chronos spares neither man nor metal. Now, the strangely-mixed contents of the bureau are before me. The topmost letter of this pile reminds me of a painful but salutary lesson taught me in my earliest manhood. It is a cold and caustic acknowledgment of a written apology which my stern but honest parent insisted that I should send to a young lady, who, having refused my addresses, had been subsequently slightly spoken of by me, in the silliness of my revenge. My apology, ample in its regrets and confessions, was published at my father's express desire.—"Scandal," said he, "is the living emblem of a low and narrow mind. Its practice depraves the heart and degrades the man." I have never forgotten the sterling beauty of that simple truth.

This golden toy—this gaudily-embossed box—was presented to me by various of my fellow citizens, as an acknowledgment of my services in obtaining from the state-government, a charter for an institution which lasted but a year or two, and resulted in heavy mortification and pecuniary loss. This establishment was to afford invaluable blessings to society—at least, so said the prospectus, and the members of the state legislature had the phrase stereotyped for general use. Every trace of its existence has passed away, excepting the dull inscription on the lid of my presented box.

In the golden interior of this box, a fitting coffer for a priceless relic, lies a ringlet of a lady's hair.

It belonged to my affianced—nay, my wedded bride. She was the chosen object of my heart's best love, and beautiful as the highest-wrought imaginings of a young lover could desire. On the morning of our wedding day, we embarked on board a sloop bound for her father's residence on the Hudson's bank. There were no steamboats then, to render positive the certainty of a safe and speedy trip; the slow craft worked its devious way along the windings of the river, and was unable, if the wind lulled, to stem the downward current of the mountain stream. On this day, the day of my wedded bliss, I cared not for the dull drifting of our sloop; my young wife stood upon the small deck of the vessel, and leaned her head upon my shoulder, as I pointed out to her the various scenic beauties of the water and the wold. A puff of wind gushed down the hill side, and rippled the river's face. It was the breath of God, and spoke of death. The sloop was blown upon its beam ends, and we were precipitated into the stream. A spar struck my bride upon her head—she sunk almost within my grasp. Hours elapsed before her corse was given to my care. I received my young and lovely wife, with the slime of the river's bed upon her bridal vestments; her beauteous face was disfigured by the death blow, and the marks of the foul drag-hook were imprinted on her limbs. I kissed her honey lips, and cutting a ringlet from her blood-stained brow, consigned her to the grave's fast keep. Three score and ten winters have shed their snows since my widowed heart grieved at the death of its mistress—other ties and affections have occupied my mind, and I have subsequently known the pangs of wo in all its thousand grades—but never felt an agony to equal that with which I mourned my virgin bride's decease.

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Ha! here is the honored autograph of Washington appended to a letter, thanking me for the execution of certain orders entrusted to my care, during the perilous times of the war-doings in Pennsylvania. I well remember the pride with which I handed the memorial of my well-doing to my brother officers, and the hearty nature of their honest congratulations. I rode thirty miles to exhibit my beloved chief's commendation to my venerable parents; the snow was on the ground, and the enemy's videttes scoured the line of country through which I passed. But I defied all difficulties, and with a light heart and a trusty steed, achieved the end of my journey in safety. Ah! even now, methinks I see the tears that coursed down the furrows in my mother's cheeks, as she listened to my recital of the dangers I had overcome. Methinks I feel the firm pressure of my father's hand, as, with a trembling voice, he read aloud the commendations of our country's warrior, and exulted in the praises bestowed upon his patriot boy!

How confusedly the mementos of the past incidents of life present themselves to notice! Here are two letters of invitation from persons of extremest opposition—the small envelope contains a note on delicate tinted paper from Mrs. Madison, politely requesting my late wife to honor the President's *soirées* with her presence. It would be difficult to conceive a greater perfection of enjoyment than that afforded by those elegant assemblies. The other letter, bulky and burly, is in the handwriting of Knyphausen, the general of the Hessian force, which, adjunctive to the British, occupied Philadelphia in 1777–8. The conductors of the celebrated Meschianza, a fete given by the officers of the British army to their commander-in-chief, Sir William Howe, previous to the surrender of his authority into the hands of Sir Henry Clinton, had invited the principal belles of the city to partake the mumming glories of the carnival-like procession and display. To the shame of the sex be it said, that many of the daughters of the first families in Philadelphia were unable to resist the temptation, and, donning romantic and stage-made dresses, joined the enemies of their country in doing homage to the hostile chief, who then held violent possession of our native city. My sister, a lovely girl, some ten years younger than myself, had attracted the attentions of more than one of the gallant officers belonging to the British force. General Knyphausen, who, from his politeness to the American citizens, had made himself a favorite in all circles, addressed to my sister a pressing invitation to become one of "the Fair Damsels of the Blended Rose," who, in foreign attire, were to preside over the destinies of the combatants in the tilt or tourney. The General also requested permission to dedicate his sword to her beauty, and be recognised as her champion in the fight. My sister, unadvised, returned the General's letter with a polite assurance that he must have misdirected it; it was impossible that he could imagine her so basely-minded as to bend the knee submissively to him who was hostilely ravaging her native land, or wish success even to the sportive efforts of the sword which had been raised against the lives of her dearest friends. Knyphausen's answer is before me. He gallantly compliments the lady's patriotism, but laments the severity of its practice, although he acknowledges the correctness of her reasoning.

The son of this same Knyphausen excited the laughter of the European magnates by assuming, at the congress of sovereigns at Aix-la-Chapelle, the airs and state of an independent prince. The name of Knyphausen, or Kniephausen, is derived from a small castle in a German duchy; some half dozen houses and about fifty inhabitants, comprise the feudalities of this petty lordship; the title of which is now in abeyance, by order of the German diet, in consequence of the late owner having joined the Holy Alliance.

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In the centre compartment of the old bureau is a drinking cup formed of the skull of a New Zealand warrior, and presented to me by my son, as the only thing rescued from the insatiate waves

when shipwrecked on a reef off the Florida Keys. The gallant vessel, with all its world of wealth, sunk to the bottom, and gave forth no portion of its riches to the survivors of the desolate and helpless crew; who, by the boat's help, had clustered on a small but rocky island, and wondered to what end their lives had been preserved. After two days and nights of hunger and suspense, they were relieved by the rough humanity of a Gulf wrecker, who freighted his rickety bark with a cargo of destitute sailors, from whom it was impossible to obtain either payment or reward. But the old fellow gave up his stores to the starving mariners, and succeeded in landing them in safety at Havana. As my son was quitting the reef, he observed the skull cup in one of the clefts of a rock, by the water side, wherein it had been driven by the action of the waves. He picked up the only available token of the wreck, and preserved it during his passage home. It had been a choice utensil with the drowned captain of the wrecked vessel, who used to declare that he had seen the body of the owner of the skull devoured by his conquerors, the inhabitants of a South Sea Island. He, the captain, had made the usual conciliatory presents to the chief of the cannibals, and, in return, received the cranium of the latest victim, as a token of peace and good will.

The cup, or skull, contains a strange assemblage of articles: they are the unwritten pages of my son's life—and death. He was my only child. I wedded his mother at an age when the passions of youth no longer exercise despotic sway. But I loved her with a tenderness that ensured felicity. We adored our child with a reverence scarcely human; his early fate broke his mother's heart—she died, clasping this locket which contains a curl of his golden hair, cut on the first anniversary of his birth.

Here is a silver chain and boatswain's whistle; it was the gift of a grateful sailor whose life had been saved by my son, then a midshipman aboard one of the frigates forming part of the first American squadron, which put to sea three days after the declaration of war between Great Britain and the United States, in June, 1812. During a heavy squall, a boatswain's mate fell overboard; my son, catching one of the sheets in his grasp, jumped over the ship's side with such celerity that he had firm hold of the man before he entered the vessel's wake. Whilst swimming towards the sailor, my son twisted the end of the rope round his left arm; there was considerable way on the frigate, and when the rope had run out its length, the force and suddenness of the shock broke my boy's arm—but he held on to the sinking man, and, when the vessel was hove to, they were hoisted aboard; the mate senseless, and my son with his broken limb hanging useless by his side.

The seaman soon recovered, and his gratitude towards the preserver of his life exhibited itself in positive devotion to his welfare. A few weeks' confinement was necessary to the well-knitting of the broken bone; the boatswain's mate attended his patient with unremitting assiduity and kindness. The heroic nature of the act, and the quiet endurance of the agony which necessarily accompanied the continued strain upon the fractured limb, rendered the young midshipman a favorite both with the officers and men. His bravery was afterwards exhibited in one of the severe conflicts which have placed the name of the frigate on a conspicuous page of our naval history. He returned to port with the reputation of a hero, and participated largely in the compliments bestowed upon the defenders of the stars and the stripes.

The boatswain's mate, obtaining a few days' leave of absence, journeyed from Boston to Philadelphia, for the purpose of easing his grateful heart by detailing to the parents of his preserver the means of his deliverance from a sea grave. Methinks, even now, I see the rough sailor recapitulating to his delighted auditors the minute particulars of the fall and rescue. His thick bushy whiskers encircled a dark weather-beaten face; his sailor's shirt appeared in thick folds between his jacket and trousers; a small tarpaulin hat was placed beneath his chair; his conversation was interlarded with sea slang and horrible oaths, and he squirted tobacco juice over the bright dog irons and polished mantel-sides. Yet a more welcome visiter never sat upon our hearth—for he talked, with love and reverence, of our darling son.

When he rose to depart, I pressed on him the hospitalities of the night, but in vain. His purpose was accomplished, and he started instantly on his return to his ship. I offered him some pecuniary assistance on his journey; his small eyes glittered as he answered—

"No, no, master. I made sail here to tell you what I knew your son wouldn't tell himself. I know'd that it was impossible that the parents of sich a ship-shape craft as he couldn't do no less nor love him, and I wanted you to larn as he was worth loving. I didn't want to make your number for the sake of a supply of beef and biskit, but I didn't object to a can of flip with the father of him as saved my life. Good bye, ma'am. Don't you be afraid of your son's safety; he's got me to look arter him now, and I means to keep atween him and ill-luck, if it falls in my watch. I han't got nothing worth your having as a keepsake from me, ma'am, except my chain and whistle. Please keep it, to think of him what loves your son as much as you do. I can get another from the purser." So saying, he threw his only ornament around the neck of my wife, and, with a low bow, and a hitch at his trousers, started for the door.

At one of the fetes given in honor of the frigate's victory, my son danced with a young lady, the daughter of one of the chiefest merchants in New York. She was lively, handsome, and fascinating, and soon enchained her partner in her toils. Proud of her captive, she lent a ready ear to his fond asseverations, and in a few days, I received intelligence of their marriage. The news struck

me as with a blight: I had no fault to find with the object of his choice, for she was rich, well-born, and highly educated—but I dreaded evil, though I knew not why. I reprehended my son for his hasty proceeding—for not consulting with his parents, or even acquainting them with his intentions till they had been effected. He pleaded haste—the force of love—the dread of being ordered instantly to sea—and the probability of losing the object of his affections. His doting mother accorded him her forgiveness, and interceded with me in his behalf. In a few days, the young husband and his girlish wife were domesticated beneath our roof.

The frigate's repairs were soon completed, and she was again under sailing orders. My son flew to his station, leaving his bride, in strong hysterics, reclining in her mother's arms. I saw nothing of her during the absence of my son, and she neglected to answer our letters. Rumor, with its mysterious knowledge of unseen events and thousand means of propagation, spoke lightly of her conduct, and hinted at the general levity of her behavior in society at New York, but I was unable to collect any positive evidence of impropriety. The presentiment of coming evil grew stronger within me, and but a short time elapsed before my worst anticipations were fulfilled.

Again did victory sit upon the prow of the noble frigate, and again did my son nobly bear his share of the danger and the glory of the cruize. On his return to port, he hastened to the arms of his wife, but found her not. She was from home, but her parents could not assign the place of her sojourn, nor the name of the family to whom the pretended visit was being paid. It was impossible to silence the mouths of the many; my son found his young wife in a neighboring village, residing, under a false name, beneath the same roof with a married man—a fellow notorious for his unprincipled gallantries and shameless desertion of his victims. The husband demanded reparation for the injury committed upon his honor: the seducer sneered at his impetuosity, and declared that the lady was not worth fighting for, as he had merely offered her a little consolation in her husband's absence, who was now most heartily welcome to his wife again. A violent blow stopped the current of the heartless ruffian's impudence. It was impossible for him to submit to this public insult, and an immediate meeting was demanded. In one hour, my heart-stricken boy had fallen a victim to the skill and coolness of the practised duellist; the bullet passed into his body, severely injuring the spine in its passage. He died, in bloody agony, writhing on the ground like a hurt snake. His honorable murderer gazed upon the death pangs of his antagonist with unabashed effrontery; and when the last struggle had taken place, he sent his officiating friend to the lady, with his respects, and as he was about departing from that neighborhood, he wished to know if she intended to bear him company. In a few months, she died while giving birth to a dead child—the fruit of her illicit amours.

Here, at the bottom of the skull of the cannibal, is the murderer's bullet, extracted from the body of my son. A shred of blue cloth, a portion of his coat, still adheres to the flattened lead, as it was forced into the wound—but the blood of my child has altered its original tint.

I have mentioned his mother's death as the result of the fate of her beloved boy. The boatswain's mate never forgave himself for neglecting to guard over the welfare of his preserver. He swore eternal vengeance, and made anxious inquiries as to the whereabouts of the seducer, but without effect. Shortly after the termination of the war, the sailor heard that the murderer had joined the army, and was quartered at New Orleans. He instantly undertook the long and perilous journey, and on his arrival there, found that his information was correct. The ruffian was pointed out while he was walking on the Levee—the sailor struck him a violent blow with his fist, and bade him remember Lieutenant ——. The officer rose, and as the other was again rushing at him, buried his bowie knife in the seaman's breast.

The seducer still lives; he associates with men of mark and public estimation, and is accounted an honorable man. Twice lately has my sight been blasted by his smiling visage in the open streets. His presence checks the very current of my blood; and while the direst craving for revenge dilates my heart, I feel my impotence, and curse my failing age. My wife's death, my son's blood, the slaughter of the brave seaman, and the untimely fate of the infatuated girl—all—all—rest upon his soul—and yet he smiles! he revels in the graces of fortune, and enjoys the esteem of all mankind. The world goes well with him—but I am childless—wifeless—friendless—and yet I have not sinned!

* * * * * *

Here, in this pigeon-hole, are some singular papers, worthy a longer preservation. Here is the certificate of my registry amongst the members of the Queen Charlotte Fire Company of Philadelphia, some half dozen years before the final rupture between the colonies and the mother country. In those days, the most aristocratic families deemed it their duty to attend to the care of the various engines, and their attendant hooks, buckets, and ladders. I doubt much if the whole of the present race of tight-coated and tight-strapped dandies, with their effeminate lispings and conceited strut could have dragged one of our rude and heavy fire machines along the rough unpaved ground—or have mustered sufficient strength of mind and energy of purpose to have framed and issued the Declaration of Independence.

Here is a letter from Dr. Franklin to my father, with the details of an improved lightning rod, invented by the philosopher, and afterwards placed, under his directions, upon our country house in Shippen street. Here, too, is the first number of the first magazine ever printed in America, called "The General Magazine and Monthly Chronicle for the British Plantations in America. By Ben-

jamin Frnklin. January, 1741." On the cover, my father's name is written in a strange cramped hand, with this addition—"from his friend B. F., who desires a sincere opinion." The poor state of the printing and the coarseness of the paper present a striking contrast to the elegant periodicals of the present day.

Here are letters on law matters from Aaron Burr, to whose name the stigma of treason has been attached for attempting that which has conferred glory upon the heroes of Texas and Canada.

Here are two miniatures, each depicting a lovely and a youthful face, which, in its day, has been the object of my love—but the emotions which they excited in my heart were of the opposite degrees of passion—the boy's senseless adoration of the pretty face of his first sweetheart, and the calm fondness of a brother for the sisterly companion of his declining age.

Eliza H——, "my boyhood's love," was a lively girl, but some few years my senior. She was the daughter of one of the first citizens of Philadelphia, who boasted that his father's father assisted William Penn from the boat, when he first placed his foot upon the Delaware shore. Eliza was a mad coquette—a romp, who playfully robbed you of your heart, and when, in sober earnestness, you pressed your suit, amused herself by laughing at the agonies of her victim, and wondering at his presumptuous boldness. I was fearfully in love with her, and at one time believed that I had inspired her with a reciprocal passion; but when I ventured upon a declaration, she laughed with unrestrained heartiness at "the boy's assurance," and threatened to have me whipped if I mentioned love again. My wounded pride cured my love, upon the principle of counter-irritation. Eliza married a Quaker residing in New Jersey, became the mother of numerous children, and died, about thirty years since, a withered toothless dame.

My sister, the subject of the other miniature, has also passed through the gates of death. We saw her married to the man of her heart—she was the mother of three babes—the centre of a delighted circle of friends. The last visitation of the yellow pestilence removed her and her children from that earth which she had assisted to render heavenly. Her husband deeply felt his loss; he neglected his business, and eventually failed. He encouraged a propensity to indulge in the false excitement of intemperance—a few months finished his career.

I am now alone—alone in this wide unfriendly world. I have been twice wedded—have been a father, rejoicing in the noble bearing of my manly child; I have proudly gazed upon my sister's progeny, and traced with a delighted eye the softened likeness of my venerable parent in the youthful lineaments before me. But I am now alone. My acquaintances are of another race of men; I have no fellow-feeling, no community of interests with these creations of yesterday. My habits and thoughts are those of a by-gone age. I have outlived the current of the times.

I dare not say, with the Indian woman who, having attained an enormous age, had seen, like me, all her relations and friends committed to the earth—"I do not die, *because God hath forgotten me.*" The painful events with which the Almighty has been pleased to afflict me are evidence that I have not been forgotten; but, in bowing my head to the chastening blow, I anticipate an hereafter reward in the presence of the beloved beings who have been called before me to a state of bliss—"for whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth—blessed be the name of the Lord."

THINGS I LOVE.

BY JOHN HICKMAN, JR.

I love to watch the sleeping child,
A playful, cherub boy—
The mother's smile of tenderness,
Her swelling, heavenly joy.

I love the maiden's dewy eye,
Her softly pencil'd cheek,
Like flushings of the sun-set hour
Upon a snowy peak.

I love to hear the hoary man
Repeat his perils o'er—
And read his shifting book of life,
A chronicle of yore.

I love the faintly echoing horn—
The rushing, bounding chase—
The fearless leap of huntsmen bold
Across a chasm place.

I love to catch, at summer eve,
The mellow music-note
Of merry voices on the lake,
Where glides the white-winged boat.

But, more than all, I love my home,
The lowly, narrow cot—
I would not barter with a king,
A steepy, sea-side spot.

A CHAPTER

ON

FIELD SPORTS AND MANLY PASTIMES.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

GYMNASTICS AND GYMNASIA.

It may be truly said, that the revival of Gymnastics, so long buried under the ruins of antiquity, is one of the greatest advancements yet made in the science of education, and not among the least conspicuous improvements of the present enlightened age. Every one who reflects—every one who knows anything, knows, and by experience, how intimate a connexion there exists between body and mind—how invariably the healthy or sickly temperament of the one influences that of the other; that when the body is strong, healthy, and active, so is the mind cheerful and elastic, and that when the former is sickly and diseased, so is the latter languid and depressed. The ancient Greeks and Romans understood this; and their education was accordingly directed to the development, not only of the mental, but also of the corporeal powers; and this corporeal branch of education was termed Gymnastics.

The earliest account we have of gymnastic exercises is in Homer's Iliad, book the twenty-third, in which are described the games celebrated at the funeral of Patroclus. The Grecian gymnastics consisted of chariot racing, boxing, wrestling, foot races, drawing the bow, hurling javelins, etc.

Plato states, that one Herodicus introduced this art into physic; and Hippocrates, who lived at a later period, recommended it; but as physicians did not adopt all the exercises of the gymnastic art, it came to be divided between them and the teachers of warlike and athletic exercises, who kept schools for the purpose.

From Greece, gymnastic exercises were imported into the Roman empire, where the young men were exercised in athletic sports in a large plain, by the side of the Tiber, called the Campus Martius, or in public schools, termed Gymnasia, or Palestrae; but as the amusements did not differ materially from those in Greece, it is unnecessary to describe them.

In the middle ages, when education got into the hands, and was at the sole disposal of the monks, it is not surprising that Gymnastics altogether disappeared. The lords of the soil indeed, knights and princes, contended at their splendid tilts and tournaments; but the mass of the people were degraded and enslaved, the more effectually to administer to the pleasures and the pride of their oppressors. This age of chivalry, as it was termed, passed away however in succeeding ages; even these knightly games became extinct, and Gymnastics, gradually losing ground, were at length reduced to the very name, known possibly to some musty philosophers who might have stumbled on it in their insane, because indiscriminate, enthusiasm for whatever might bear the stamp of barbarism or antiquity.

The nearest approach to the true exercises of the Gymnasium proper, of which we find an account in any of the British records, is to be met with in the "Sports and Pastimes" of Joseph Strutt.

"Hopping-matches for prizes," he says, "were occasionally made in the sixteenth century, as we learn from John Heywoode, the epigrammatist. In his Proverbs are the following lines:

> Where wooers hoppe in and out, long time may bring
> Him that hoppeth best, at last to have the ring—
> —I hoppying without for a ringe of a rushe.

And again, in a play called the four P's, by the same author, one of the characters is directed to 'hop upon one foot;' and another says—

Here were a hopper to hop for the ring."

Mention is also made of the *Ladder-Dance*—" so called because the performer stands upon a ladder, which he shifts from place to place, and ascends or descends, without losing the equilibrium, or permitting it to fall."

In regard to those mere feats of agility and dexterity, for which our tumblers, rope-dancers, and circus-riders are now famous, we meet with enough to prove that they have been at all times practised in England, and indeed throughout Europe, and many other portions, both of the civilized and uncivilized world; but the practice of gymnastic exercises, as a system, for the useful purposes of invigorating the body and imparting elasticity to the mind, has been only lately revived from antiquity. To Professors Gutsmuths and Jahn, the merit of the discovery and revival of this long lost art,—" this relic of an age gone by,"—is more particularly due. After a careful examination of the structure of the human body, they devised numerous exercises, arranged them in a well adapted series, and again restored Gymnastics to something like their former rank and importance.

It was in Denmark that these exercises were first considered in a national point of view; and in 1803 the number of gymnastic establishments in that country had amounted to fourteen, in which three thousand young men were educated. Indeed, on the continent generally, the system spread.

In many towns of Germany and Switzerland, Gymnasia were established. The youth, and even grown men, soon derived more pleasure from exercises which fortified, than from pleasures which paralized, the powers of their bodies. By the consciousness of increased vigor, the mind, too, became powerfully excited, and strove for equal perfection; and the constant ambition of every pupil was to verify in his own instance, the truth of the adage, " *Mens sana in corpore sana—A sound mind in a healthy body.*" Even the naturally indolent were irresistibly carried away by the zeal of their comrades; persons, diseased and weakly, recovered their health, for the restoration of which these exercises were possibly the only effectual remedy. The certificates of physicians wherever Gymnastics were introduced, concurred as to their healthful tendency, nor were the highest testimonials from parents and teachers found wanting. Indeed, all young men who cultivated them, were acknowledged to have improved in health and morals, and to have acquired an open, free, and graceful deportment. For many years past, Gymnastics have been introduced into England, and have met with decided success. They have been patronized by the government—have been adopted in the army; in the Royal Military, and Naval Schools; besides the Charter-house, and many private establishments. Private Gymnasia, too, have also appeared in various parts of the metropolis, and received considerable encouragement. But in order to render Gymnastics generally beneficial, and to secure to them a permanent and a national basis, a Public Gymnasium was at length established in several parts of London and the environs, for the admission of all persons of character and respectability, and on terms as nearly as possible proportioned to their pecuniary abilities. Its conduct and regulation were placed under the management of a society, formed by their own body.

That such institutions are desirable in large cities, will be obvious to all who reflect on the impossibility of persons whose employments are sedentary, attaining, after the confinement and anxiety of the day, a requisite portion of healthful exercise and excitement to recruit and exhilarate the spirit, and restore the tone of languid nature. This object, it will be admitted, is not accomplished by the dull, monotonous, and even the pernicious practice of listlessly strolling about the streets without a definite or a useful motive; still less, by dissipating the remnant of their already abused faculties in the unhallowed atmosphere of the tavern or the club. To the clerk, this course will but accelerate the mischief arising from eight or ten hours' " dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood;" to the artizan it is not calculated to ensure peaceful slumbers, and to enable him to meet the duties of the morrow " with nerves new-braced and spirits cheered."

In hypochondriacal, and all other melancholy disorders, people are too apt to acquire the notion, that mind alone is concerned; whereas, the body will usually be found to own at least an equal share, if not indeed the original, of the evil. There is a mutual re-action between them, and by lessening it on one side, you diminish the pain on both. Hypochondria is the name of one of the regions of the stomach—a very instructive etymology. The blood of a melancholy man is thick and slow; that of a lively man, clear and quick. A natural conclusion therefore, is, that the remedy would be found in putting the blood into action. " By ceaseless action all that is, subsists." Exercise is the best means of effecting it, as the impulse given by artificial stimuli is too sudden, the effect too transitory, and the cost to nature too great. Plato had so high an opinion of the medicinal powers of exercise for disorders of the mind, that he said it was even a cure for a wounded conscience.

The want of exercise, says Dr. Blackmore, is a *preparatory cause* of the gout, and this is warranted by long experience; for instance, the sedentary lawyer, and the unwearied student who continually converse with their books, and seldom employ themselves in exercise, thereby often con-

tract the gout. The sauntering, supine, and oscitant gentleman, by his birth and great possessions, exempt from labor and exercise, therefore is *entitled* to diseases."

"If much study," says Dr. Cheyne, "be joined to the want of exercise, it becomes then *doubly* prejudicial, and will, if long pursued, ruin the strongest constitutions.

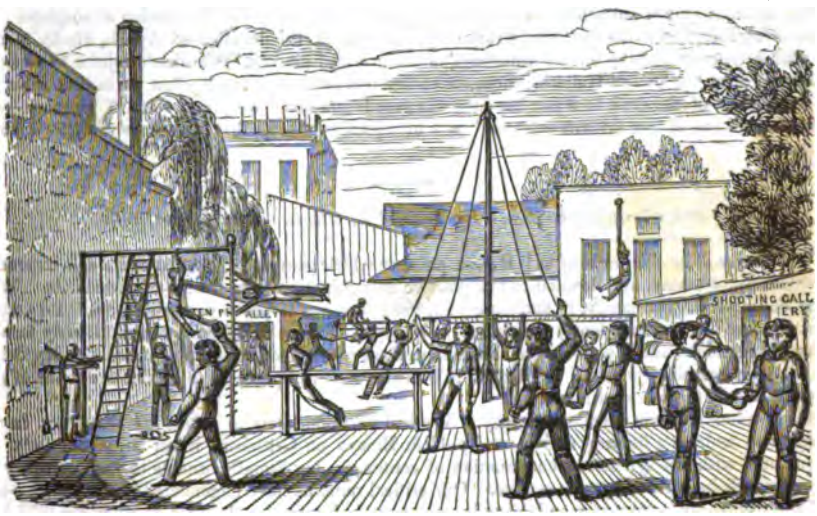
"Hard study never fails to destroy the appetite, and produce all the symptoms already enumerated, with headaches, vertigoes, costiveness, wind, crudities, apoplexies, and palsy.

"If inactivity and want of exercise are joined with luxury, the solids become relaxed and weakened, and the acrimony of the salts and humors gradually increase, then chronical disorders are produced, such as gout, erysipelas, rheumatisms, with all the pains, miseries, and torments arising in this low sunk state of the constitution."

It is difficult to convince sedentary people, but it is a duty to attempt persuading them, that their usual habits waste the spirits, destroy health, and shorten life. Hundreds in each of our large cities die every year for want of exercise.

It is by no means necessary that we should cultivate Gymnastics "after the manner of the ancients," but only so far as may be requisite to maintain the even tenor of existence. The state of society in towns continually imposes obstructions to health, and offers inducements to the slothful, in the shape of palliatives, which ultimately increase the "miseries of human life." Exercise is both a prevention and a remedy; but we must not mistake—diligence is not necessarily exercise.

Our ordinary pastimes are now almost all within doors; those of our progenitors in England were more in the open air. They danced on the green in the day-time; we, if we dance at all, move about in warm rooms at night; and then there are the "late hours," the "making a toil of pleasure," the lying in bed late the next morning, the incapacity to perform duties in consequence of "recreation!" The difference to health is immense—the difference to morals is not less. If reflection be troublesome, read the proceedings in courts of justice and then reflect. We have much to unlearn.



The above Engraving is an accurate representation of

THE INTERIOR OF MR. BARRETT'S GYMNASIUM,

WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

An institution which has met with decided encouragement, and which, we are happy to add, deserves it. Mr. B. has introduced many improvements upon former plans, in regard to his machinery, regulations, and exercises. Some general idea of these latter may be gained from an inspection of the engraving. In our next number, we will enter into minute details respecting this and similar institutions—giving an entire code of "Instructions for Gymnasts." It would be a source of great pleasure to us if we could be the means, in any degree, of exciting interest upon a subject which, however frivolous it may appear, is yet one of so much real importance.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Waverly Novels, with the Author's last Corrections and Additions; complete in Five Volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

We had occasion to notice the enterprize of the above booksellers in our remarks upon the splendid volume of Scott's works, devoted to his poetry, which issued from their press a few months past; in one book, scarcely more ponderous than the original edition of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, the whole of Sir Walter's poetry is gathered together, including various minor pieces never before published. We have now a continuation of the same glorious edition—the entire "Waverly Novels" are presented in Five Octavo Volumes; the author's last corrections and additions are included; and his valuable notes grace the text matter in appropriate relation. The type is clear and sufficiently bold to render its perusal an easy task; the paper is of the same consistency and whiteness that won our admiration in the volume of poetry; and a well-engraved Steel Likeness, from the original picture by Newton, in the possession of Murray the bookseller, gives additional value to the work. We have no hesitation in saying that Carey and Hart's edition of Sir Walter Scott's works is the best library and family edition ever printed, either in England or America.

Fanny, and other Poems. One Volume. Harper and Brothers, New York.

Mr. Halleck's muse but seldom condescends to flap her wings in the Parnassian atmosphere; the publishers, therefore, with due consideration of the wants of the devotees of Apollo, kindly furnish us with a repetition of the former flutterings of her graceful pinions. We should rejoice to welcome a novelty from the pen of Halleck; there are so few real poets now extant, that we cannot allow one of the highest of the craft to waste his days "in ease inglorious," without a word of reproach—and this new edition of our favorite "Fanny" is a mouthful of sweets that makes us wish for a larger feast.

A Reply to the Critics. By Samuel F. Glenn. Washington, 1839.

This boy will be the death of us! Here is another "little pamphlet," printed at the sole expense of the "littery" Sammy, and devoted to our positive extermination from the list of periodicals. Why, dear Sammy, will you persist in spending your hard earnings to prove yourself an ass? Be assured that you are already sufficiently ridiculous in the eyes of those to whom you gratuitously forward your productions; and if your respectable maternal parent neglected sending you to a Sunday School in your days of bibs and bread and butter, it is not incumbent upon you to exhibit the depth of your ignorance to "the world at large!"

Our readers may not recollect Sammy. We had occasion lately to notice his arrogance in presuming to address a literary society and publish Essays on Criticism, when he is not only unacquainted with the syntactical construction of sentences, but literally unable to spell correctly the words which he presses into his service. Our critical remarks have engendered Sammy's ire—and, lo! the result—an octave of mendacious ignorance and vituperation, levelled at all critics who have had the honesty to ridicule the pretensions of this particular gander of the capitol, this Virgil of Goose Creek—and at ourselves primarily and most particularly.

We are not angry with Sammy, although he lets drive at us "with savage earnestness and vengeful play." Sammy insists upon it that he is a great writer—that the bad grammar and mis-spelling evident in all his productions, are the faults of the various printers employed—nay he even confesses that such errors *will be found* in his forthcoming work. Sammy once inflicted an hour's talk upon our suffering nature, when he uttered more bad language than a mad cockney in a farce. Was the printer to blame, then? We have a letter written by Sammy's own hand, wherein Priscian's head is broken with painful frequency; and we also possess the manuscript of a poem, by Sammy, wherein he pathetically asks a weeping willow why it hangs its head so *sorry fully*. This is no typographical error, for the printer has never yet seen this *poem*, and we are doubtful if he ever will.

Sammy F. Glenn reminds us of a certain little Scotch manager whilom of our acquaintance, who bores every editor within blarneying distance till he obtains the insertion of a self-written commendation either of his most unpopular management or of his execrable stage assumptions—performances which the good sense of the American public has nearly driven from the stage. This besotted man parades the false notice as a specimen of public opinion; but if an honest critic ventures to give a

line of reproof or even to hint a wish of amendment in the parsimonious system of management, the conceited bigot raises the cry of persecution, and denounces the editor as a personal foe, or a tool in the hands of a *clique* of enemies. Just so it is with his brother humbug, Sammy Glenn, who practises villanous means of puffing hitherto unknown in the annals of Grub street—but vituperates, in bad grammar, the critic who ridicules the Essays and Lectures of a *litteraire* who is unable to spell correctly a word of three syllables.

Sammy sends copies of his productions to every editor within reach; if the "notices" are honorable he greedily publishes them as puffs, but if unfavorable, he declares that the work was printed for private circulation, and ought not to have been criticised—or that "his poems *from the nature of their emission* were SACRED TO CRITICISM." Any one who understands the English language would imagine that "*sacred to criticism*" meant *consecrated* or *devoted to* that purpose—but poor ignorant Sammy intended to mean just the reverse! However, the printers can bear the blame.

Sammy has not attempted to answer any one of our objections to the consummate nonsense fabricated by him both in his Essay and his Lecture—a lecture which he says was printed at the request of the literary society before which it was delivered. Is it possible that there exists a *literary* society so common-place in its material as to allow our stultified Sammy to insult them in a lecture? did they not observe the longitude of the ears beneath his lion's skin? were they not awakened to a sense of sight by the sound of his asinine bray? We say again that Sammy has not attempted to answer our objections, but contents himself with accusing us of distorting our quotations, and of criticising an extract from Campbell as the writing of Sammy himself. Not so, Sammy; we took your position and its predication, divested of the parenthetical absurdities which confused your meaning—there was no necessity to give the whole of your rigmarole paragraphs; and as to the quotation, we did not affirm that you wrote it, but said that you had *introduced* a very tender and beautiful sentence *in support of your doctrine*. This language is very different to accusing you of writing any thing emanating from the pen of Campbell. Oh, Sammy, Sammy, where do you expect to go when you die?

We shall not again notice our friend Sammy's attacks; we cannot spare room for the paltry subject, nor find time for the unprofitable task. If his "little pamphlets," are sent to us, we shall notice them as they deserve; as we do every other publication placed in our hands. We thank him cordially for the trouble he has taken in proving the correctness of our criticisms, and in circulating the proofs at his own expense. His "Reply to the Critics" is the best puff of our magazine that we could possibly issue, and establishes the honest correctness of our literary opinions beyond the power of denial. Sammy's "Introduction"alone proves all that we have asserted of his ignorance; it consists of three lines and a half, yet contains four flagrant violations of propriety. Here it is.

"I am urged to the following very brief reply by the consideration that the critics *in question* have gained a literary standing *of some degree* in this country, and have disseminated statements which, as I hope to prove *herein*, are alike *obnoxious* to liberality and to truth."

"The critics *in question*." What critics? who are they? No persons have as yet been named, nor has the *gravamen* of the matter been stated; the question is not yet before the reader.

"A literary standing of *some* degree in this country." A phrase most Glennish and obscure. Of what degree? as big as all out doors, or as small as a lump of chalk?

"As I hope to prove *herein*." In where? in the introduction consisting of three lines and a half, or in "the *following* brief reply?"

"*Obnoxious* to liberality and truth." Sammy, we confess the *soft* impeachment—we are obnoxious to liberality and truth. Borrow a dictionary, man, and find the meaning of the word. Why do you venture upon a four-syllabler without a previous investigation? *Obnoxious* means liable, or subject, or exposed to anything—not opposed or inimical, as we imagine you intended to say. Sammy, you *must* save up half a dollar, and purchase a dictionary.

Gentle reader, if three lines and a half contain four distinct misusages of the English language, how many are likely to be contained in a "little pamphlet" of Sammy Glenn's slip-slop?

Sammy talks rabidly about the malignancy of our depraved heart! poor, dear, Sammy! we bear you no ill will. If you dislike our critiques why do you send us your "little pamphlet?" why do you concoct falsities, and publish puffs, of your own fabrication, and write impudent letters? Reflect and refrain, or your name will become a bye-word for ignorance and pretension! If you have any relatives of respectability, issue another printed circular, and swear that you are not the author of the little pamphlet written by one Sammy F. Glenn. For the sake of your future prosperity, we advise you in the parental language of the elder Weller—"Samivel, Samivel, you had better prove a hallibi!"

A Voice to Youth, Addressed to young Men and young Ladies. By Rev. J. M. Austin. Second Edition. Grosh and Hutchinson, Utica.

This is a truly valuable and well written work. The chapters which compose it were originally published in the "Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate," during the years 1837 and 1838,

and met with general approbation from a very large circle of readers. Messieurs Grosh and Hutchinson, for whom it was originally written, were induced by its popularity to re-publish it. The first edition (in book form) of 1500 copies, was exhausted in a few months—the present has an appendix, together with additions and amendments by the author.

The whole is divided into three parts—A Voice to youth, a Voice to young Men, and a Voice to young Ladies. We like every portion of the work, but would especially recommend the two Chapters on "Habits"—as well as those on "Reading" and "Self-Cultivation."

Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the Time of George III. Second Series. By Henry Lord Brougham, F. R. S., and Member of the National Institute of France. Two Volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

The first series of these Sketches excited a profound attention in all the better classes of readers. The epoch depicted, in the character of its leading men, was one of pre-eminent importance, either morally or politically considered; and the man who professed to depict it, was one who had very largely influenced both its moral and political condition. All people too had faith in the ability, and nearly all in the impartiality of the artist—who did not disappoint the expectations which had been formed. Few biographies have better chance of going down to posterity, or of going down with a richer freight of authenticity and truth, than these Sketches of the Statesmen of the Time of George III.

The Second Series is, to Americans, more fraught with interest than the first. We have here mementos of Charles Carroll, of Lafayette, and of Washington—portraits by a master-hand—a head too which would have done its subjects justice had the sky fallen. We cannot conceive, indeed, what some of our daily papers have meant, or intended to mean, by the assertion that Lord Brougham has under-rated the talents of our First President. Surely the bitterness of some of their paragraphs is an ill repayment of so noble a panegyric as this!

"How grateful the relief which the friend of mankind, the lover of virtue, experiences when, turning from the contemplation of such a character, his eye rests upon the greatest man of our own or any age;—the only one upon whom an epithet so thoughtlessly lavished by men, to foster the crimes of their worst enemies, may be innocently and justly bestowed! In Washington we truly behold a marvellous contrast to almost every one of the endowments and the vices which we have been contemplating; and which are so well fitted to excite a mingled admiration, and sorrow, and abhorrence. With none of that brilliant genius which dazzles ordinary minds; with not even any remarkable quickness of apprehension; with knowledge less than almost all persons in the middle ranks, and many well educated of the humbler classes possess; this eminent person is presented to our observation clothed in attributes as modest, as unpretending, as little calculated to strike or to astonish, as if he had passed unknown through some secluded region of private life. But he had a judgment sure and sound; a steadiness of mind which never suffered any passion, or even any feeling to ruffle its calm; a strength of understanding which worked rather than forced its way through all obstacles—removing or avoiding rather than overleaping them. If profound sagacity, unshaken steadiness of purpose, the entire subjugation of all the passions which carry havoc through ordinary minds, and oftentimes lay waste the fairest prospects of greatness—nay, the discipline of those feelings which are wont to lull or to seduce genius, and to mar and to cloud over the aspect of virtue herself—joined with, or rather leading to the most absolute self-denial, the most habitual and exclusive devotion to principle—if these things can constitute a great character, without either quickness of apprehension, or resources of information, or inventive powers, or any brilliant quality that might dazzle the vulgar—then surely Washington was the greatest man that ever lived in this world uninspired by Divine wisdom, and unsustained by supernatural virtue."

The personages included in the two volumes now before us are George IV. (with Sir John Leach and others;) Lord Eldon; Sir William Scott (Lord Stowell;) Dr. Lawrence; Sir Philip Francis; Mr. Horne Tooke; Lord Castlereagh; Lord Liverpool; Mr. Tierney; Lord St. Vincent; Lord Nelson; Mr. Horner; Lord King; Mr. Ricardo; Mr. Curran; Charles Carroll; Necker; Madame de Staël; the Mirabeau Family; Carnot; Lafayette; Talleyrand; Napoleon; and Washington.

Not the least interesting portion of the work is a hint, in the Introduction, that the writer is occupied in histories of the reigns of Harry V., and Elizabeth. The literary world will welcome them enthusiastically.

Whatever opinion may be entertained of the political or moral honesty of Lord Brougham, few men of intellect have been found to question his extraordinary powers of mind; his wide comprehension, and strong grasp of thought; his exceeding energy; his rude but commendable directness and Demosthenic vigor of expression. If he be, indeed, the sly knave his little enemies have painted him, it must be admitted that the undeniable qualities we have specified have an odd inaccordance with his true character. He must be the most inconsistent human being upon the face of the earth.

He must have an outward and visible spirit belying the invisible spirit within. He must be like the statue in Lucian with its surface of Parian marble, and its interior filled with rags. It appears to us, however, that his known deficiencies, as well as his known capacities, are precisely those of a chivalrous heart, not less than of a gigantic understanding.

Letters of Eliza Wilkinson, during the Invasion and Possession of Charleston, S. C., by the British in the Revolutionary War. Arranged from the Original Manuscript by Caroline Gilman. Samuel Colman, New York.

These Letters, twelve in number, and filling about a hundred openly-printed duodecimo pages, handsomely bound, are occupied in part with minute details of such atrocities on the part of the British during their sojourn in Charleston, as the quizzing of Mrs. Wilkinson and the pilfering of her shoe-buckles—the remainder being made up of the indignant comments of the lady. It is very true, as the preface to this volume assures us, that "few records exist of American women either before or during the war of the revolution, and that those perpetuated by history, although honorable, particularly to the Southern States, want the charm of personal narration"—but then we are well delivered from such charms of personal narration as we find here. The only supposable merit in the compilation is that dogged air of truth with which the fair authoress tells the lamentable story of her misadventures. We look in vain for the "useful information" about which some of our contemporaries have spoken; unless indeed it is in the passage where we are told that the letter-writer "was a young and beautiful widow; that her hand-writing is clear and feminine; and that the letters were copied by herself into a blank quarto book on which the extravagant sale-price marks one of the features of the times." There are other extravagant sale-prices, however, besides that. In regard to the talk in the preface, about "gathering relics of past history," and "floating down streams of time," we should call it all fudge. The whole book is exceedingly silly, and we cannot conceive why Miss Caroline Gilman thought the public wanted to read it. As for Mrs. Wilkinson, she deserved to lose her shoe-buckles.

Birds and Flowers, and Other Country Things. By Mary Howitt. Weeks, Jordan and Co., Boston.

This a very beautiful little book—regard it as we will. Here we have good paper, good printing, good binding, well-executed wood-cuts from excellent drawings—and poems by Mary Howitt. We presume there are few of our readers who are not well acquainted with the character of the writings of this lady—with that sportive and quaint grace, which keeps clear of the absurd, by never employing itself upon subjects of a very exalted nature. It cannot be denied that our sweet poetess, Miss Gould, has drawn much of her inspiration from a study of the fair quakeress of whom we speak. The two styles are nearly identical—the choice of themes is one and the same thing in both writers. They appear to echo and re-echo each other. At the same time we must do Miss Gould the justice to say that she has greatly improved upon her model, by a more careful elaboration of materials, resulting in a polished epigrammatism, not always observable in the English poems, and admirably well suited to the nature and capacities of her Muse—at least so far as that Muse is shown in a proper light.

In a notice, elsewhere, of the writings of Miss Gould, we spoke at length of the leading traits of her general style, and commented upon certain occasional bursts of a far higher order of merit than appertained to her ordinary manner—flashings forth of a far brighter fire. It appeared to us, indeed, that her usual vein was the result rather of some affectation, than of true impulse—rather of some perversion of taste, through early prejudice or partiality, persisted in until matured into habit—than of the unbiassed promptings of the spirit. We had then never seen a collection of the poems of Miss H. Having seen them, we find our suspicions fully confirmed. But Miss G. should not consent to be in any degree an imitator—even of what is so well worthy imitation as the delightful poetry of Mary Howitt.

Tales of Shipwrecks and Other Disasters at Sea. By Thomas Bingley, Author of "Stories about Dogs," etc. Weeks, Jordan and Co., Boston.

No subject in the world has so deep an interest for youth as that of the perils and disasters of the sea; and Mr. Bingley, who is well known for his abilities in telling stories to young people—not an

easy thing to do cleverly—has here succeeded in making a capital volume on the spirit-stirring theme. We cannot say that the designs are well drawn—it would be positively against our conscience—but perhaps they will answer their purpose. The book, in every other respect, is worthy of commendation.

The American Flower-Garden Companion; Adapted to the Northern and Middle States. By Edward Sayers, Landscape and Ornamental Gardener. Second Edition—Revised, with Additions. Weeks, Jordan and Co., Boston.

It must be admitted that this is just such a book as the public have been long wanting—a concise, lucid, practical, sufficiently scientific, and cheap manual of Ornamental Horticulture. We are especially sure that there is not a young lady in the land who will not be eager to thank Mr. Sayers for putting her in possession of the work. She will here find a thousand difficulties removed; a thousand capital plans suggested; a thousand novel hints in regard to mere forms of beauty—to mere matters of arrangement and taste—hints evidently emanating from a graceful mind, and not to be met with in volumes of higher price, larger dimensions and greater pretence. We speak particularly of such things as the *physique* and *morale* of the location and position of plants, of the formation and situation of rock, of ornamental waters and bridges, and of the planning and management of trellisses and arbors. But the volume contains every thing essential to the flower-gardener. It is divided into four heads—The Arrangement of the Garden and Propagation of Plants; The Culture of Plants; The Green-House; and The Flower-Garden Miscellany. There is, also, a Glossary of Botanical Terms, and an Appendix, embracing Descriptive Lists of Annual and Biennial Flowers.

The American Fruit-Garden Companion. Being a Practical Treatise on the Propagation and Culture of Fruit; Adapted to the Northern and Middle States. By. E. Sayers, Gardener; Author of the American Flower-Garden Companion, etc. Weeks, Jordan and Co., Boston.

Here the design is to condense into the most convenient form, as a work of practical utility, remarks on the culture and management of the different kinds of fruit adapted to the Middle and Northern States. In the commencement of the volume several pages have been appropriated to the phytology of plants, with a view of familiarizing the inexperienced cultivator with some of the leading characteristics of trees. The subject is plainly and clearly handled. In the Nursery Department, which naturally follows the phytology, the author has given minute directions in regard to the propagation of fruit-trees from seed, and the various methods of grafting, budding, and bringing the tree into the proper size and state for the final planting in the garden or orchard. Here he has adhered to a system of raising fruit-trees from seed, in preference to the usual method of suckers. He considers that the young plants rob the parent and impoverish the soil. Mr. Sayers has given throughout, the results of a long practice, and no little scientific information.

The Bride of Fort Edward. Founded on an Incident of the Revolution. Samuel Colman, New York.

In looking over the preface of this little book, we fancied that we could perceive in it a certain air of thought really profound, disfigured by an attempt at over-profundity—and upon this idea we formed our anticipations of the book itself—not being altogether disappointed in the sequel. Our opinion, it will therefore be seen, is not fully in accordance with that of the press at large; so far as we have observed their notices.

The author, in apprising his readers that the "Bride of Fort Edward" is not, properly, *a play*, has drawn a just distinction between the hurried action, the crowded plot and the theatrical elevation, which the stage demands of the pure drama; and that merely dialogical *form*, in which he has chosen to convey the repose, the thought, and the sentiment of actual life. His particular object, as expressed by himself, will be found, upon examination, to justify the *manner* of his work. The story "is connected with a well-known crisis in our National History; nay, it is itself a portion of the historic record, and as such, even with many of its most trifling minutiæ, is embedded in our earliest recollections. But it is rather in relation to the abstract truth it embodies—as exhibiting a law in the relation of the human mind to its invisible protector—the apparent sacrifice of the individual, in the grand movements for the race—it is in this light rather than as an historical exhibition"—that he claims for it the attention of the public.

This design is an excellent one, and is by no means badly executed; except in the point of being

overdone—of being too obviously insisted upon, throughout—and of being carried to a transcendental extreme. We would be quite safe in saying that the writer is a passionate admirer of Coleridge—a man whose Jacob Behmen-ism makes, perhaps, as near an approach to the sublime of truth, as can possibly be made by utter unintelligibility and fustian. In all modifications of such minds as his, we are to look for more or less of a high spirit of poesy; and, feeling this, we were not disappointed in meeting with this spirit in the volume before us. Here is imagination of no common order.

Yet oftenest of that homeward path I think
Amid the deepening twilight slowly trod;
And I can hear the click of that old gate
As once again, amid the chirping yard,
I see the summer rooms open and dark,
And on the shady step the sister stand,
Her merry welcome in a mock reproach
Of Love's long childhood breathing.

I could think this was peace—*so calmly there*
The afternoon amid the valley sleeps.

——— How calm the night moves on; and yet
In the dark morrow that behind those hills
Lies sleeping now, who knows what horror lurks?

Yon mighty hunter in his silver vest,
That o'er those azure fields walks nightly now,
In his bright girdle wears the self-same gems
That on the watchers of old Babylon
Shone once, and to the soldier on her walls
Marked the swift hour, as they do now to me.

Having said thus much, however, we would not be misunderstood. Nothing less than a long apprenticeship to letters will give the author of the "Bride of Fort Edward" even a chance to be remembered or considered. His work, if we view it in its minor points, is radically deficient in all the ordinary and indispensable proprieties of literature. Generally speaking, it cannot be denied that his verse is any thing but verse, and that his prose stands sadly in need of a straight-jacket.

Charles Hartland, the Village Missionary. Revised and Prepared by William A. Alcott, Author of the "House I Live In," etc. Weeks, Jordan and Co., Boston.

The simple design of this well-written little book is to convey moral and religious instruction, by exhibiting to the young, in pictures of every-day life, the excellence of virtue on the one hand, and the miseries of vice on the other. We are told, moreover, in the preface, that an attempt is made at showing "the importance and necessity of possessing the true missionary spirit, in all the ordinary concerns and relations of domestic life; and, above all, in the discharge of the responsible duties of a teacher." The narrative has the undoubted merit of being *true*.

Solomon Seesaw. By J. P. Robertson, Senior Author of Letters on Paraguay. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

In spite of many assertions to the contrary, we have no hesitation in calling Solomon Seesaw a very lively, a very well-written, and altogether a very readable book. The outcry against it has no doubt been made by those who would not look into its pages on account of an exceedingly ill-founded yet customary prejudice—we allude to the prevalent idea that a writer who succeeds in matters-of-fact, can by no possibility succeed in matters of fiction. This opinion is not nearly so tenable as its converse—yet this converse is seldom insisted upon. The truth is, that a *really* good writer in any one department of literature, properly so called, will not be found to fail, essentially, in any one other to which he turns his attention, or in which he can be made to feel a sufficient interest. The popular voice, to be sure, has decided otherwise; but then, as the philosophical Chamfort well says—*Il y a à parier que toute idée publique, toute convention recue, est une sottise; car elle a été convenue au plus grand nombre.*

Solomon Seesaw, without making outrageous pretensions, is a very entertaining personage. There

is a great deal of vivacity about him, and much of a hearty, up-and-down and straight-forward Roderick-Random kind of incident and humor. The book is a very good book to take up in a rainy day. Mr. Robertson is not by any means an ordinary writer. The Introductory Chapter to this work is especially well-written. Here is an Extract which will speak for itself.

"Just so your *move-about* litterateur; and especially your foreign one. Let us suppose him to be in Glasgow; he hurries over breakfast, as fast as the bagman; like him, he looks at his watch every five minutes; he rings again and again for his tardily-brought toast and muffins; he scolds Boots for being so long with his boots; and he grudges himself the half hour required by the claims of appetite to allay the cravings of nature.

He brushes his coat and hat in a hurry; and out he sallies, with Boots junior as his companion and guide, to see the city of Glasgow; to remark upon its traffic, edifices, institutions. inhabitants, and upon the enormous strides which scientific industry is making in her multifarious walks. All these important points are jotted down in a journal, which, being revised and corrected, is, at a subsequent period, to be reluctantly given to the press.

Suppose your traveller to be a Frenchman, come across the Channel on a two months' tour, with a small stock of English got up for the occasion, and alarmed at every moment that passes without a jot in his memorandum book.

He thus initiates his parley with Boots junior.

FRENCHMAN:—"Monsieur Boots, quelle rue—what street is dis?"

BOOTS:—"The Gorbals, sir."

FRENCHMAN:—"De Gobbels; qu'est que ça, wat is dat?"

BOOTS:—"I dinna ken, sir."

FRENCHMAN:—"Bête, stupid; no know de meaning of de street: remarquez ça; il ne sait, peutêtre, pourquoi on l'apelle "Boots." Monsieur Boots: vy dey call you "Boots?"

BOOTS:—"Becuz a clean the boots, and gang messages."

FRENCHMAN:—"Ah, well; he more adroit than I did not believe" (taking out his Glasgow guide.) "Were de University, Monsieur Boots?"

BOOTS:—"University, sir?—I dinna ken what you mean."

FRENCHMAN:—"Bête: Ecossais: Ce gens-lá sont vraiment stupides. L'Université, je dis; were de young gens taught to read Greek."

BOOTS:—"Go the College, ye mean?"

FRENCHMAN:—"Yes, yes, de College; go dere."

BOOTS *(to himself)*:—"I fancy this man's a scholar; bit, gif he is, he speaks a queer langidge."

FRENCHMAN:—"Wat dat you say?"

BOOTS:—"Naething, sir. Here's the College."

FRENCHMAN:—"Go in, donc, and tell the professeur that one foreign gentleman wish to see de College of Glazcow."

BOOTS *(returning:)*—"The maister says that he canna' be fashed the noo; for he's hearing his class."

FRENCHMAN:—"Voyez que ce sont des Bêtes que ces Ecossais-la."

BOOTS:—"He says, gif ye'll come the morn's mornin' at nine o'clock, ye can see'd."

FRENCHMAN:—"I vill *not* come to-morrow; to-morrow I go to Edinburg (remarquez.) Ce college n'a rien de respectable, pas même son exterieur. On dit que les Ecossais ne comprendent pas le Grec. Allons, Monsieur Boots, a la Bourse, we go Shange."

BOOTS:—"'Deed, sir, I think ye hae muckle need o't; for it's a wat day; an' ye've come out without an umbrella."

FRENCHMAN:—"Wat de brute say? Pitoyable de moi; voyageur malheureux! Sirrah, sir Boots: I want see de Shange, where de people shange money, and read de papers, and shell sugar."

BOOTS:—"Oo! that's the Exchinge, may be, ye mean?"

FRENCHMAN:—"Yes—yes—de Ekshynge; diable cette langue Anglaise. Chacun a sa façon de parler, et de prononcer; le Dictionnaire dit, Ekshange; Boots dit, Ekschynge."

Undine: A Miniature Romance; from the German of Baron de la Motte Fouqué. Colman's Library of Romance, Edited by Grenville Mellen. Samuel Colman, New York.

The re-publication of such a work as "Undine," in the very teeth of our anti-romantic national character, is an experiment well adapted to excite interest, and in the crisis caused by this experiment—for a crisis it is—it becomes the duty of every lover of literature for its own sake and spiritual uses, to speak out, and speak boldly, against the untenable prejudices which have so long and so unopposedly enthralled us. It becomes, we say, his plain duty to show, with what ability he may possess, the full value and capacity of that species of writing generally, which, as a people, we are too prone to discredit. It is incumbent upon him to make head, by all admissible means in his

power, against that evil genius of mere matter-of-fact, whose grovelling and degrading assumptions are so happily set forth in the pert little query of Monsieur Casimir Perier—"*A quoi un pöete est-il bon?*" The high claims of Undine, and its extensive foreign reputation, render it especially desirable that he should make use of a careful analysis of the work itself—not less than of the traits of its class—with a view of impressing upon the public mind, at least his individual sense of its most exalted and extraordinary character. Feeling thus, we are grieved that our limits, as well as the late hour in which we take up the book, will scarcely permit us to speak of it otherwise than at random. The story runs very nearly in this manner.

Sir Huldbrand of Ringstetten, a knight of high descent, young, rich, valorous, and handsome, becomes slightly enamored, at a tournament, of a lady Bertalda, the adopted daughter of a German Duke. She, being entreated by the knight for one of her gloves, promises it upon condition of his exploring the recesses of a certain haunted forest. He consents, and is beset with a crowd of illusory and fantastic terrors, which, in the end, compel him to an extremity of the wood, where a long grassy peninsula, of great loveliness, juts out into the bosom of a vast lake. Of this peninsula, the sole inhabitants are an old fisherman and his wife, with their adopted daughter, Undine, a beautiful and fairy-like creature of eighteen, and of an extravagantly wild and perverse, yet amiable and artless temperament. The old couple had rejoiced, some years before, in a child of their own—who playing, one day, by the water's edge, fell in suddenly, and at once disappeared. In the depth of their grief for her loss, they were astonished and delighted, one summer's evening, with the appearance in their hut of the little Undine, who was dripping with water, and who could give no very distinct account of herself—her language being of a singular nature, and her discourse turning upon such subjects as "golden castles" and "chrystal domes." She had remained with the fisherman and his wife ever since, and they had come to look upon her as their own.

By these good people Sir Huldbrand is hospitably entertained. In the meantime, a brook, swollen by rains, renders the peninsula an island, and thoroughly cuts off his retreat. In the strict intercourse which ensues, the young man and maiden become lovers, and are finally wedded by a priest, who is opportunely cast away upon the coast. After the marriage, a new character seems to pervade Undine; and she at length explains to her husband, (who is alarmed at some hints which she has let fall,) the true history of her nature, and of her advent upon the island.

She is one of the race of water-spirits—a race who differ, personally, from mankind, only in a greater beauty, and in the circumstance of possessing no soul. The words of Undine, here divulging her secret to Huldbrand, will speak as briefly as we could do, and far more eloquently—"Both we, and the beings I have mentioned as inhabiting the other elements, vanish into air at death, and go out of existence, spirit and body, so that no vestige of us remains; and when you hereafter awake to a purer state of being, we shall remain where sand, and sparks, and wind and waves remain. We of course have no souls. The element moves us, and, again, is obedient to our will, while we live, though it scatters us like dust when we die; and as we have nothing to trouble us, we are as merry as nightingales, little gold-fishes, and other pretty children of nature. But all beings aspire to rise in the scale of existence higher than they are. It was therefore the wish of my father, who is a powerful water-prince in the Mediterranean Sea, that his only daughter should become possessed of a soul; although she should have to endure many of the sufferings of those who share that gift. Now the race to which I belong have no other means of obtaining a soul, than by forming, with an individual of your own, the most intimate union of love."

Undine has an uncle, Kuhleborn, who is the spirit of a brook, the brook which had cut off the retreat of the knight. It was this uncle who had stolen the fisherman's daughter; who had brought Undine to the island, and who had, by machination in the haunted forest, forced Huldbrand upon the peninsula. The wedding having been accomplished, the brook is dried up; and the married pair, attended by the priest, make their way to the city where the tournament had been held, and where Bertalda and her friends were much alarmed at the long absence of the knight. This lady, who had loved him, and who is, in fact, the lost daughter of the fisherman (having been carried safely to a distant shore by Kuhleborn, and found and adopted by a Duke) this lady is sadly grieved at the marriage of the knight, but feels an unaccountable prepossession in favor of the bride, becomes her most intimate friend, and at length goes to live with her at the castle of Ringstetten—much in opposition to the wishes of the priest and of Kuhleborn. The disasters of the drama now commence. Huldbrand insensibly forgets his love for Undine, and recalls his passion for Bertalda. He is even petulant to his bride; who is aware of all, but utters no reproach. She entreats him, however, to be careful not to reproach her when they are crossing a brook, or in any excursion upon the water; as, in such case, her friends the water-spirits, who resent his behaviour, would have power to bear her away entirely, and for ever. In a passage down the Danube, however, with Undine and Bertalda, he forgets the caution, and upon a trifling occasion bitterly reproves his gentle bride—for whom he still feels a lingering affection. She is thus forced to leave him, and melts into the waters of the river.

Huldbrand returns with Bertalda to castle Ringstetten. His grief, at first violent, settles down at length into a tender melancholy, and finally is merged, although not altogether, in a growing passion for the fisherman's daughter. He sends for the priest; who obeys the summons in haste, but re-

fuses to perform the marriage ceremony. He represents that for many nights previous, Undine had appeared to him in a dream, imploring him with deep sighs, and saying—"Ah prevent him, dear father! I am still living! Ah! save his life! Ah! save his soul!" Huldbrand, however, rejects the advice of the priest, and sends to a neighboring monastery for a monk, who promises to do his bidding in a few days.

Meantime, the knight is borne, in a dream, as if on swans' wings, to a certain spot in the Mediterranean Sea. Here he is held hovering over the water, which becomes perfectly transparent. He sees Undine weeping bitterly and in conversation with Kuhleborn. This conversation gives Huldbrand to know that Undine still lives, and still retains her soul, although separated for ever from her husband—and that, if he should again marry, it will be her fate and her duty to cause his death, in obedience to a law of the water-spirits. Kuhleborn is insisting upon this necessity. He tells Undine that the knight is about to wed—and reminds her of what she must do.

"I have not the power," returned Undine with a smile. "Do you not remember? I have sealed up the fountain securely, not only against myself, but all of the same race." [This is a fountain in the court-yard of Castle Ringstetten, which Undine had caused to be covered up, while she lived upon earth, on account of its affording Kuhleborn and other water-spirits who were ill disposed to the knight, the means of access to the castle.]

"Still, should he leave his castle," said Kuhleborn, "or should he once allow the fountain to be uncovered, what then? for doubtless he thinks there is no great murder in such trifles?"

"For that very reason," said Undine, still smiling amid her tears, "for that very reason he is this moment hovering in spirit over the Mediterranean Sea, and dreaming of this voice of warning which our conversation affords him. It is for this that I have been studious in disposing the whole vision."

Notwithstanding all this, however, Huldbrand weds Bertalda. She in the gaiety of her spirit, upon the night of the wedding, causes the fountain to be uncovered without the knowledge of the knight, who has never revealed his dream to her. She does this, partly on account of a fancied virtue in the water, and partly through an arrogant pleasure in undoing what the first wife had commanded to be done. Undine immediately ascends and accomplishes the destruction of the knight.

This is an exceedingly meagre outline of the leading events of the story; which, although brief, is crowded with incident. Beneath all, there runs a mystic or under-current of meaning, of the simplest and most easily intelligible, yet of the most richly philosophical character. From internal evidence afforded by the book itself, we gather that the author has deeply suffered from the ills of an ill-assorted marriage—and to the bitter reflections induced by these ills, we owe the conception and peculiar execution of "Undine."

In the contrast between the artless, thoughtless, and careless character of Undine before possessing a soul, and her serious, enwrapped, and anxious, yet happy condition after possessing it—a condition which, with all its multiform cares and disquietudes, she still feels to be preferable to her original fate—M. Fouqué has beautifully painted the difference between the heart unused to love, and the heart which has received its inspiration.

The jealousies which follow the marriage, arising from the conduct of Bertalda, are the natural troubles of love—but the persecutions of Kuhleborn and the other water-spirits, who take umbrage at Huldbrand's treatment of his wife, are meant to picture certain difficulties from the interference of relations in conjugal matters—difficulties which the author has himself experienced. The warning of Undine to Huldbrand—"reproach me not upon the waters, or we part for ever"—is meant to embody the truth that quarrels between man and wife, are seldom or never irremediable unless when taking place in the presence of third parties. The second wedding of the knight, with his gradual forgetfulness of Undine and Undine's intense grief beneath the waters—are dwelt upon so pathetically and so passionately—that there can be no doubt of the personal opinions of the author on the subject of such marriages—no doubt of his deep personal interest in the question. How thrillingly are these few and simple words made to convey his belief that the *mere death* of a beloved wife does not imply a final separation so complete as to justify an union with another—"The fisherman had loved Undine with exceeding tenderness, and it was a doubtful conclusion to his mind, that the mere disappearance of his beloved child could be properly viewed as her death!" This is where the old man is endeavoring to dissuade the knight from wedding Bertalda.

We have no hesitation in saying that this portion of the design of the romance—the portion which conveys an under-current of meaning—does not afford the fairest field to the romanticist—does not appertain to the higher regions of ideality. Although, in this case, the plan is essentially distinct from Allegory, yet it has too close an affinity to that most indefensible species of writing—a species whose gross demerits we cannot now pause to examine. That M. Fouqué was well aware of the disadvantage under which he labored—that he well knew the field he traversed not to be the fairest—and that a personal object alone induced him to choose it—we cannot and shall not doubt. For the hand of the master is visible in every line of his beautiful fable. "Undine" is a model of models, in regard to the high artistical talent which it evinces. We could write volumes in a detailed commentary upon its various beauties in this respect. Its unity is absolute—its keeping unbroken. Yet every minute point of the picture fills and satisfies the eye. Every thing is attended to, and nothing is out of time or out of place.

We say that some private and personal design to be fulfilled has thrown M. Fouqué upon that objectionable under-current of meaning which he has so elaborately managed. Yet his high genius has nearly succeeded in turning the blemish into a beauty. At all events he has succeeded, in spite of a radical defect, in producing what we advisedly consider the finest romance in existence. We say this with a bitter kind of half-consciousness that only a very few will fully agree with us—yet these few are our all in such matters. They will stand by us in a just opinion.

Were we to pick out *points* for admiration in Undine, we should pick out the greater portion of the story. We cannot say whether the novelty of its conception, or the loftiness of its ideality, or its intense pathos, or its rigorous simplicity, or that high artistical talent with which all are combined, is the particular to be chiefly admired. Addressing those who have read the book, we may call attention to the delicacy and grace of transition from subject to subject—a point which never fails to tests the power of the writer—as, for example, at page 128, when, for the purposes of the story, it becomes necessary that the knight, with Undine and Bertalda, shall proceed down the Danube. An ordinary novelist would have here tormented both himself and his readers, in his search for a sufficient *motive* for the voyage. But, in connexion with a fable such as Undine, how all-sufficient seems the simple motive assigned by Fouqué!—"In this grateful union of friendship and affection winter came and passed away; and spring, with its foliage of tender green, and its heaven of softest blue, succeeded to gladden the hearts of the three inmates of the castle. The season was in harmony with their minds, and their minds imparted their own hues to the season. *What wonder, then, that its storks and swallows inspired them also with a disposition to travel!*"

Again, we might dwell upon the exquisite *management of imagination*, which is so visible in the passages where the brooks are water-spirits, and the water-spirits brooks—neither distinctly either. What can be more ethereally ideal than the frequent indeterminate glimpses caught of Kuhleborn—or than his singular and wild lapses into shower and foam?—or than the evanishing of the white wagoner and his white horses into the shrieking and devouring flood?—or than the gentle melting of the passionately-weeping bride into the chrystal waters of the Danube? What can be more divine than the character of the soul-less Undine?—what more august than her transition into the soul-possessing wife? What can be more intensely beautiful than the whole book? We calmly think—yet cannot help asserting with enthusiasm—that the whole wide range of fictitious literature embraces nothing comparable in loftiness of conception, or in felicity of execution, to those final passages of the volume before us which embody the uplifting of the stone from the fount by the order of Bertalda, the sorrowful and silent re-advent of Undine, and the rapturous death of Sir Huldbrand in the embraces of his spiritual wife.

Algic Researches; Comprising Inquiries respecting the Mental Characteristics of the North American Indians. First Series. Indian Tales and Legends. Two Volumes. By Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, Author of a Narrative Journal of Travels to the Sources of the Mississippi; Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley; An Expedition to Itasca Lake, etc. Harper and Brothers, New York.

These volumes form the commencement of a singularly interesting and important work—a work which has been already too long delayed—and which could not be so well executed, perhaps, by any man living as by Mr. Schoolcraft. With a view of aiding in the formation of right opinions in regard to the origin and mental peculiarities of our aborigines, this gentleman has devoted many years and great labor, in discovering and fixing the comprehensive points of their national resemblance, as well as the concurring circumstances of their history, and traditions—also in detecting the affinities of their languages, and in unveiling the principles of their mythology. He well observes that the true period for such inquiry must be limited to the actual existence of the tribes themselves. Many of them are already extinct, with the languages they spoke—and one of the still-existing smaller races has lost the use of its vernacular tongue in adopting the English. It is indeed time that the record of facts should be completed by which the aborigines are to be judged. The interest of the subject requires no comment. Mr. S. has had the advantage of a long residence in the Indian country, and of official intercourse with the tribes. He has obtained new and authentic data; he has found materials for separate observations on the oral tales of the Indians, fictitious and historical; on their hieroglyphics, music and poetry; and on the grammatical structure of their languages, with their principles of combination, and the actual condition of their vocabulary. The present work embraces the first named topic only—the oral traditions. The other subjects will be hereafter discussed. The word "*Algic*," adopted as a nominative for the series, is derived from "Alleghany" and "Atlantic," and includes, in a generic sense, all that family of tribes who, about the year 1600, were found spread out along the Atlantic, between Pamlico Sound and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, extending northwest to the Missinipi of Hudson's Bay, and west to the Mississippi—this with some few local exceptions.

The work cannot be too emphatically urged upon public attention.

The Thugs or Phansigars of India; Comprising a History of the Rise and Progress of that Extraordinary Fraternity of Assassins; and a Description of the System which it pursues, and of the Measures which have been adopted by the Supreme Government of India for its Suppression. Compiled from Original and Authentic Documents published by Captain W. H. Sleeman, Superintendent of Thug Police. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

There exists, in India, and has there existed for nearly two hundred years, a secret fraternity of Assassins, called Thugs, and composed of many thousand individuals, united in the bonds of a most bloody and singular superstition—a fraternity which practices the boldest robbery and the most atrocious murder as the ordinary means of subsistence—regarding them not as crime but as deeds of high merit, especially acceptable in the eyes of its tutelar Deity. The measures of the society have, moreover, been concerted and executed with a skill so consummate, that, until lately, all efforts have failed at putting it down. It has been long known that such a body actually flourished—but we have had hitherto very little of definite or accessible information respecting it. These volumes fully remedy the evil. They are a compilation from a work published in Calcutta, in 1836, entitled "Ramaseana, or a Vocabulary of the peculiar Language used by the Thugs, with an Introduction and Appendix, descriptive of the System pursued by that Fraternity, and of the Measures adopted by the Supreme Government of India for its Suppression."

Continuation of the Diary Illustrative of the Times of George IV. Interspersed with Original Letters from the late Queen Caroline, the Princess Charlotte, and from Various Other Distinguished Persons. Edited by John Galt, Esq. Two Volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

The first portion of this Diary was rendered more notorious, and certainly of more consequence, than it would otherwise have been, by a variety of virulent attacks upon its general pretensions, and especially upon its credibility, by a legion of British reviewers, among whom Lord Brougham rendered himself not a little conspicuous. It may be well doubted, however, if any or if all of the Philippics by which the book has been assailed, have succeeded in overthrowing it, so far as regards the more essential matters of fact of which it takes cognizance. It may even be questioned whether, with some reservation, Queen Caroline is not here truly depicted; and we should by no means wonder if the work were hereafter gravely referred to as affording the clearest light in respect to her character.

Practical Lessons in Flower Painting, being a Series of Progressive Studies, principally from Nature. By James Ackerman. Thomas, Cowperthwaite and Co. Philadelphia.

The progressive exercises in this book are well arranged. We have, first, outlines and shaded portions of stems; then the various tints of green leaves; then the petals colored in gradation, and accompanied with the plainest instructions in regard to the mixing of the colors, etc.—then single flowers, with leaves and petals—and, in the last place, entire groups of exquisite loveliness. The work is in duplicate—each picture being given colored and uncolored. We heartily recommend it to public attention, as decidedly the best elementary book on Flower Painting to be met with in America. In saying this we make no exception in favor of imported English publications—for Mr. Ackerman's "Lessons" are much superior to the original ones of Andrews in point of delicate execution. The latter work was published by Tilt of Cheapside; and various attempts have been made in New York, and elsewhere, to get up a republication; all of which have failed, until this of Mr. Ackerman's. Mr. A. no doubt owes his success, in part, to his being the lithographer of his own flowers—that is to say, he draws them himself on stone, as well as colors them—the proper filling in of the shades in the drawing being an important point. There can be no question, however, that as regards mere coloring, also, better work is done at Mr. A.'s rooms (corner of Market and Seventh streets) than at any similar establishment in this country.

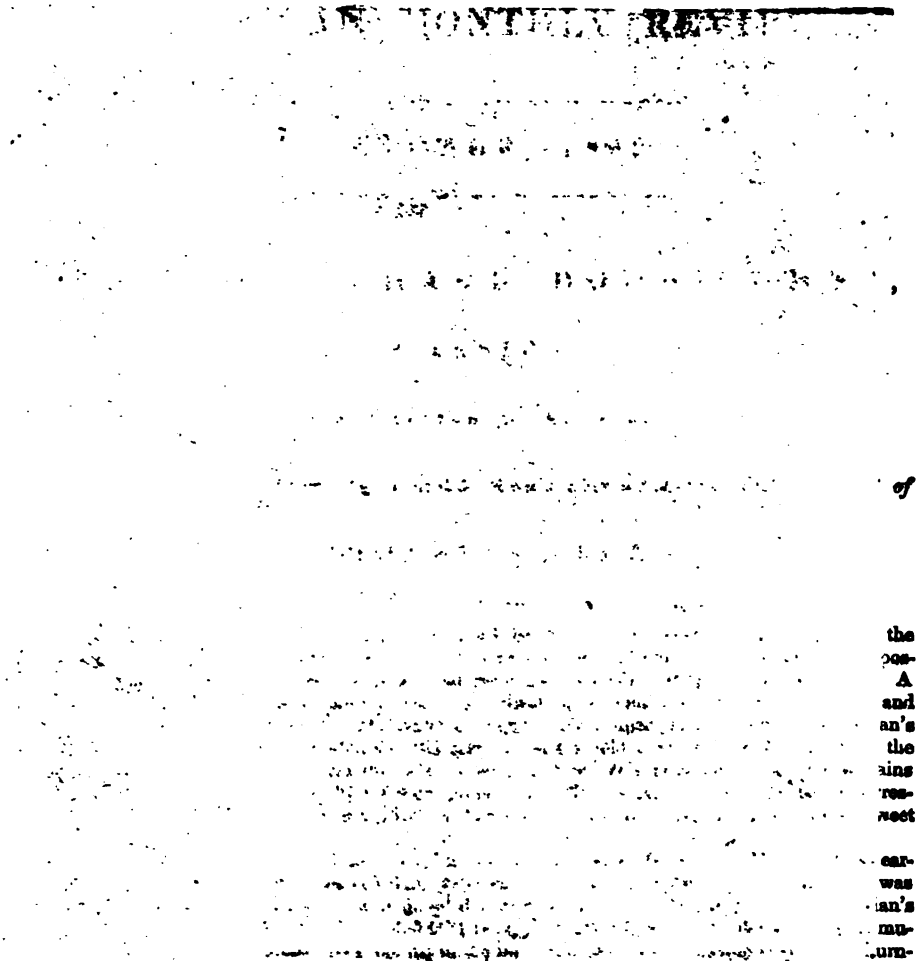
Prepared Notices of "Marryatt's Diary," of "Hyperion," of the "Naval Foundling," of "Jack Sheppard," and of several other works, are unavoidably crowded out in this number.

Engraved for Burton's Gentlemans Magazine

BURTON'S

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

AND



ing home, he stole a sixpence from his father's till, and bought the best imitation of the blind man's clarinet procurable in the neighborhood—a long wooden whistle, with four holes—on which he perseveringly practised till something like the ghost of a tune rewarded his laborious exertions. In the very outset of his musical career, he drove a maiden aunt from the home of his ancestors by the vile squeakings that he daily made; she took offence at his mother's encouragement of her child's display, and dying shortly afterwards, left her fortune to a toad-eating nephew—a maker of ladies' shoes. This affair proved but "a prologue to a most dreadful tragedy to come."

Kearns called on; Dickey obtained a flute, and puffed the beauties of Yankee Doodle and Robin Adair, and perpetrated other easy lessons in two sharps without making more than a dozen flat mis-

BURTON'S

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1839.

MISTER RICHARD DODDICOMBE,

A SKETCH,

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON,

Illustrating a Mezzotint Engraving on Steel, by Sartain, after a Celebrated Picture by Rose, of

THE MUSICAL BORE.

Master Richard Doddicombe is a portly gentleman of some fifty years experience amongst the flats and sharps of this chromatic world. He is a bachelor, "free from all incumbrances, and possessed of a genteel independency," as the old gentlemen say when they advertise for wives. A phrenologist might express surprise at the extraordinary development of the organs of time and tune, in the bumpital region of Mr. Doddicombe's caput, were he unacquainted with the gentleman's devotion to the musical science—but the slightest intimacy would convince the scullogist that the organs in question ought to form the chiefest portion of Mr. D.'s cranium—positive mountains amongst the ant hills thrown up by the other propensities affecting his brain pan—to be in corresponding value to the super-eminent affection displayed in his love towards "a concord of sweet sounds."

When Richard "was a little chubby boy," he one day strolled far from his father's residence, carled by sounds emanating from a cracked clarinet played upon by a broken-winded Scotchman, who was blind of one eye, and remarkably well dimpled with varioloid. The grunts of this Caledonian's bagpipe found a ready vibration in the chords of Dickey's heart-strings; he felt the influence of music on his soul, and determined to devote his future life to the study of the gentle science. Returning home, he stole a sixpence from his father's till, and bought the best imitation of the blind man's clarinet procurable in the neighborhood—a long wooden whistle, with four holes—on which he perseveringly practised till something like the ghost of a tune rewarded his laborious exertions. In the very outset of his musical career, he drove a maiden aunt from the home of his ancestors by the vile squeakings that he daily made; she took offence at his mother's encouragement of her child's display, and dying shortly afterwards, left her fortune to a toad-eating nephew—a maker of ladies' shoes. This affair proved but "a prologue to a most dreadful tragedy to come."

Years rolled on; Dickey obtained a flute, and puffed the beauties of Yankee Doodle and Robin Adair, and perpetrated other easy lessons in two sharps without making more than a dozen flat mis-

takes. When he entered his teens, he obtained a violin, and scraped an acquaintance with a band of juvenile fiddlers, who harmoniously passed their evenings in discordant squeakings, and killed time pleasantly, although they did not know how to beat it.

Dickey Doddicombe soon longed for stronger food; "rubbing the hair of the horse against the bowels of the cat" was too quiet an exercise for the musical fury raging in his breast. The performances of a canal boatman, who blowed "Southern breezes" and "Loud roared the dreadful thunder" on an old revolutionary trumpet, determined Dickey to go his death on brazen tubes, and a small curly instrument was obtained from a charcoal man, who gladly received a horn of liquor in exchange. Dickey soon drove his parents to the verge of madness by the violence of his tootle-tooing; arguments were used in vain; in spite of the excess of his angry mother's tattle, the headstrong boy continued to tootle. Old Doddicombe was a quiet man, and his nervous system fell before the daily blowing-up of his wife and the constant blowing-out of his son. He took to liquor; he was in a measure compelled to go to the tavern for a little peace, because he was not allowed a bar's rest at home. His trade fell off, and this circumstance broke the old gentleman's heart; so, when his business went to the devil, he died directly—for he was a plain unsophisticated tradesman, wishing only *to follow his business*, without any flourish of trumpets.

Dickey followed his father's body to the grave with an aching heart, for he knew his deficiency, and lamented, as he walked in the funereal throng, that he was unable to play the Dead March in Saul upon the horn, as a fitting tribute to the melancholy occasion.

The musical mania raged with additional violence in Dickey's bosom as he became intimate with the science, and was able to relieve the monotony of his solitary solos by bearing a part in the musical meetings of his neighbors. His education had been sadly neglected for the attainment of this one great end. What was Greek in comparison to the gamut? syntax to a sinfonia? philosophy to a fugue movement? Seneca's wisdom to a sonata's workings? or the history of Rome to the execution of a rondo? Nothing. The seven notes were his seven sciences of heavenly construction—the diatonic scale formed his Jacob's ladder for heavenly visitation—and the stave was a five-barred gate that locked Elysium; flats, sharps, and naturals, were his every-day acquaintances, and he slurred them over, or held on to them, according to their respective value in the scale of his enjoyment.

Mrs. Doddicombe had a desire to be called grandma; she suggested to Dickey that the name of Doddicombe ought to be perpetuated, and hinted at the propriety of wedlock. He confessed that he had no objection to a matrimonial duett, and the anxious parent undertook to select his partner.—Dickey was invited to a musical *soirée* at the house of Miss Diana Dulcet, who was barely twenty-five years of age, with a handsome fortune in her own right. But Dickey affronted her at their first meeting; the young lady was proud of her performance on the piano-forte, and loved to show off her skill in the presence of her friends. Dickey wished to exhibit his musical knowledge also, and, annoyed at the lady's perseverance, rudely told her that she had better leave off, for she was only exposing her ignorance—taking his horn from his pocket, he blew a blast so long and loud and dread, that the ladies ran shrieking from the room. Dickey only ceased from his solo at the pressing importunity of the footman, who gave him his hat and pointed to the door.

Dickey went in for fortissimo passages; as the Hoosier said on a similar occasion, "he guessed he war'nt up to their figger in the skientifics, but he'd swaller his shadder if he couldn't beat 'em on the loud." As Dickey progressed in his music, the trumpet and the bugle became favorite instruments; and a rattle on the double drum gave a relish to the day's amusement. Then, like Eve, he was seduced by a serpent, and growled most horrible music on the bassoon in perfect ecstacy. His mother "never could abide" the serpent; its Freischutzian tones were unearthly in the old lady's ears, and seemed to fret her bowels into fiddle strings, and positively turn her inside out, as the old lady declared just before her death, which occurrence was doubtless hastened by the violence of her snakephobia.

If my readers have ever seen Signor de Big-knees, or Big-nose, I forget which is the proper pronunciation of his name, in the character of a director of an orchestra, dressed in a long morning gown, with a cap on his head, made of music paper, with the air of "All round my hat" written on it, he can form some idea of the musical fervor which affected my poor friend Doddicombe, as he turned the gentle summer of his life, and fell into its autumn path. He quarrelled with his best friend because he pleasantly denominated a valve trumpet a sort of a young trombone. He fought a duel with a parson, for defending the use of consecutive sevenths. He was taken to jail for jumping from the boxes of a theatre into the orchestra, and assaulting a drummer who was marring the effect of an overture by his injudicious thumpings. In his serenades, he was peculiarly unfortunate; once, he was taken up by the watchman for refusing to account for the possession of a huge bass viol, which he was hauling to the place of his devoirs. Another time, on a summer's midnight, he placed himself under the window of an old German, who, unable to sleep from the visitation of countless hosts of midnight vermin, had risen from his bed to indulge in vengeful slaughter. At that moment, Dickey tuned his bassoon, and growled forth "Still so gently o'er me stealing;" the German thought the appositeness of the tune a premeditated insult; the window was quietly opened, and a

bucket of foul water and half a dozen flower pots were thrown upon the head of the innocent serenader.

Dickey wears a likeness of Paganini round his neck, supported by a single string of catgut—the string on which the incomparable *maestro* played his solo before the emperor of Germany. Poor Doddicombe has been lately prosecuted for slander; he whispered, with a serious face, the important fact that John Smith had better stay at home and study, for he had *a faulty method of fingering!* The whisperee repeated the observation to a third person, with a slight difference, and by next day, John Smith was denounced as a pickpocket, on the authority of Mister Richard Doddicombe.

Dickey's devotion to harmony has sadly reduced his means of life; he has sold his houses to buy horns, and his fields to pay for fiddles; his bank notes have been turned into music paper, and substantial wealth has vanished in thin air and empty sound. He has been turned out of endless lodgings for midnight practisings—and committed to countless watch-houses and jails as a nuisance and a noisy disturber of the peace—but the love of music cannot be quenched within him, for each succeeding opposition serves but to tighten his strings and produce severer tones.

Dickey felt that he was descending the hill, with grim poverty staring him in his face, which now began to assume somewhat of the sere and yellow leaf. He looked around for the means of deliverance, and cast his eyes upon the person and purse of an elderly spinster, Miss Timkins, who had graciously bestowed her praises upon the performances of our hero. He popped the question, and was accepted; the day was fixed—and, as if to crown the glorious event, Dickey was offered a very profitable engagement at a series of morning concerts, about to be given by several eminent professors, under the most fashionable auspices. On the night preceding the day appointed for his marriage, Doddicombe passed the evening with his beloved, and, after two innocent glasses of weak gin and water, returned home to his garret, to dream of future wealth and happiness. But the piece of music wherein he most expected to shine at the first concert of the season, met his eye; he resolved to go over it *once* before he went to bed—the trombone was seized, and the music executed to the performer's entire delight. Again and again, the piece was repeated—the hours flew rapidly away—the lodgers swore at the infernal noise that prohibited all sleep—and the landlord cursed the *musicianer* who paid his rent in such uncurrent notes. The clock had travelled far into the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal'," when the landlord, a pains-taking tailor, who plied a weary needle for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four—and his consumptive wife, worn out for want of rest by the continuous tromboning of our Dickey—and a squalling infant, half delirious from its loss of sleep—burst into Doddicombe's room, and found him straining eyes and lungs over the Hailstone Chorus. Explanations were useless; he ordered the intruders to quit his room; the tailor waxed valorous, backed by the remonstrances of the other lodgers who had gathered round the scene of action—particularly a sour old lady who dwelt in the third floor back, and seemed to have a spite against poor Dickey because he was going to be married.

"For 'evvin's sake, Mister Doddicombe, give over trumpetising at this 'ere 'our. My other lodgers is raving. The back garret is swearing awful, and the parlors has broke the bell ropes. My blessed babby is screaming like a dear little toad in convulsions, and the methodisses opposite are a pouring out all sorts o' brimstone curses on us. You know you driv' away my first floor, and the third floor back says that it was you as killed the second floor front—the nervous old lady as died last week for want o' sleep. *Do* leave your blowing; there's a dead baker now in the next house, and how would you like, if you was stiff and silent, to be disturbed jest afore your berring by them blowed horns."

Dickey insisted upon his right to play when and where he pleased; the tailor gave him warning to quit; Dickey called him a ninth part of humanity, and played in derision the air of "Go to the devil and shake yourself." The old maid opened the street door, and let in the watchman—Dickey knocked him down with his trombone, and was eventually dragged to the watch-house by the united force of fifteen watchmen, the tailor, the tailor's wife, and the old maid. The officer of the watch, infuriated at Dickey's repeated offences, locked him up for the balance of the night. In the morning, he was fined for the assault, and in default of payment, for Dickey was bare of the needful, committed to jail for a month.

The marriage was of course broken off. His intended declined a connection with a jail bird; and the concerts took place without Dickey's assistance. The poor fellow is now suffering the pangs of poverty and misery; he occasionally earns a few dollars by his musical abilities; but his deficiency in the scientific principles of the art prevents him from holding a lucrative or respectable situation. He has run through a whole gamut of garrets in his residential career, and though living in *alt*, declares that he never expected to descend so low in the scale of human existence.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN LEGEND.

BY JAMES F. OTIS.

There is a summit of the White Hills in New Hampshire, which the native Indians deemed it sacrilege to ascend where the great spirit, as they imagined, did abide, and before whom it would be death for any one of His people to intrude.—*Winthrop's Journal.*

On, red man, on! to where yon pines
Their giant forms uprear!
On! to the airy mountain height!
What! quakes *thy* heart with fear?
Thou—whose bright eye hath looked on death,
Whose proud lip curled in scorn,
While, 'midst thy pale-faced foes, in chains
And mockery, thou wast borne!

In mockery thou wast borne! and yet
Thy firm heart beat as free
As when, upon thy native hills,
It throbbed with liberty!
And now thine eye is powerless,
Thine arm is as the dead;
Thy face, on yonder summit fixed,
Is blanched, as if with dread!

'Tis blanched, as if with dread! oh say
Can that heart ever fail?
It feared not man, and shall it faint,
When Fancy's doubts assail?
On, red man, on! our way lies on,
Where yonder craggy height
Hangs o'er the torrents rocky bed,
Dark as the womb of night!

Dark as the womb of night, and deep,
And rapid is its tide;
And down its rushing bosom's sweep
The slimy adders glide.
And only when the lightning's flash
Darts o'er that dismal stream,
Shines there upon its cheerless breast,
One solitary gleam!

One solitary gleam! aye, see
Yon rising murky cloud!
And hark! how echoes through the rocks
The thunder pealing loud!
Mark, how upon that dreary lake
Reflects the meteor flash,
While, swollen with sudden torrents now,
Its raging waters dash!

Its raging waters dash! yet on
To where the sheltering cave,
On yonder mountain's summit open
A home, while tempests rave!
Haste thither, then! yet even now,
The glorious sun once more
Is fringing that dark cloud with gold!
Almost the storm is o'er!

Almost the storm is o'er—and see
Where, in the distant east,
The rainbow flings its changing arch;—
And now, the rain hath ceased!
Yet thy fierce eye regards it not,
Unmindful is thine ear.
What chains thee, red man! to that spot?
Say! wherefore dost thou fear?

Wherefore do I fear? ask'st thou?—
On yonder frowning height
Is throned the Spirit, before whom
The red man veils his sight!
And ne'er upon that sacred rock
May I presume to stand!
For, stranger! Heaven's avenging bolts
Are wielded by His hand!

They're wielded by His hand! he sits
In lofty grandeur where
The thunder-clouds like chariots roll,
And swift-winged lightnings glare:
And woe befal the heart and hand
Which that dread presence braves!
No, stranger, no! tempt not His wrath!
That lake were else thy grave!

That lake were sure thy grave, if thou
Should'st madly dare His power!
Then turn, nor prove the might of Him
Whose frowns around us lower!—
Turn, red man, if you will! my course
Is o'er yon craggy height;
There, where the lake rolls sullenly,
Dark as the womb of night!

SKETCHES FROM

THE LOG OF OLD IRONSIDES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD IRONSIDES OUT A LEE SHORE."

Your glorious standard launch again,
To meet another foe!—*Camp.*

THE THREE BATTLES.

First.—Spoiling a Cruiser, or the Capture of the Guerriere.

"Fire! in the main-top,
Fire! in the bow,
Fire! on the gun-deck,
Fire! down below."

Once more in motion upon her favorite element—i. e. salt water—and under the command of her former commander, the gallant Hull—Old Ironsides, on the second of August, 1812, bade good night to the high lands of Massachusetts bay, and proceeded on a cruise. Hugging the land of her *birth*, she stood to the northward until the Bay of Fundy spread out its ample bosom to receive her; but finding nothing there to cope with, she stood boldly out to the eastward, and waved her striped bunting along the shores of the Isle of Sables, and before the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Having burnt two insignificant prizes there, she continued on her course, and on the morning of the 15th, made five sail, one of which was a sloop of war.

"Crack on sail, sir," said captain Hull to the first lieutenant, as he stood on the windward horse-block, scanning the stranger with his glass.

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied the gallant Morris, and soon the old ship spread out her fair-weather sails to the favorable wind, and bowled along in chase.

"She has set one of her prizes on fire!" said captain Hull, stamping his foot on the horse-block.

"Then she will have the less prize money, and be d——d to her!" said the old signal quarter master, in a gruff tone, to the signal midshipman, as he took another squint at his Britannic majesty's cruiser.

"I say, Jack," said a tall Marbleheader, as he leaned over the head rail, "that fellow would make a good whaleman, if you could only get his lubberly topmasts *folded*, and tip his old iron overboard. A lick of coal tar wouldn't hurt his bends, and a bright streak might add a little to his appearance on a Sunday morning!"

"Silence, forward!" thundered the first lieutenant. "Master's mate of the forecastle, this is a ship of war, sir."

"Down with you, forward!" said the master's mate, jumping down as though he had put his feet in a bucket of hot water. "Lie close, you landlubbers, this is no whaleman!"

"Old Switchell is at it again!"* whispered one of the quarter masters to his neighbor. "I wonder why he don't swallow a breaker of molasses, and then hoist in water at his leisure; that infernal steward of his has kept his teaspoon ageing since seven bells, and burn me, if it hasn't put me in mind of splicing the mainbrace with a real nor'-wester!"

"I say, John Wilson, let me kiss your mother, you close-fisted son of a catgut scraper!" said the

* Captain Hull was at this time a robust man, in full health, and having made a pretty severe attack upon salt codfish the day previous, he drank a great quantity of molasses and water during the day. The sailors, ever ready to notice the most minute peculiarities in their superiors, immediately named him "Old Switchell," and by this name he is known to the old men of war's men, to this day.

captain of the head, to an old tar who generally kept a wee drop in his locker, for sore eyes and the rheumatiz, as he often termed it.

"You be blasted!" replied the indignant Mr. Wilson. "Kiss the purser's bull,* if you like, or take a pull at the halliards with Old Switchell—molasses and water is good enough for a gentleman's son!" And a smothered laugh and a fresh plug of pig-tail ended the colloquy. The next moment a round shot cut the captain of the head in two, and produced from the aforesaid Mr. Wilson the piteous exclamation of—

"Hello! No. 1 has stopped his mess! My eyes! that was a close shave!"

The body was immediately hove into the sea, and a bucket or two of water washed all traces of the unfortunate captain of the head from the upper world.

The sloop of war being to windward, the Constitution changed her course, and overhauled an English merchantman, already a prize to an American privateer. A brig was next chased to leeward, which proved to be an American with a prize crew on board. She was recaptured, and sent in. The remainder of the vessels escaped. Having run up as far as his instructions permitted him, captain Hull came about, and proceeded to the southward; and on the 19th, at two, P. M. the cry of "Sail O!" roused the officers from the mess table, and assembled all hands on the spar deck. The sail was soon dimly seen to leeward, bearing E. S. E., but her character could not be discovered. The Constitution immediately made sail in chase, and at six bells the stranger was ascertained to be a ship. In a short half hour, her rows of teeth were discovered, and no doubt was entertained of her being an enemy's frigate. The Constitution still kept on her course until she was within a league of the frigate to leeward, when she began to shorten sail. The enemy had now laid his maintopsail aback, and appeared to be waiting for the frigate to come down, with every thing ready to engage. Perceiving that there was a chance for a fight at last, upon something like even terms, captain Hull proceeded to make his preparations with the greatest coolness and deliberation. The Constitution, therefore, furled her light sails, double-reefed her topsails, hauled up the courses, sent down her royal yards, and prepared her decks for action. At the first tap of the drum, the crew came pouring up to muster, and ere the drummers had beaten the call, they stood in silence at their guns. At five, P. M., the chase hoisted three English ensigns, and opened her fire at long shot, waring several times to rake and to avoid a raking in return. The Constitution still came down in death-like silence, yawing occasionally, to baulk the English commander in his *rakish* intentions, and heaving ahead like her inimitable self alone. At six, the enemy, who seemed to be a very gentlemanly fellow, bore up, and ran off under his three topsails and jib, with the wind on his quarter, which in plain English meant, as one of the captains of the guns whispered to the first spunger—"Come alongside as quick as you please, and take it yard-arm and yard-arm, and be d——d to you!"

At a little after six, the bows of Old Ironsides began to double on the quarter of the English ship, and as she came full upon her, at pistol shot distance, captain Hull, who had stood, trumpet in hand, upon the horseblock, waiting for the favorable moment, sprang upon deck and gave the long expected order—"Fire!!"

At the word, the entire broadside went off as one gun, and careened the Constitution to her bearings. It was a broadside of destruction—its shot pierced the enemy through and through, and carried away his mizzenmast, while captain Hull roared through his trumpet—

"Well done, my lads, you have made a brig of her!"

"You have carried away a streak of copper, sir," said an old tar, pointing to an enormous rent in the captain's nankin tights with one hand, and touching his hat with the other.

"Ha!" said Hull, examining his damaged unmentionables, "'tis true the stuff has given way, but never mind, burnt powder will soon color every thing. Give them another royal salute, my boys."

For thirty minutes, one incessant roar of artillery filled the ears of the combattants. A vast field of white smoke spread upon the face of the waters to leeward, and the hollow waves echoed mournfully to the thunder speaking gun.

The frigate now passed slowly ahead, keeping up an unmitigated fire, and luffed short around the Englishman's bows, to prevent being raked, In performing this manœuvre, the ship shot into the wind, got sternway upon her, and backed on to her antagonist. The cabin of the Constitution now caught fire from the close explosion of the forward guns of the enemy. The exertions of lieutenant B. V. Hoffman, who commanded that division, however, soon restored order, and the gun of the enemy that had caused the injury and threatened to do still greater damage was disabled and silenced. As the vessels touched, the sound of bugles and the cry of, "First division of boarders, away!" issued from the smoke that covered each vessel, and the heavy cannon had an opportunity to cool awhile.

The English mustered at the bows, while the Americans assembled at the taffrail. The musketry now was dreadful. Lieutenant Morris was shot through the body, but maintained his post; the bullet having fortunately missed his vitals. Sailing master Almy was wounded in the shoulder; and lieutenant Bush, the marine officer, having received a bullet in the head, fell upon his face and died with the cry of encouragement upon his lips. The English suffered the most, however, by the fire.

* The purser's bull is the grog barrel.

It being found impossible for either party to board in the presence of such a fire, and during the continuance of the heavy sea, the sails were filled. As the frigate shot ahead, the foremast of the enemy fell by the board.

"Huzza!" said captain Hull, "we have made a sloop of her, my boys!"

At this moment, down came the mainmast of the Guerriere with a tremendous crash, and she lay a helpless wreck, wallowing in the trough of the encrimsoned sea. A cock that had been knocked out of his coop by a shot, now flew into the mizzen rigging, and crowed like a bantam on his dunghill. It was the cry of victory, and was followed by three loud huzzas from the Constitution's crew.

The conqueror now ran off a short distance, secured her masts, rove new rigging, and wiped her bloody decks. At seven, she wore round, and took a favorable position for raking. The enemy, having had sufficient amusement for one afternoon, lowered a jack that had been kept flying on the stump of the mizzenmast, and Old Ironsides' victory was complete.

An officer was now sent on board the prize, who returned immediately and reported her to be His Britannic Majesty's ship Guerriere, of thirty-eight guns, captain Dacres. The Constitution, having put a prize-master and crew on board, hovered around her during the night. The next morning, the prize officer having declared the Guerriere to be in a sinking condition, the prisoners were removed and the prize crew recalled. At three, P. M., captain Hull ordered the wreck of the beautiful frigate to be set on fire, and in a quarter of an hour, a bright flash lit up the heavens—an awful roar rang along the billows—a mighty cloud of impenetrable smoke slowly moved along the ocean, and when the evening sun looked down upon the clear waters, nothing was to be seen of the noble cruizer but black and bubbling fragments dancing upon their waves.

The Constitution, having her decks lumbered with wounded prisoners, shaped her course for the southward; and on the 30th of August, stood up Boston harbor, with the cross of England trailing beneath the stars and the stripes, and anchored off Long wharf amid the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the wild huzzas of assembled thousands.

Such was the battle that told to the astonished world that the lion was no longer the master of the ocean. The whole nation was electrified at the result—the old doubters doubted no longer—tories hung their heads in shame, and a generous people arose like one man to do honor to the brave of their native land. Captain Hull and his officers were feasted and toasted—services of plate, and freedoms of cities in gold boxes, were showered upon the captors from all quarters—the name of Old Ironsides became the watchword of the nation, and a passport to every society; and while the brave tars, from the lofty yards, raised the loud huzza in honor of the victorious *Hull*, they forgot not to add another to the memory of the absent and wounded *Morris*.

THE FAIR SHAKER.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

Maid! those bright eyes my heart impressing,
Fill my breast with thoughts distressing.

Where was thy heart, thou dark-eyed maid—
Was it not roaming far away,
When to the crowd thy glances strayed,
Among the gaudy and the gay?

Was it not then thy bosom burned
For that great world of glare and show,
From which thy youthful steps had turned,
The sweets of inward peace to know?

Thy simple dress, thy look demure,
But illy hide the thoughts within,
Which thro' a mind serene and pure
Long other joys than these to win.

Thou art with those that round thee throng,
With them in dance, with them in prayer;
But o'er thee comes a feeling strong,
That tells thy heart no longer there.

Why should'st thou shade thy sunny eye—
Why should'st thou hide thy raven hair—
When other scenes before thee lie,
Which such as thou were formed to share?

O throw aside thy garb again,
And light with smiles thy saddened face;
Pure as thou art, so pure remain,
But find a fitter, cheerier place.

Lebanon Springs, August, 1838.

THE INFERNAL BOX.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

[Continued from page 134.]

TRIP TO RENNES.

This letter which made Hypolite Royer Collard so happy, was in tenor as follows:

Sir—It is very bad in me to have read your letter, and worse indeed to answer it. In fact, I concluded not to write to you, and to give your letter to my mother. But I thought this might have a bad result, and upon reflection, I preferred sending you this letter, to beg of you not to write to me again. You say you love me, sir, yet you have never spoken to me, and cannot know whether I am one to be loved. Can it be true that one may fall in love at first sight, as my cousin tells me, who calls it "*a stroke of lightning?*" My mother's servant, old Marion, who once lived three years in Paris, where she was a mantuamaker, has often told me of a young man, who lost his senses the first time he saw her. But I never believed that. I also know, sir,—because I have heard it mentioned since my return to Rennes,—that you are a man of talent, and already celebrated. When they said that before me, I could not help blushing, and nevertheless, I confess, it gave me pleasure. It is very wrong for me to write you so in this way, for I was going to reproach you, and yet I know not why I had not the courage to do it. That which you have written me, has upset all my ideas, and I have since felt an uneasiness for which I cannot account, for I am not sick. I have told every thing to Marion, who ought to know a great deal, for she is very old, and she says that it is love. I am sure it is not, and the only reason that I write to you is because Marion thought it better to do so. She said that I could do no better, because you would be sure to find out where I was, and if you loved me truly, as you say, you would be a much better match for me than our neighbors, who are all country gentlemen, who talk of nothing but hunting and horses, which is very wearisome to a young lady. It is Marion who says this, and she ought to know better than I do. If then you wish to see me again, you have only to come and pass the winter at Rennes, where I am going to appear for the first time, for I have just come out of the convent.

I have the honor to be your humble servant,

ELISE DE CLEBIGNY, at the Chateau of Villenea.

This letter appeared to Royer Collard the very sublime of stupidity. He perused it ten times with scrupulous attention; he gravely weighed every syllable, and attached less importance to what she actually said, than what she meant to say. Beneath the awkward phraseology of a school-girl, he thought he perceived a germ of corruption, which he promised himself ere long to fructify.—There, where another man would have seen nothing but a desperate barrenness of mind, he discovered a soil, virgin as yet, but where pleasure would ere long reap a glorious harvest.

Elise Clebigny, thought the libertine, has a soul which knows not its own powers. Where could she find expressions to develope the mysteries of her heart, which as yet are as unknown to herself as to others? The convent has transformed this woman of powerful mind, and formed for pleasure, into a fair statue. But let Pygmalion come, the statue will breathe—little by little—this delicious snow shall melt beneath a kiss! Those hands, accustomed to count devoutly the beads of the rosary, will tremble with delight at the touch of another hand. That voice, which thus far has only repeated, morning and evening, the prayers of the Missal, will murmur low words, all confused and mingled with ardent sighs; desire will smooth those rosy lips; and that superb eye, now calm and clear as the blue of heaven, which it seems to reflect, will shoot forth the humid ray of pleasure.

Perhaps the libertine was right. If the letter of Elise de Clebigny betrayed in its expressions an incredible ignorance of customs and things, yet was it no less the proof of a certain boldness of will. In this letter there was innocence, but no modesty. With a marvellous sagacity, peculiar to free livers, Royer Collard perceived immediately that the simplicity of Elise de Clebigny was not that of virtue, but of vice. Vice hath its simplicity, so long as it remains inexperienced. Royer Collard,

who always undertook what he termed an affair of business, with all the coolness of a speculator, satisfactorily explained to himself the cause of such precocious evil, by referring to the combined influence of the cousin with her "*strokes of lightning*," and the chambermaid, who had been three years in a milliner's shop.

I have already told you that Elise de Clebigny was an admirable creature. "It would be agreeable," thought the libertine, "to fashion such a mind, to be its first master, and to receive its firs sighs. The lot is cast—I go to Rennes—to-morrow night, I pass the Rubicon." By the Rubicon, Royer Collard meant the *diligence* of Lafitte and Caillard.

That evening he appeared in the Infernal Box.

"You perceive," said he, after having read the letter of Elise, "that my affairs are in a good train!"

"And you purpose to go to Rennes?" inquired Romieu.

"I shall go to Rennes!"

"I' faith! the little girl is worth the trouble—and if he does not go, I will go!" cried the viscount.

"Stop, if you please—this affair belongs to me only!"

Three days after receiving the letter of Elise, Royer Collard was at Rennes. But in vain he went from saloon to saloon, he could never meet with Mademoiselle de Clebigny. All those of whom he inquired whether they knew Madame de Clebigny, or the Chateau of Villensa, replied that they had never heard tell either of one or the other. Strange suspicions began to perplex the libertine. If his vanity spake aloud to him, saying that he, Royer Collard, could not have been the sport of a young girl, his conscience immediately replied thus to his vanity—"Hypolite Royer Collard has gained nought but the expense of the trip."

One evening, at a ball, Royer Collard was sadly seated in the most obscure corner of the room His countenance was overcast. That evening, the libertine had not the victorious and proud air which was habitual to him. He spoke almost in a low voice, and with a tone of modesty altogether unusual, so that they said—"What ails the doctor to-night? Has he lost at écarté? Has he, by any impossibility, met with a cruel fair one?—or is he engaged in the investigation of some new theory in medicine? No, indeed—he has won a hundred louis from the prefect, and driven to bay, they say, the virtue of Madame de Clery—the virtue which they pretended was impregnable—his last medical treatment has had astonishing effects. Happy dandy, and still more happy doctor! He destroys without remorse the honor of married men, and cures all the sick!"

"What is the matter, then?"

"Really, I don't know!"

But Royer Collard paid no attention to the conversation going on around him. He thought but little of the prefect, for whom he cared but little, nor of the virtue of Madame de Clery, nor of the health of his patients, who, however, were none the worse for it. The libertine was thinking of Romieu and the Infernal Box. He discerned in the horizon a storm approaching, which threatened to overwhelm him with a deluge of sarcastic wit.

"Parbleu!" exclaimed he, "I have been fooled, like a mere scholar! At home it would not have been so bad—but a hundred leagues for this! If Romieu should hear of this I am a dead man—nothing to do but turn hermit!"

As he spoke thus, he heard pronounced near him the name of Madame de Clebigny. He turned about quickly.

"Sir," said a man of advanced age, to another man superbly dressed in a suit of black, no less grave than his countenance—"Sir, Madame de Clebigny requests me to present her compliments—she ventures to hope that you will pass a few months of the summer at the Chateau of Villensa."

"Sir," replied the black dress, "I am grateful for the invitation of Madame de Clebigny, and if the important interests with which I am charged permit, I shall avail myself of her kind offer."

Royer Collard arose. "Gentlemen," said he, approaching them, "I beg pardon for interrupting you, but you have just been speaking of Madame de Clebigny, and I am extremely anxious to know what causes have deprived us of the pleasure of seeing her this winter at Rennes."

"What, sir! do you not know that she has lost her aunt, the Canoness?" replied the black dress "I am the more chagrined, because her daughter, who is related to me through the Montgiberts, but for this melancholy occurrence, would have made her first appearance, this year, in the fashionable world. A charming young lady—do you know her?"

"Yes, sir."

"A perfect treasure!—her mother has educated her in the pure principles of our holy religion! An angel, sir, who perhaps has not spoken to ten men in the course of her life!"

"And does she still reside at Villensa?"

"She still lives there, sir." And with this, the black dress bowed, and disappeared with his friend.

Royer Collard could with difficulty contain his joy. At the very moment in which he believed himself the victim of the most horrible mystification, a happy chance restored to him the right of trifling in his accustomed manner. The free liver returned to his house, and passed a part of the night in imagining what means would be most successful to obtain an interview with Mademoiselle de Clebigny. After much meditation, he hit upon a plan which appeared to him sublime in every par-

ticular, and which consisted in compromising his victim in such a manner that, placed between the loss of reputation or the loss of her honor, she would be forced to choose pleasure without danger, rather than virtue without profit. Having arranged this, he went to sleep with the calm content of a robber who had made a good day's work.

The next day, he arose early, to commence the undertaking—but in this world we must calculate upon unforeseen accidents. At the very moment in which he was ready to enter upon the campaign, Hypolite Royer Collard received an urgent letter, which forced him to set out immediately for Paris.

RETALIATION.

The business which had so unpleasantly deranged Royer Collard in his projects of seduction, was too important to give place to any foreign occupation. But when it was happily terminated, Royer Collard thought anew of putting an end to his adventure. His vanity, moreover, was incessantly mortified by the sarcasms of the Infernals. Whilst he calculated his means of attack, he received a new letter, dated at Rennes. This letter astonished Royer Collard, who usually was astonished at nothing. Royer Collard well knew that when the germ of corruption falls into a young heart, it there grows with frightful rapidity, and quickly chokes every good sentiment. But with Mademoiselle de Clebigny the progress had been miraculous.

"Oh, Moliere!" exclaimed the rake, after reading twenty times the letter of Elise, "one thing in the world is more true than thy Tartuffe! It is thy Agnes! Hads't thou read this letter, thou woulds't have added some more verses to the 'School for Husbands.'"

In fact, since the first letter of Elise, a remarkable reaction had taken place in the bosom of the young girl. The day when the God of Evil entered there, in the form of a letter, the ice was broken. Like those little flowers which bud beneath the snow, her heart had flowered (if I may so speak) and pierced the thick covering with which a monastic education had enveloped it. A single ray shone upon it, and the flower began to blow.

There were many traces in this letter of inexperience, but she already expressed, in a happy style, the first anxieties of a youthful heart, its first terrors, its conflicts, and its desires.

"Sir," said she, to Royer Collard, "I knew that you had come to Rennes; that every evening you went into society, where all the women admired you—that made me uneasy, and yet I felt happy. Circumstances, independent of my will, as you have doubtless learned, prevented my meeting you. Nevertheless, I could not resist my desire of seeing you. I went to Rennes, I know not now under what pretext, and remained three days with one of my relations. In these three days I beheld you pass every morning before my window. I wished to show myself, but dared not do it. What would you have thought of me? My heart is already too guilty! I have already too much forgotten my duty!"

Farther down, she added—"I suffer much, and they say that I am much changed. I am sure you would find me less handsome. I weep without any cause. Every thing wearies me; every thing disgusts me. I dare no longer look at my mother, for it seems to me that she must read in my countenance that which is passing in my mind. I am surely much to blame!" etc., etc.

Nevertheless, this letter, in which growing passion began to embolden itself, contained nothing so interesting as the postscript—"Address your letters to Marion, at the Chateau of Villensa."

"Adorable Marion! sublime duenna!" exclaimed Royer Collard. "I will raise an altar to thee, covered with five franc pieces!" and immediately he took a pen and began to write.

Those who have read this letter of Royer Collard, assure me that it is a *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind. It might be avowed by Valmont himself, the hero of "Liaisons dangereuses," the grand master in seduction. Yet this letter, every phrase of which burned and threatened to fire the perfumed page, was composed with admirable sang-froid. Whilst directing it, the roué hummed an opera air. Yet although his heart was not moved, his vanity most assuredly was. Elise de Clebigny was beautiful, noble, and rich. Her mind, hardly unfolded a few months previous, was developing itself with marvellous rapidity—and to himself the miracle was owing! According to his own expression, he had been the Pygmalion to this beautiful statue of marble. The roué felt himself agreeably tickled in his most sensitive point—his vanity.

"Upon my word," thought he, "an adorable little creature! I shall love her for six months!"

The reply was not long waited for. Fifteen days from then, Royer Collard received another letter. This time the transformation was complete. It was no longer the letter of a child; but that of a passionate, ardent woman, who found expression for all her feelings. Elise depicted the unknown emotions through which her ignorant heart had passed for three months, with such power of truth, that Royer Collard, in spite of himself, gave way to sincere admiration. That evening, he read her letter at Mignet's.

"But that is no ordinary woman," cried Ditmer. "It is an unpublished chapter of Heloise! I compliment you—your labor has not been thrown away!"

"Could I meet with such a woman," exclaimed the viscount, "I should be foolish enough to fall in love!"

Royer Collard was radiant with delight. He swelled himself up, and turned around like a peacock. Such compliments, in the mouths of such men, accustomed to laugh at every thing, and to deny every thing, had, in the eyes of Royer Collard, an inestimable value. They affected his head like wine. The rake went out from Mignet's, full of satisfaction and Champagne, drunk with Chambertin and vanity.

That evening, he was in the tender vein. In reply to Elise, he indulged in a series of sentimental phrases, all besprinkled with points of exclamation, and when he put the direction, his hand trembled like that of a scholar of rhetoric, or a poet in love.

If Elise had answered without delay, it is probable that Royer Collard would have resumed his accustomed indifference. His vanity would have been sated with triumph; but Elise answered not.

Then could you have seen the countenance of the roué gradually darken, and afterwards grow pale. Royer Collard suffered in verity—at first through mortified vanity, then from love. From his head, his passion descended to his heart. He gave the lie to his past life, and was caught in his own snares. He wrote letter after letter, and seduced himself by his own phrases. This was not done suddenly, but of course by degrees.

In proportion as the anxiety of the roué increased, so awaked within him every thing good and human in his nature. Royer Collard felt his heart leap as in the first days of his youth; and one evening, when alone in his chamber, he reflected sadly on his past life, and demanded of himself the meaning of this new illusion, which seemed to flourish on the ruins of all his former ones, he felt himself overcome with a mortal discouragement. After a fierce struggle, vanity was conquered by nature—Royer Collard wept!

Ere long, he forsook all his ancient habits.

"What ails our friend?" inquired Romieu, one evening that he beheld him sitting sad and disconsolate in a box in the second tier of the Théâtre Français. "A singular change has been affected in him! I no longer recognize in him the elegant Royer Collard, the idol of tailors, the Jupiter Tonans of the fashionable world. His cravat is put on crooked—the skirt of his coat is antediluvian—and, God forgive me, but that indefatigable eye-glass, which he formerly aimed incessantly from one box to another, now hangs sadly at the end of its chain, like a criminal from the gallows. Our friend is unwell. This Elise de Clebigny has cast a spell upon him, most assuredly."

Three days after this, Royer Collard, on going home, addresses the usual question to his servant—"Any letters from Rennes?"

"Yes, sir," replies the servant, giving him a letter in the handwriting of Elise.

Royer Collard trembled with agitation. He raised the letter to his lips, and covered it with kisses; not now, as formerly, with the ironical satisfaction of flattered vanity, but with the ardor of passion. A tear—a sincere tear fell upon the paper, and as the valet hardly attempted to conceal a smile, Royer Collard kicked him out of the house.

I regret that want of space compels me to suppress this letter. It was a masterpiece of amorous eloquence. Elise explained to Royer Collard the causes of her silence. Never was passion better expressed than in this letter. But above all, the conclusion was thrilling. The tremor of love was in every line—it was delirium! And Royer Collard could not help crying out—"She has lost her senses!"

He attempted to write—and tore twenty letters, without being able to finish one. At length, he determined, in spite of important business, to return to Rennes.

The evening before the day which he had fixed upon for his departure, he received another letter, but the writing was not that of Elise. This writing betrayed a most deplorable ignorance of the art. The first lines showed a disposition to crawl down to the signature, whilst the last attempted to get up as high as the date. Hence resulted a strange medley, in which none of the words affected to retain the straight line recommended in the epistolary code.

Here follows the letter in its original laconicism, and with all its faults of orthography;—

Mon Chair Monsieur.—Je maits la main à la plume, pour vous apprendre que notre chaire demoiselle est bien malade. Cette pauvre petite vous aime tan quele en a perdue la rezon. Ce mailheure est haruveo hier soire. Tout le monde est hici dans la dezolation. Je nai que le tamps que de vous ecrir ceci en cachet. Tachez daviser aux moyens qu'il faut prendre et avee lesquel je suis votre servante devoué. Marion.

Pautscriptom—Ne venez pas dici a quelque jour, parcque ça pourrait fère un mailheur, je vous ecrirai quand il le fodra.

As the above letter is incapable of literal translation, we give the substance for the benefit of anti-Gallican readers, viz—Marion tells Royer Collard that Elise is very sick, and advises not to come to see her until she writes him again.

On being thus apprised of the folly of Elise, Royer Collard was on the point of becoming crazy himself. He waited for the next letter from Marion with much anxiety. Three days after, he re-

ceived a letter, but not from Marion. This was from the countess of Clebigny, the mother of Elise. It was a letter worthy (in the beginning at least) of a marchioness of the "ancien regime."

She scolded M. Royer Collard sharply, and told him that he had been very daring to aspire to the hand of her daughter; he who, after all, was nothing but a "returier," and had no title but talent. But the conclusion disagreed materially from the commencement. In writing the last lines the marchioness gave way to the mother—the style was heart-rending—Madame de Clebigny demanded from Royer Collard to restore reason to her child—to her little Elise—so young, so fresh, and so beautiful!

The letter was not yet finished. One could perceive that the countess had suddenly quitted it to run to the bedside of her daughter, but she had again resumed it to add this terrible postscript—

"My daughter is dead! Receive a mother's curse!"

Royer Collard, on reading these words, cried out with anguish, and dropped his head between his hands. For three days he suffered with a raging fever, and when he was able to raise himself, he wrote to Marion as follows:—

If you can procure me a lock of Elise's hair, and I presume the family has preserved it, endeavor to send it to me, and I will pay you anything you may demand for it.

H. Royer Collard.

He soon received an answer, with a lock of hair and a bracelet. Royer Collard swore that he would always wear them. Nevertheless, in covering with ardent kisses the hair of Elise, he perceived that it was black. Now Elise was a blonde. Royer Collard knew very well that mental derangement can whiten the hair, but he had never heard tell of its making it black. But as a lover never looks very closely, and as, moreover, he had only once seen Elise, he concluded that he was mistaken, and placed the precious curl near his heart.

The next day, and for some days after, Royer Collard was seen dressed in deep mourning. Chagrin seemed to have made him ten years older.

SECOND TRIP TO RENNES.

A month had passed by, and Royer Collard had not yet forgotten Elise, when, one morning, a stranger requested permission to speak to him.

"Sir," said the stranger, "I come for a serious motive."

"I am all attention, sir."

"I will speak to the point. I am the count Montgibert, uncle to Mademoiselle de Clebigny."

"You!" exclaimed Royer Collard, recoiling like Macbeth from the ghost of Banquo. "You have no doubt come to overwhelm me with reproaches. I have deserved all; and cruel as they may be, they will never be sufficiently so!"

Speaking thus, Royer Collard bowed his head to receive the maternal malediction.

"Moments are precious," replied the count Montgibert, "and no time must be lost in useless reproaches. My sister wrote you that her daughter was dead, after a cruel attack of mental derangement. She has deceived you!"

"What say you?" exclaimed Royer Collard, with sparkling eyes.

"It is true that Mademoiselle de Clebigny is deranged, but she is not dead. Whatever be the motive which induced the countess to deceive you, it must be respected. But it is now time to speak the truth. That which was false yesterday, may be true to-morrow. The physicians of Rennes are unanimously of opinion that he who caused the evil can alone repair it. Your presence"——

"I understand you, and I am ready!"

"I thank you, sir," continued the count Montgibert, pressing the hand of Royer Collard. "This may well blot out many wrongs—the future is a great master. When can you set out?"

"This very moment, if you will."

"Well, this evening. I will meet you at the second relay with my carriage."

That evening, Royer Collard set out again for Rennes. But in vain he inquired at every relay if they had seen the count of Montgibert. They told him each time that they knew not what he meant. When the carriage stopped, a man stepped up, and inquired whether his name was Royer Collard.

"I am he," replied the rake.

"Oh, sir, you are anxiously looked for! Will you follow me?"

"I will follow you—is it to the chateau of Villensa?"

"No, sir; it is here that Mademoiselle de Clebigny has been for several days."

The heart of the roué was agitated with indefinable emotions. "I am about to see her," said he to himself, and he trembled with joy and apprehension.

"There it is," said the guide, knocking at the door of a house of very good appearance.

An old woman received Royer Collard.

"I am Marion," whispered she. "You are going to see our dear little Elise—she is very sick!"

"And her mother?"

"They told her not to remain—you will see Mademoiselle alone—there is the chamber."

Royer Collard's legs trembled under him. Finally, he summoned resolution to enter. It was night—the mysterious glimmer of a lamp alone gave light to the chamber. The silence of death reigned around Royer Collard, interrupted only by the steady monotonous tick of a clock. Elise de Clebigny, clothed in a white robe, reclined upon a sofa. Her long dishevelled hair concealed her features. She was motionless as a statue, and but for sighs that occasionally escaped from her, you would have thought that she was dead. The roué approached her trembling, and kneeled—and when he took the hand of the poor foolish girl, and carried it to his lips, it seemed to him that this hand was cold as marble.

"Elise!" said he, at length, in a low voice.

"Who speaks of Elise?" replied the young girl. "Why speak of the dead? Elise is dead!—and it is very fortunate, look ye, for she suffered much! Did you know her? She was sick there and there!" added she, putting her hand to her heart and to her head. "Poor Elise! why do we weep for her? It is so good to die! Ah!" cried she, suddenly, "what is your name?"

"Royer Collard," replied the roué, trembling.

"'Tis false—thou art not he!"

"I am he—I am indeed!" exclaimed Royer Collard, weeping.

"Thou weepest—men weep, then?" and saying this, her head sank upon the shoulder of Royer Collard, and she also wept. After a few moments she looked up; but Royer Collard could not distinguish her features, for it was dark.

"Yes, it is true, thou art he!—art thou not he?"

"Ah, yes! I am he that loves thee!" murmured the roué, passing his arm around the waist of Elise.

The young girl escaped from him, and began to run about the room.

"Wilt thou dance?" cried she; "'tis such a pretty thing, dancing! Elise will not dance any more—will she?" and she began to sing in a voice altered by sickness—

"Now you are tied,
Madam the bride!
With a golden thread,
Which unties when you're dead!"

"Wretch that I am!" exclaimed the rake, and he followed Elise, who still ran on singing. The lamp suddenly fell. Royer Collard heard the sound of a door opened quickly and immediately shut again, and he found himself alone in the darkness.

Feeling around, he perceived a ray of light, which came through a keyhole. He approached and imagined that he heard a whispering.

At length he opened the door, and found himself——in the midst of all his friends of the Infernal Box, who received him with an immense shout of laughter. The viscount had played the part of Elise de Clebigny.

Royer Collard had been the victim of a horrible mystification, the chief magazine of which was at Brest, with ramifications at Paris and Rennes.

Since this occurrence, he has written no more love-letters.

HAINS B——.

STANZAS.

I MAY sing; but minstrel's singing
Ever ceaseth with his playing.
I may smile; but time is bringing
Thoughts for smiles to wear away in.
I may view thee, mutely loving;
But *shall* view thee so in dying?
I may sigh; but life's removing,
And with breathing endeth sighing:
Be it so?

When no song of mine comes near thee,
Will its memory fail to soften?
When no smile of mine can cheer thee,
Will thy smile be used as often?
When my looks the darkness boundeth,
Will thine own be lighted after?
When my sigh no longer soundeth,
Wilt thou list another's laughter?
Be it so?

SONG OF THE ARAB.

BY H. H. TUCKER.

Sons of the desert! rise:
There's a war-cry on the blast;
And the flag of the vaunting foeman flies
Like a storm-cloud frowning past.
Let your wild steeds spurn the plain;
Let your shouts on the night-wind swell:
With flashing brand and with loosened rein
On, sons of Ishmael!

And, lo! where the gathering warriors come
Each from the wilds of his desert home;
For each glancing spear and each flying steed,
Shall an Arab conquer, a Roman bleed:
Onward in dusky masses wheeling,
Ev'n as the black-winged tempests wend,
Dimly the murky night revealing
Brother to brother, and friend to friend.
And, hark! how shrill,
Through the night-air calm and still,
The cymbals' clash and the trumpets' peal,
From the far encampment steal:
Forward, on the foe!
Let the shout of battle swell;
Lay the spoiler waste, and the boaster low!
On, sons of Ishmael!

The watchman watcheth wearily,
And the sleeper grasps his sword,
For great is the name, and wide is the fame
Of the wandering desert-horde!
O'er earth hath the conquering eagle flown
And flapped his wings in pride;
But the Arab's lowly tent alone
Hath his iron grasp defied.

O'er the arid sands
A moaning blast is sailing,
And the war-horse trembling stands
And snuffs the air in fear;
There's a rush as of mighty wings,
And a voice as of spirits wailing,
And a shadow blacker than midnight flings
Its shroud o'er the night-watch drear.

Hail to the dread sirocco,
The leaguered Arab's friend!
He soareth on high in his giant strength,
And his voice doth the desert rend;
There's death in his eye, and its glancing light
Doth wither where it falls,
And he shroudeth the sky in his whirling flight,
And his shadow the earth appals:
And the shifting sands uprise
Like demons in his wake,
And dance as in maniac revelries
Till the sultry air doth shake!
And onward howling fierce they speed
To the camp of the sleeping foe,
And the strong-limbed men and the sinewy steed
Are buried at a blow!

Joy! joy! joy!
Raise the shout of triumph high!
To the land of the roving Arab race
Hath the Roman come to die.
His grave is in the sand,
And his conqueror is the wind;
And the might of that dauntless warrior-band
Doth the arm of the whirlwind bind;
And their souls have shrunk from his grasp of fire,
And his hot breath hath lit their funeral pyre;
And the hollow blast their requiem moans,
Sweeping the sand from their whitening bones;
And Rome shall bow her head,
And her widowed daughters mourn,
For low lie her sons with the silent dead,
And their ashes repose not in tomb or urn.

Hail to the wind, to the mighty wind,
Whom none can conquer and nought can bind!
Wildly he wingeth his viewless way,
Chasing the clouds in his blithesome play;
Proudly he sweepeth the prostrate earth,
And rouseth the deep in his reckless mirth,
Tossing the foaming billows high,
And roaring in wildest revelry!
The globe he wandereth round and round,
And the tempests all to his car are bound;
Onward he sweepeth his trackless flight,
Free—ay! free as the Ishmaelite:
Him nor foe nor lord control,
Wide as his desert wastes his soul;
And thou, O Wind! his friend abide,
Foe and dread of the world beside;
Freely both thou and he will fly
O'er the plains of his own loved Araby,
And the dark-eyed queen of his home shall bless
The guardian Power of the wilderness.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF A HOME TRAVELLER.

BY JAMES F. OTIS.

No. II.

A TRIP TO THE WHITE HILLS, AND ASCENT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON IN A STORM.

But I must drink the vision while it lasts;
For even nów the curling vapors rise,
Wreathing their cloudy coronals, to grace
These towering summits—bidding me away!
But often shall my heart turn back again,
Thou glorious eminence! and, when oppressed,
And aching with the coldness of the world,
Find a sweet resting-place and home, with thee!

Rufus Dawes.

CHAPTER III.

THE DEPARTURE. THE RIDE UP THE GORGE. OLD CRAWFORD'S. THE WILLEY TRAGEDY.

It was a lowering, drizzling, uncomfortable morning, that, on which we awoke for our third day's enjoyment. The idea of a whole wet day in a country inn, with nothing visible around us but the near prospect of a hay-rick, a barn-yard, and a flock of half-drowned sheep—with nothing looking comfortable within doors, excepting the contented denizens of the simple homestead—and, out of doors, excepting some half dozen ducks revelling in a large yellow mud-pool, which the rain was momentarily swelling to a respectable pond, in the middle of the road before our windows—was insupportable; and, accordingly, we soon came to the determination to proceed forthwith upon our journey, rain or shine. Our coach soon came up to the door, and, as speedily as we could, we despatched our breakfasts, bundled in our luggage, bestowed ourselves cosily inside the roomy vehicle, drew up the glasses, and proceeded up the gorge.

The general aspect of the country varied but little from that presented during our yesterday's ride. We neared the mountains, and were conscious of climbing the ascent towards "The Notch," although we could see nothing but the near fields and forests, which looked sombre enough, in the midst of the pelting rain. But we were a merry party within, and cared little for the storm, as we were whirled onward by the well-driven team, in which our driver (its proprietor) seemed to take especial pride.

We had proceeded about a dozen or fifteen miles, as it seemed to us, (we did not travel, as the manner of some is, by guide-book,) when we pulled up at the door of a low farm-house, by the roadside, which the driver told us was "Old Crawford's. As this stop was to water the horses, and not ourselves, we preferred remaining in the coach while that operation was performed, the very intelligent driver telling us, meanwhile, all about "Old Crawford," the Patriarch of the Mountain Valley. He was yet living, and his two sons, Ethan Allen and Tom, were settled down among these hill passes, within short distances of the paternal roof. This was the first family, and for a long time it had been the only one, to take up an abode among these mountains; and the tie which had bound the old man for so many years to this rude and desolate spot was growing stronger and stronger, as life left him less and less to anticipate, and more and more to remember. The wild denizens of the forest had been his only neighbors, long and long before the foot of the curious and prying traveller had beaten a broader track than the trail of the red man, or the path of the wild beast, before his door. Then came the gainful devotees of trade, the hardy sons of the Green Mountain valleys, who had discovered a practical path along these hill sides to the Atlantic towns, for the transfer of their produce to market. By and by, a broader road was laid out, something like a township was organized in the neighborhood, and, of course, there were soon mails and post offices, and stage

coaches, and abundant travel, all along that road. All this the old man had witnessed from out the loop-holes of his quiet retreat, and it was not long before he, too, had become possessed of the march-of-mind mania, and must see his sons afloat upon the wide sea of speculation, before he died. So he sent them forth from beneath his quiet roof, to make money, as publicans, out of the curiosity of others; and they were now located up the valley, at two different points—themselves, as we were told, being curiosities, in their way, sufficient to attract almost as many visiters to the mountains as the other accessories of this wild country.

By the time the coachman had imparted to us these facts, (sitting with us in the coach all the while, most familiarly, while a boy was watering the horses,) the time for delaying at this point had elapsed; our Jehu returned to the reins, and we were once more *en route*. As we approached "The Notch," the rain gradually abated, and we were enabled to observe more minutely the different features of the glorious scenery around us. We were winding our way among the bases of high mountains, springing upwards from the level on which we stood, and burying their lofty peaks in the clouds, that still hung in dark and heavy masses above them. The mist, thinner than the dense clouds that filled the upper air, was curling upwards and downwards, along the lower levels of the many hill sides, in wreaths of fantastic shape; displaying, in succession, a series of the most picturesque landscapes, like the shiftings of scenery on the stage. In the midst of the general admiration which this scene of varied beauty excited, we were conscious of our near approach to a point which we had been told at Conway, we should find one of the most interesting in the whole journey. We had come to a sudden turn among the hills we had been all the morning traversing, and found ourselves entering a broad circular valley, at the base of a wide range of mountains, which rose, amphitheatrically, all around us, as far as the eye, looking on either side, could reach. Green meadows, with here and there a few trees, and some attempts at cultivation, were visible in the valley, as the eye took in the landscape that lay stretched out before us; and, in the midst of the whole, there ran a shallow and noisy stream, which however struck us as being singularly broad and rapid in its flow. We had listened at Conway to the tale of that swift torrent, and we gazed upon it with silent awe.

The dark hill-sides which bounded our view on either hand were deeply indented with the paths that many mighty avalanches had traversed. At the base of one of these mountains, and standing close upon the road-side, our guide pointed out to us the dwelling of the unfortunate Willey family; and the scene of that wonderful and appalling catastrophe, the memory of which throws such a deep melancholy over this devoted valley, was full before us.

An everlasting hill was torn
From its eternal base; and borne,
In gold and crimson vapors dressed,
To where—a household are at rest!
The mountain sepulchre of hearts beloved!
The cottage stood; while the monarch trees
Leaned back from the encountering breeze,
As the tremendous pageant moved!
The mountain forsook his perpetual throne,
Came down from his rock, and his path was shown,
In barrenness and ruin, where
The secret of his power lies bare;
His rocks in nakedness arise!
His desolations mock the skies!

"The Willey House" stands at the foot of one of the loftiest of the White Mountains, with a small knoll thrown up, naturally, directly in its rear, In the summer of 1826, a young woman and her four children were sitting in that cottage, awaiting the return of her husband and their father, from the plain above "The Notch." It was just after night-fall, and the supper table was spread in readiness for the arrival of the master of that simple family. It was a chilly evening, and a bright fire burned merrily on the hearth, and aided the beams of the candle, that stood on the table, in giving the little cabin a cheerful and comfortable look. Suddenly, a loud rumbling noise, like the muttering of distant thunder, but shorter and more abrupt, was heard. As the cottage trembled with the concussion of air occasioned by the report, the good woman (who was represented to us as having been singularly fair and beautiful) doubtlessly remembered that such noises had not been unusual that season, and, moreover, that they had always accompanied the numerous *slides* which were constantly occurring among those mountains. She put her sleeping babe into her bed in the adjoining room, and sat down, once more, to await her husband's return.

It was about an hour after this, that a single horseman was taking his solitary way down this mountain pass. Feeling somewhat chilled as he came in sight of the ruddy glow that was thrown from the windows of the Willey cottage, he abandoned his intention of pushing on to the lower Crawford's that night, and dismounted at the door of the house, which he observed was standing wide open. No one answering his call for attendance, as he held his bridle in his hand, before the

cottage, he determined to put up his horse himself, and for this purpose he crossed the narrow road, in the direction, as he well remembered, of the stable belonging to the house. *But no such building was there!* Perplexed with doubts as to the cause of this strange mistake in his recollection, the traveller tied his horse to a corner of the fence beside the cottage, and went in.

There stood the table in the middle of the floor, the candle burning brightly, and the fire blazing cheerily upon the hearth, just as has already been described. *But nothing living met the eye, nor greeted the ear of the stranger*, excepting a cat, which was sleeping quietly upon the hearth-stone! A feeling of horror, he could not tell wherefore, crept over the wayfarer, as he gazed upon the scene. Where were the members of that family for whom all these comforts were prepared—nay, some of whom had, as was most plainly perceptible, within a few short moments, been enjoying them?—There was no human habitation, he well knew, within many miles, and the nearest of these by more than one half was that he had left more than an hour before, in "The Notch." He had come the only road between the two points, and had met no one. He went into the sleeping room, adjoining the apartment he had first entered. There was a bed, the coverings of which were thrown down to the foot, and he observed that the bedding had been pressed but slightly, and, as he thought he could surely perceive, by no other form than that of an infant. There were two other rooms in the cottage, into both of which he went, but no sign of human inhabitant was visible!

He returned to the open air. The night was clear and star-lit. The air was cold and bracing, though it was midsummer. The stranger walked forth into the road a few paces. He had been in the habit, regularly, once a year, of travelling this road, but remembered only its more prominent features; yet he thought that the little river which ran through the valley was noisier then than he had ever known it before, and as he had met with some more obstruction in the road, when on foot, than he had seemed to do before he dismounted from his horse, he thought that there was some change in the level of the highway since he was there last. But these changes, if, indeed, they were not imaginary, he found quite insufficient to afford him the least clue to the solution of the mystery that was every moment becoming more and more intolerable to him. He threw himself once more upon his saddle, and rode rapidly back to the younger Crawford's, in "The Notch;" to whom he told the story of his inexplicable adventure. The son of the forest instantly called up his men, and with them and the stranger, took horse, and went down to the valley with all speed.

"Had you heard any noises, like the fall of a slide from the hills, as you rode along?" asked Crawford, of the stranger.

"Only one since that which I heard when with you, at your house," replied the other.

"When did you hear the second report?" said Tom Crawford.

"About twenty minutes before I came to Willey's," said the traveller. "It was far louder than the other, and continued longer—like thunder echoing among the mountains."

The hardy denizen of the mountain passes was puzzled. Suppose it were a slide—the people gone, and nothing destroyed! It was all inexplicable.

Reaching the entrance to the valley, it became evident to the practised eye of the mountaineer that an avalanche of unusual extent had fallen from the hill-side directly in the rear of the Willey cottage. It was dark, and he could not see minute objects, but a huge heap of gravel lay directly in the road, as the travellers neared the house, and it became obvious that the barn had been carried away by the slide. Going a few steps below the house, it was perceptible to Crawford that a portion of the mass of earth had fallen on the lower, as well as on the upper side of the cottage, and that both the masses had united their tremendous forces nearly in front of the unharmed habitation! The party entered the house. Every thing, even to the quiet slumbering of the unconscious animal that lay upon the hearth, was just as it was left by the stranger, *and still no human life was there!*

"They have fled from the avalanche, to seek shelter in the valley," suggested the traveller.

"They have gone down to the tent," said his companion; "I know where it is—let us on, and find them! They set up the tent on purpose; for these slides are happening, at this time of year, every day; and this summer they have been more common than ever. So Willey had a tent put up, down by the brook."

But no tent could be found! The brook was now a swift and turbulent flood, and was flowing, in a broad and resistless stream, over the site of the camp of refuge; while the cottage, whence the lost ones had fled, was standing in the still clear night, safe and unharmed! How "past finding out" are all the ways of over-ruling Providence!

It were profanity to dwell upon the scene which was presented in that wild and quiet valley when the tidings of this disaster had reached the home of the lost wife's early childhood. The husband's, father's, mother's, brother's griefs are sacred. I forbear the attempt to paint them. Yet, as I gazed upon the scene, I have fancied the lament which, on that morning, must have burst from the heart of each, as each looked, through gushing tears, upon that fearfully quiet scene.

"Oh, I have lost ye all!
Children, and wife, and friends!
Ye sleep beneath a mountain-pall!
A mountain-plumage o'er ye bends!

The cliff-trees, in funereal gloom,
Are now the only mourning plumes
That nod above your lonely tombs!
Sweet valley of the hills! farewell!
An Alpine monument shall dwell
Upon thy bosom, oh, my home!

Sleep thee, my loved ones, sleep thee!
While yet I live, I'll weep thee!
Of thy blue dwelling dream, wherever I roam,
And wish myself wrapped in thy peaceful foam!
Sweet vale! sweet home! farewell!
My cold harp, cease thy swell!
Till tuned where my loved ones dwell!
My home! farewell! farewell!"

WITHERED FLOWERS.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

Ye're fading from me now,
Ye fair, sweet relics, treasured here so long,
Like gladness from my heart,
Or the last echo of some cherish'd song.

Why have I ever loved
What fate seems earliest with decay to touch?
Why lived, but to have proved
That I alone have loved in vain too much?

How like to yours, sweet flowers,
Was the glad promise of my youthful morn!
Hope pictur'd rose-wreath'd hours,
But the fair blossom ever brought its thorn.

Where is that rainbow wing
Resting beside my pathway—lending there
A light to every thing,
A smile to sunny earth like angels wear?

Faded as ye, and gone;
For oh! I cherish'd what was made to die,
And weary and alone,
Mourn that I built not hopes above the sky.

In your pale, fragile forms,
Dear wither'd flowers, my heart may truly trace
The conflicts and the storms
That shroud and compass all the human race.

I've clung to friendship's chain
Till, link by link, it parted in my grasp;
All, all have been in vain,
And the cold fetters round my heart-strings clasp.

The first free gush is o'er;
The fountain that was wont, with silvery sound,
Soft melody to pour,
Is frozen at the source—by ice-chains bound.

And ye, mementoes pale,
Were smiling gladly when I took ye first;
But ah! the unseen gale
On your devoted heads in anger burst.

Ye might have lived to feel
Longer the gentle hand—the soft caress
Round your young blossoms steal—
Had not my fingers learn'd their buds to press.

Ye loved me not in life,
Else, gentle flowers, your pure and fragrant breath
Would still with sweets be rife,
Not slumbering coldly 'neath the touch of death.

But I will cherish ye,
Companions—confidants—of lonely hours;
My heart your tomb shall be,
Where ye with memory lie, wild wither'd flowers.

THE PRIVATEER.

A TALE OF THE LATE AMERICAN WAR.

(Continued from page 128.)

Sweet to the youth the stolen kiss,
From chiding lips, that chide for bliss;
To husband dear the half caress
Of bride scarce taught her right to bless;
To her, oh, sweet the cherub lip
Of babe that laughs her breast to sip—
But dearer far, when chains are riven,
Is Freedom's gift, by Freemen given.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RELEASE.

A STILL and beautiful morning dawned on the Sea-Gull and the Tiger, grappled fast together, and bending buoyantly over the broad irregular footsteps of the hurricane. American colors drooped in silent brotherhood from each, as if rebuked at the awful sight beneath. Not in the sweeping rush and stunning *melée* are the horrors of battle; but its scourging reality comes sickening over us at the after-scene. Scarcely a spot on the deck of the prize was unstained with blood; and many young hearts, fresh perhaps from their mother's knee, withered at their own work. The slain lay stiff in oozing puddles of gore, which dripped in sluggish clots through the scuppers, reddening the sea around, and creeping up through the caps of floating foam, which grinned like death-heads on the waves. Sometimes a groan and struggle from a pile of bodies would tell of some one alive or dying, for the fight was hardly ended at dawn. It was a study of strange and fearful interest to view the faces of the dead, and gather from their grim expression what last thought flashed then, whether of eternity, home, or mortal hate. There was the reeking weapon clutched, the sabre half-sheathed in the ample chest, and enemies locked in hideous embrace, looking wrath even in death. The wild disarray of the rigging, especially of the Tiger, told a horrible tale. The unbalanced yards and dangling ropes were glistening in the sunshine with human blood. Tufts of scalp, and shreds of clothing were glued to the yards and shrouds; more than one dead man was lodged in the top or swung stark elsewhere; and when the stiffened topsails were spread to the air, irregular blood spots stained the snow-white canvas. The living were mustered, and many names were unanswered; the dead were gathered together on the main deck of the Tiger; a short ceremonial of a burial service answered for all; their requiem was the cannon's roar, and the ocean's wail; and the same wave swept over friend and enemy. Trembling and pale with emotion, which no one could divine, Walter De Berrian was wandering over the deck. An order to release the prisoners in the hold of the Tiger, hurried him to the hatchway; when, listening breathlessly, he heard the clink of hammers, and many glad voices in French. Walter sickened and arose—there was no English voice. Several wasted Frenchmen, in tattered naval uniform, were supported to the deck. As the free air of the sea braced their languid frames, they wildly thanked their deliverers, and that mightier power of the skies. A tall and noble one among them gazed fondly for a moment at the flaunting colors, and exclaimed in English, "Hail America! hail liberty, first born darling of my country!" The home words, the impassioned tone and look called forth a loud hurrah, and Walter slowly read in the flashing face of the noble released, the features of Charles Harman. The recognition was not mutual.

Long after the imperial sun had retired in the blaze of the world's applause, De Berrian was hurriedly pacing the Sea-Gull's deck. It was one of those hazy delicious nights at sea, when invisible spirits entrance the wanderer with the minstrelsy of home, of love, and woman. The ocean wore his gossamer of web-spun glass, the sky was soft, the stars voluptuous in their gaze, and the moon wept tears so sad and sweet, that the poet saw in her a lovely mourner's face, pensive through the veil her sighs have dampened. All felt the rapture of that hour. The gruff "port helm," "and steady so," were gentler than their wont; the rude jest and ribald song were hushed.

Presently a note, low and floating, stole upon ear as mystic as the serenade of air; it was the melody of "Home, sweet home," that song exquisite even in home's green bowers, and oh, how thrilling away! The wooing breeze lingered on the topsail's bosom, and the silver billows hushed their tinkling fall to listen to the lay. Wild and deep it swelled to the fervid rapture of passion—but at the last fond line, "there is no place like home," the minstrel's tongue forgot its duty, and the song was ended in a sigh. That sigh was borne to Walter's ear, whispering the gentle name of Catharine coupled with his own. He started, looked to the singer, and Charles Harman was sitting in the shadow of the mainsail, gazing tearfully on the sea. Walter trembled as he approached.

"In tears, my friend, and the night so lovely?"

"It is at such a time," answered Charles, "that the nothingness of life is seen apart from hope. But a day ago, I was a prisoner, yet wept not; for hope pictured a future of joy. Now that I am free, and among my countrymen, I sorrow at the eternity between happiness and me."

"You are an American?"

"I am. I left America several years before the war. Landing a stranger in the West Indies, I had the good fortune to render an important service to the French Admiral of the station, and at his hands I was honored with a commission in the Navy of the republic."

"But—Charles—the duel?"—unguardedly asked the other.

"Heavens! who are you?"

"Walter De Berrian."

The cousins were clinging in each others arms, and how wildly affecting was that meeting. The time, the place, the strange improbability and stranger reality! Is there not a destiny whose mightiest agent is a word, a trifle? How often is the eternal fiat of weal or wo, to a world, or its obscurest tenant, dated from a nod or born in a syllable! For many moments of intensest feeling, neither of the young men spoke. Harman first broke silence. His inquiries were rapid, and his emotion overwhelming. "How, O Walter, my cousin, and friend, how, and why, do I find you here?"

"How, and why, are *you* here?" eagerly inquired De Berrian, "or, rather, *are* you here? years ago you were numbered with the dead, and at this hour your father and Catharine are mourning."

"Good God! how is this? they are alive and well!" passionately demanded Charles.

"They were, when I saw them last—but tell me your strange disappearance."

By broken inquiries the agitated young Harman gleaned from Walter the time and manner of his departure from their mutual home. It was long ere he was sufficiently composed to narrate the mystery of his being. The story was one of vivid interest, a key to the wayward impulses of adventure; a leaf from the visions of youth, dreaming, restless, and inexistate.

"And that duel," said Charles Harman, "an obscure brawl, with a nameless villain, is the pivot of my destiny and yours, the poisoning spring to my father's age and my sister's youth! On the night of my arrival at New Orleans, I was in a *café*, in company with several travelling acquaintances, with whom I had contracted a sort of off-hand companionship, with little thought or inquiry as to character. One of the fellows took offence at a heedless word from me, and demanded immediate satisfaction. The others seemed to regard it as a matter of course, and one of them offered to meet my friend. I confess, stranger and friendless as I was, far from a delightful home, I might never see again, the idea of standing up to stop bullets, was not captivating. We fought immediately, on a deserted *levée*, by starlight. My honorable opponent fired before his time, and his ball whistled by my ear. The truth flashed on me; I was entrapped by a gang of these murderous villains that infest the city—I fired instantly—the scoundrel fell with a howl—and I was knocked down from behind, stabbed, robbed, and left for dead.

Two days after, in the retired house of a true-hearted Virginian, the first flash of returning sense gleamed across my brain; and, stealing over my heated face, I felt the silken touch of ostrich feathers as if waved by a child of air. I heard a nursery glee of spring and infancy, and the tones were soft, clear, and warbling, as echo's lay in the stilly night. Entranced, my eyes opened on a rosy girl of eleven, standing between the folds of the damask curtain, and waving, as she sung, a bunch of feathers over my face. She was beautiful, oh, as purely beautiful as the youngest star of evening. Her laughing lips just swelling with the ruby streaks of the ripening cherry—her cheeks of pulpy oval and blossom tints—her floating eyes, of that delicious ocean blue, when Autumn and eve are slumbering on its distant waves—and, above all, her wild ringlets, soft and auburn, as if spun by genii from the down of gold, burst upon me, the vivid personation of all that is pure and exquisite in Heaven. Trembling, blushing, frightened at my devouring gaze, she glided away with the noiseless mystery of a sylph—yet one glance—one instant glance I caught of her figure! Fairies would have worshipped it; angels would have stolen it away to heaven, as a model to correct their own deformity! She was gone—and I wondered at life, truth, and creation.

I was subdued; the restless, gnawing, spirit of travel was gone, it seemed for ever. Distinction was a phantom—Romance a mockery of reality, and storied History but an urn of ashes that winds would idly scatter. Home rose up before me, and something whispered the sin of my aimless desertion. What cause—what right had I to hurl from my lips the chalice of joy, when the happiness of others was mingled in its draught? Long and accusing was that reverie—many and repentant were the resolves I vowed!

My benefactor was a gentleman by the name of Woodville. He had discovered me on the scene of my encounter, as he was returning from the city, at a later hour than usual. His wife was a lady of accomplished manners, and true southern urbanity. They had but one child—the lovely Agnes—the spirit of my every thought.

Heavens, how my heart leaped with frantic delight, when, as I awoke next morning, she skipped into the room, and mischeviously threw a dew-dipped bunch of flowers on my cheek. Hours, days, swept unnounted on. I was eighteen, ardent, and grateful. I loved, adored, my fairy queen, and slowly, surely, deliciously, read her untutored heart. She breathed its infant purity at one only shrine—that shrine was myself. There, on a bed of heavenly pain, playing with flowers and curls, songs, and kisses, I won from the artless Agnes a half-sworn promise to be my little wife. Years have flown since then, yet still it is a joy past words, to think here, on this wide sea, in the storm and hurry of a perilous life, that there is a tear and prayer for me on that cherub's pillow."

A tear that stole into De Berrian's eye betrayed the sympathy of that priceless thought. Harman continued—

"What a record of human weakness may be written from the dreams, the changes of an hour! I had recovered, and strolled out on a fresh bright morning. It was on the 4th of July. I had stepped upon the tide of the world's existence, and it swept me on. Clouds were striding in splendid majesty across the sky; the flaunting breezes came loaded with the perfume of prairies, and ringing with the din of life. Nature and man were shaming my listless content. That great city rejoiced—I watched the proud tread of the gleaming ranks, and snuffed the wind that wafted the roar of drum and cannon. Standing in the shadow of the star-spangled flags, I heard the orator's deep appeal, and joined in the people's answering shout. In that wild hour, I felt that the world could not hold my soul; the powerful spirit of travel was on me.

"I held the child Agnes to my bosom, and kissed away the tears that bedewed her face. That parting was fond and agonising. The next day I was bounding across the turbid waters of the Mexican Gulf in a swift West Indian trader. It was on board that I first saw a casual notice of that fatal duel. The paper spoke of 'An affair of honor between a blackleg and a young man, a stranger, whose name was ascertained to be Charles Harman. Both were killed at the first fire.' Fearful of a distressing mistake, I wrote home at the first opportunity."

"No letter was ever received," answered Walter.

"Dreadful," said Charles; "my poor father! my dearest sister!"

"Sail, ho!" from the look-out, startled the communing cousins. Far away to windward there shone a scarcely distinguishable cloud-like spot. Captain Parole called for his night glass, and the Sea-Gull shortened sail. In a little time the distant spot swelled into the dim outline of a square-rigged vessel. The captain looked for a moment, and handed the glass to De Berrian. At the first survey he dropped it from his eye, and exclaimed—"The Atalanta!"

The ship came majestically along like a queen of the sea, till suddenly she hauled as close to the wind as she could stagger. A gun across her bows from both the Tiger and Sea-Gull, was regarded with easy contempt.

"She can't escape," remarked captain Parole, "and it is a pity to cut up that holyday suit of hers."

The brig and schooner ran as close as possible to the wind, and in about two hours the Sea-Gull hove a broadside into the ship. The colors came suddenly to the deck, and the tall Atalanta fell under the lee of her puny conqueror. Great was the astonishment of the prize-guard when they saw the Tiger wearing American colors—greater still, when almost the first that sprung upon deck were their quondam messmate Peter, and the prisoners De Berrian and Harman. But what was the amazement of the American skipper and crew, when De Berrian and their old cook Peter, were knocking off their irons? On the fifth day after, the Sea-Gull and her prizes came to an anchor in the harbor of St. Lobrador.

In three days the gallant Sea-Gull was ready for sea. Her restless captain yearned for the broad fierce ocean. The signal was already flying at the fore, when a gig manned by U. S. seaman, came alongside, and Charles Harman stepped on board. Walter was silently sitting on a gun.

"I have come again," said Charles, anxiously taking his hand, "I will throw up my commission for your consent. Walter—you will—you must go home with me."

"The Sea-Gull is my home!"

"Walter!" implored his cousin, stooping till their cheeks touched, "can you bear unkindness to my sister? 'Tis you that are scornful. Come, and by my own love, she shall forgive!"

"Forgive! she has nothing to forgive, that I acknowledge."

"She shall be yours, or I leave that home again forever."

"Never!" firmly answered De Berrian, "she said it—no blood-stained hand should twine bridal flowers around her haughty brow. Her proud father would give her not to a penniless dog! 'Tis I that forgive, but can I forget?"

At this moment Peter came aft, and handed a bundle to Walter. He silently unwrapped it, and displayed the uniform of a lieutenant.

"Our brave second-lieutenant," said Walter, "was killed in the action. I am in his stead, Charles, the Sea-Gull is my home."

"Then there is no hope," sighed young Harman, "and I must seek my home alone. What a tale for my accusing sister! Have you nothing—no word—or letter to send?"

"Tell Catharine," said Walter with an effort, "that her long-mourned brother was a captive on the sea, and that cousin she cursed bled to win his freedom. Tell her we have talked of happier days, in the silence of the midnight watch, and her name was ever spoken with a blessing. Say, if my last prayer be said on sea or shore, her name shall close my lips. Give her this braid—you know when she gave it"—and a tear stood in his eye—"it may recall the time when she thought more kindly of its wearer. It is the last memento of Walter De Berrian."

Charles hid the braid in his bosom, for he could not speak.

"Peter," asked Walter, for the negro had been listening with intense interest, "would you not go home to your friends?"

"No, massa," returned the faithful black, with a reproachful look, "you all my friends—neber leave you, you gwine—I'm gwine too."

But a vivid change had brightened the noble features of the handsome Harman; he stood proud and tall with curling lip, and dilated nostril; his eye was rivetted on a small squadron that was bounding into port under the glorious tri-colored flag.

"Walter, I am not the culprit bearer of your message. See there," and he proudly pointed to a beautiful witch-like schooner, amid the squadron, "there is La belle Ianthe—she has been re-taken—I go to report myself to the commandant. I serve under a foreign flag, but against the enemies of my country."

De Berrian's eye rested with a sailor's delight on the elegant fabric that slid over the water with the easy hauteur of a coquette—he turned to his cousin—

"Think of your father and sister."

"Think of my honor," was the proud answer.

De Berrian gladly grasped his hand, and exclaimed, "honor first—may God bless you!"

The drum sent forth its rolling prelude, and Peter sprang away. Charles Harman went over the side, and Walter felt that the last link was broken. The Sea-Gull was sailing to her glory and her grave.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

When from thee I did part away,
And from my land for years,
I did not think to come again
With those same parting tears.
I come again to hill and lea—
Weeping for *thee!*

Thine hand was clasped warm in mine
When I was standing last
Upon the shore of cheerful green,
Our vessel neareth fast.
I shall be there—no longer *we*—
No more with *thee!*

Had I beheld thee still and dead,
I might more clearly know,
How heart of thine could turn as cold
As hearts by nature so—
How change could touch the falsehood-free
And changeless *thee!*

But now thy last-seen tender looks
Within my soul remain;
And it is hard to think that *they*
Will shine no more again—
That I shall vainly wait—ah me!
No word from *thee!*

I could not bear to look upon
That mound of funeral clay,
Where one sweet voice is silentness
And one fair brow decay—
Where all thy mortal I might see—
But never *thee!*

For *thou* art where the loving are,
Whose parting pain is o'er!
And I who love and weep alone,
Where thou wilt weep no more,
Weep bitterly, not selfishly,
For *me*, not *thee!*

I know that thou can'st never know
The anguish which I feel;
Because upon no brows in Heaven,
An earthly grief may steal—
And grief thou knewest mine, would be
Still shared by *thee!*

A FRENCHMAN'S REFLECTIONS

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "MELANGES" OF M. NISARD.

London should be visited for the sake of Westminster Abbey. On one side you have the Parliament, another antiquity full of grandeur, and connected with interesting reminiscences. Two new societies inhabit these walls, which were built by two societies now no more, for creeds which time has abolished. The work of thought has perished, the work of the hand has survived. Liberty has given a new youth to the old halls of Parliament. Protestantism has exiled from Westminster Abbey the Catholic descendants of those who built it.

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On entering Westminster Abbey you are met by a kind of usher. "Do you wish to see the whole edifice, or only a part?" and he names you the two prices. The bargain struck, he goes to wake another usher, who is asleep on a chair at the foot of a pillar a few paces distant. This man rises, and rubs his eyes, and then conducts you to all the tombs of importance, naming, as he goes on, the persons who are buried. If you remain too long in one chapel, he politely requests you to finish your tour, telling you that when he has shown all you will be at liberty to retrace your steps. This I never failed to do.

The first time that I visited this beautiful Abbey was on the occasion of a great wind. One might say that the clouds were tearing themselves to pieces against the roofing (*toiture.*) This mysterious noise above my head, and the silence at my feet and around me, confounded me. I have felt something like it in the woods, at the foot of great trees, when the rising wind begins to shake their tops, and the grass is not even bent. But in the middle of a great nave, surrounded by the tombs of eight centuries, standing as a minute and weak man before an immense work made by the hand of man, with a mind lost in doubt and uncertainty in the presence of two religions which have deeply moved the human mind—in this situation I have experienced, in a degree still more lively, the singular state when thought seems to cease, and the pulse to beat no more. Strange that such mighty spectacles are requisite to overcome the mind of a man and to suspend for a moment thought, which is so indocile! Strange, that the voice of great forests, the murmuring of the sea, the silence of old mountains, is not more than sufficient to silence for an instant the little sound which we call thought!

Catholicism built this great church for a great religion, that a whole people might go there to hear the word of God chanted with all the force of the human voice; that man might feel his own littleness in the temple of God, finding that the mighty song of assembled multitudes beneath its vaulted roof did not crack the edifice. Protestantism, by taking possession of Westminster Abbey, has straitened it for its own *religion de salons*, for its chants by women and children of the choir, for its sermons before a small auditory, for a handful of the faithful to which the minister reads prayers in a grave and sober voice, without accent, and without vibration. The nave of the old temple has been cut in half, and a boarded enclosure has been made with seats and benches for about a hundred of the faithful. The other half is empty; the consecrated soil begins at this wretched bit of carpenter's work, which has been built but to rot, while the walls, which generations raised for eternity, are neither revered nor profaned, unless by the rows of tombs which stand as an object of veneration for the traveller. Protestantism had not voice enough to fill these vast aisles, nor to ascend to these vaulted roofs; a mutilated edifice was necessary for a mutilated religion; less space was required for reason than for faith.

The struggle between two religions in the same church is not less plainly shown by the tombs of Westminster Abbey. Catholicism reared it, Catholicism stamps the greatest character on the tombs. I am not here speaking of art; there are more skilful strokes of the chisel in the monuments of Protestantism; in those of Catholicism there is little more than faith, often without art, but we feel a force in their workmanship, and a sort of certainty of another life, which touches us profoundly. Those effigies of the Kings of the Norman race, all lying armed on the tombstones, all with joined hands, in the same attitude, all conceived according to one idea, though successive ages may have improved their execution; those women, those children, those faithful servants, who are ranged about

the tomb, kneeling, their hands joined as those of the deceased, who mourn not, but pray, because tears pass away, not faith, and man can pray always rather than mourn; all these figures, who represent the drama of death, but do not play it, as in certain Protestant monuments—all this *naïveté* of an art, I say, the masters of which were but simple workmen, exercises a singular sway over the imagination and the heart. The design has been to make really dead persons; there is the very stiffness of a corpse in these limbs; nought is beating under this armor, these eyes are closed to open no more; the tomb is sealed, all is finished, but the artist has conveyed by these joined and heaven-lifted hands a thought—yes, the thought that possessed the deceased before he resigned his soul to God—the thought which inspired the artist himself, and often repaid him for his toils—the thought which filled the servants and the children of the deceased, the people who followed his obsequies, and the priest who sprinkled holy water on his relics—in a word, the thought that God may be disarmed by prayer.

In the tombs of Protestantism unity is gone. We find the diversity of a museum—busts, emblems, and statues. It is no more religious thought, but caprice and vanity, which gives the idea of a monument; it is art without faith which executes it. Prayer is no more considered; dramatic attitudes are given to the dead; some threaten, others smile upon you; one plays a part, and another expires with a grace. I have seen some mounting to heaven surrounded by clouds, and others haranguing Parliament. There is a noble lady who died, doubtless, much regretted by her husband; she is in her bed, expiring, while Death—that is to say, the great black skeleton with the scythe in its hand, which serves to frighten children—darts from a secret cavern under the bed of this poor lady. The husband perceives him; places himself between his wife and death, holds his suppliant hands to the latter, and entreats it with tears in his eyes. Now, translate all this:—*Lord* Nightingale was a good husband, or, at any rate, wished to pass as such. But who was *Lord* Nightingale? Why, a person who was rich enough to bury his wife at Westminster. This abbey is not confined to Kings and great men; it is a Pantheon, where every one pays for his place, and that dearer than at a cemetery. Shakspeare occupies less space there than *Lady* Nightingale. George Canning and Pitt lie each under a slab with their name inscribed. Those whose mere name does not say enough are not in a position to be better known, or do not deserve it. Leave all this train of epithets and show of titles to those who have only made their life known by their death. A stone and a name is enough for celebrated men, since there is no longer a faith to lay them on their tombs, and to join their hands, and thus to show that their strength was only in prayer. The epitaph and monument should be left to history, and the deep impression which a grand biography concealed under a slab of six feet makes on the mind should not be stifled under works of masonry.

This profusion of tombs does not convey the idea of death. A grave newly dug, a coffin from which the pall has been removed, the shovel-full of earth thrown upon it—these touch much more forcibly. Death, as a collective idea, only inspires declamations, and awakens no real sorrow. On the contrary, the nearer we are to the corpse, the more sad and impressive is this idea.

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I am ashamed to confess that I went through "Poet's-corner" with indifference; yet Shakspeare is there, or rather his statue and cenotaph, paid for by two performances at Drury-lane, for his actual remains lie beneath the stones of the church at Stratford, where his age suffered him to die, caring no more for his death than his birth. Singular enough! he lived in the time of Elizabeth, in one of those epochs of public prosperity when the slightest superiority stands in its full light, and yet there is less information respecting his life than that of the most insignificant courtier. Some have written that he was bailiff of a county, others that he poached on the estates of great lords; that he held the horses of the audience at the gates of the theatre, and played the ghosts in his own pieces. You will not find his history in his dramas—you will not perceive the author under his characters. He creates men, gives them passions, and when this is done, leaves them to be carried on by those passions, and troubles himself no more about them. If they commit faults, they pay the penalty—if they are stronger than events, they overcome them—if weaker, they yield. Shakspeare has not, like our tragedians, a favorite character by which he communicates himself to the pit; the one who happens to be on the stage is the one he loves the best. You would be his dupe if you strove to seek him in the parts he has created, and under the masks which he has given to the great passions which excite tears or laughter. You believe him oppressed by a sombre melancholy, when perhaps he was a hearty laugher, who loved to give free play to his imagination, and to prate like Cassio with the passing shade; or perhaps he was some careless philosopher, appearing at the fall of the curtain, at the moral of his terrible drama, with a calm fine countenance, and with the air of a man who is unmoved amid so many calamities, and says to the pit, "None of this was my fault." His statue says nothing to you, and this empty tomb, in which there is not even a particle of his ashes, is but a figure in a museum—a museum of tombs, if you will have it so. Besides, placed as he is, in a little nook in the wall, he is crowded by poets, who beyond the learned circles of London have scarcely more celebrity than our album and almanack writers, with even some prosaists among them. Such an arrangement is erroneous; there is no interest in this amalgamation of glories of all degrees; emotion is destroyed by curiosity. It is only in the presence of the old tombs of Catholicism that the imagination is awakened, and that we feel all that is great and touching in the past.

That which chiefly affects us in ages gone by is the moral character which distinguishes them from our own. If we love the majestic aspect of the old churches, those works of faith and religion, it is because on every subject our convictions are but weak and wavering; because we feel the necessity of betaking ourselves to something strong, to something which comes home to us, and which allows us to rest awhile from our wearisome contradictions. If we are forcibly struck by all that bears the mark of enthusiasm, it is because in us enthusiasm has been withered by experience, and because, dreading, above all, to be dupes, or even to appear such, we envy the peace of those simple men who did not laugh aloud at those grave matters on which depend happiness and misery, and who did not hide themselves to perform their duties.

If we love the figures that pray on the old monuments, it is because on modern tombs religious thought has been stifled by wordly thought, doubtless that the deceased themselves might not be the laughing-stocks of the curious. If the majestic uniformity of Catholicism inspires us with sincere respect, it is because we are now accustomed to diversity and isolation, willingly contesting all human authority less by the *arrière-pensées* of disorganization than on account of the incapacity we feel of convincing ourselves of the rights of any one whatever—a strange situation for people who are thus in a state of dull and perpetual insurrection! There is no regret in the comparison we make between the past and the present; our mind is distracted for a moment—that is all! This temporary distraction does not afterwards make us bear more clumsily the load of uncertainties, of contradictions, and of scruples, which render us cold scoffers from the fear of being enthusiastic; lastly, of our caprices and our isolations, all of which illude us by their appearing to proceed from liberty. Liberty makes us love our own age with a real and positive love, and ages past with a love purely poetical. The aspect of an old cathedral does not cure a heart sick with excess of liberty; and I verily believe that Westminster Abbey would not remove one doubt of a person of this century.

TO A PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

PAINTED BY SULLY.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Lady, some missioned angel smiled
Upon thee when thou wast a child;
For in that pensive eye of thine
Celestial colors softly shine;
And on that sweet, expressive face,
  The lustre of a quiet mind
Softly reposes—like the trace
  Of starlight trembling, when the wind
Breaks the smooth mirror of the sea—
  Or like that strange, delusive light,
When sleep has set the fancy free
  To soar beyond the dome of Night.

Can'st thou be real? art thou not
Too beauteous for this earthly spot?
Upon that brow, so clear and high,
Has sorrow rested? has a sigh
Or tear been thine, or any shade
Of grief upon thy spirit laid?
Ah, yes! if, in this dreary world,
  One, so devinely fair—around
Whose form bright pinions should be furled
  To keep it holy—can be found;
In hours gone by, some change to pale
  Thy morning splendor must have passed,
Though all life's woes, like shadows, fail
  Before thy happy smile to last.

Joy, tranquil joy and mild content
In those angelic features blent,
Tell like a fountain's sparkling flow
That all is pure and bright below.

And thou hast crossed youth's flowery verge;
  And well I deem, relentless Time
Doth towards that path thy footsteps urge
  When, just beyond their sunniest prime,
The ripe fruits of the season fall,
  And purple clusters on the vine
Droop from the greenly-mantled wall,
  In rich maturity, like thine!
A perfect woman—fairest, best,
  Of all this world holds fair and good—
If man without thee were unblest,
  How dark would be his solitude!
When, to the ancient sculptor's gaze,
  The perfect figure, that his art
Could from the formless marble raise,
  Appeared like light—his bounding heart
Could not have felt a deeper bliss
  Than when, with life and beauty warm,
Thy pencil, Sully, traced a form
  So lovely and so true as this!

LOVE AND WEALTH.

A TALE.

Freely Translated from the German of Baron Von Biedenfeld.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

THE thunder of battle was suspended, but for a time. Forces were gathered from all quarters to take the field again. On the road from Carcassonne to Toulouse all was bustle and tumult; crowds of fresh recruits, burning with zeal and hatred of the English, were hastening along with the regular troops to join the army of Soult. They were met by many rich proprietors from the borders, who were anxious to conceal their wealth in some large city. There were also Bourbonists, known by the white 'kerchief—the cockade would have been dangerous;—and a host of adventurers, with a plentiful supply of rogues, sure of finding employment in their peculiar calling. Hundreds of wounded too were on their way to the great hospital; some of the weary soldiers had stopped and rested their weapons by a crucifix, on the road side, and were surrounded by the country people; amidst the clamor was heard the cheerful music of a guinguette, and refreshments of all kinds were offered in baskets by the peasant women, adorned with their many colored 'kerchiefs, and yet more by their dark eyes and olive cheeks. Soon the march was resumed, and as we drew nearer Toulouse, the umult and noise increased. The clouds rolled in dark and heavy masses over our heads; the wind surged through the thick boughs of the trees, and covered us with whirling dust.

We were on foot, and anxious to reach the city before the storm should burst on us. Accident had brought so many in company upon the road, we were to take a brief journey together, and each probably to forget his anxieties in a cup of wine at the end of it. Nothithstanding our haste to pass the swollen stream, I could not withdraw my attention from two men among the strange soldiers who accompanied us. One was a sturdy figure; short gambados covered his legs to the calf, and were fastened to the latchet of his shoes by small crosses; the folds of linen that covered his breast were not remarkable for whiteness; he wore a light blue jacket ornamented with tarnished lace, and a short red cloak, which yet had an air of pretension, with all its poverty. This affectation of smartness was rendered more striking by the effect of a high, pointed, perforated hat, set jauntily over upon the right, and broad golden rings depending from each ear. His naturally brown complexion, darkened by the sun, his jet-black hair, the large Roman nose, between a pair of restless flashing eyes, were not unhandsome, though the countenance was marked by an expression of cunning and singularity.

"Who is that?" asked I, of a Frenchman near me.

"A half-civilized Spaniard, a Navarrese, from the mountains, who lives by practising all sorts of juggling and imposition upon our Southrons, and gains no trifle by his pretensions as a quack doctor and conjurer; he sometimes also plays the spy for our army, and 'tis highly probable that he gets well paid for the same service by the English and his own countrymen. A Figaro for our modern tragedy, in which the merry fellow is called a rascal, in which the joke usually ends by poison and dagger, instead of a marriage."

"Ha! ha! ha! an apt definition!"

"A true one, of our modern tragedy; a comedy with melancholy personages, in which the malicious Harlequin struggles with the fool, till one or the other loses patience, and the worst handled atones with his life. A comedy, in which reason belongs only to the multitude, and the enthusiast is treated as a blockhead."

"And who is that tall, slender person, who stoops so much over his handsome horse, and keeps his large eyes so constantly fixed on the ground."

"One unfortunate, and yet too happy—a fit hero for the tragedy just mentioned. A young millionaire, who would gladly give away his hundreds of thousands, could he get himself with honor out of the world, which is an abomination to him."

"So handsome, so young, and rich, and yet—a misanthrope?"

"You would, perhaps, be the same in his situation; he is the only child of wealthy parents, and had but three passions in his nature:—an idolatrous affection for his mother, ambition for a soldier's fame, and devotion to his Emperor, and love for his foster-sister, a peasant girl, in the village we are approaching. Mark, how fearfully his heart was wounded through each of these cherished feelings. His mother eloped with a Polish officer, the very day he had with difficulty obtained from his father

permission to follow the Imperial standard to Russia. Could he leave his father alone to join the army, perhaps to meet again his abandoned mother? He bore his grief in silence; with bitter tears saw the troops depart, while he remained at home with his infirm parent. His love, his Louison, was now every thing to him. Deprived of the Epos, he devoted himself to the Idyl.

"But his father was inexorably opposed to his union with a vinedresser's daughter. He had designed his only son, with all his wealth, for the daughter of a marshall, one of the new nobility. The lovers were constrained to meet clandestinely, and the poor maiden's reputation suffered thereby in the eyes of all their acquaintance.

"Suddenly came the thunderbolt from the blue heavens—that Bulletin from Russia, demanding a fresh army from France. The canton furnished one hundred and thirty-four recruits: yonder pale youth drew the number one hundred and thirty-four, and Louison's brother the number one hundred and thirty-five. The youth hastened to Paris with letters from his father to a counsellor of state, and returned to his native place full of eagerness to join the army. The old man received him with smiles, all his comrades with anger and scorn; for slander had been busy with his name. He was declared unfit to enter the service; his foster brother took his place, and he was compelled to bear all this in silence, for fear of involving his father in unpleasant difficulties. Louison's joy at his return was troubled by sorrow at the departure of her brother. As for her lover, he became a prey to deep melancholy. His substitute was obliged to go with the troops to Spain, but returned with contempt all the money and letters sent him by his rich foster brother. He also enjoined it upon his sister to have regard to her own good name, and break off all acquaintance with a dishonored man. Louison wept bitterly, but she could not obey at once the hard command; and love at length obtained the victory. She entreated the youth, however, to use all the influence his wealth procured him to bring about the release of her brother from his martial duty. Powerful as is the Emperor in the field, so in France is his image stamped on a round bit of gold. But neither gold nor Emperor can call the dead from their graves. The substitute, the brother of Louison, fell wounded into the hands of the Spaniards, and was reported dead.

"The news drove the melancholy youth frantic. 'I have killed my friend and brother,' was his incessant exclamation; and in imagination he strove with the ghost of the departed, who came to reproach him. The haughty old father was obliged to entreat the poor maiden to come to his house, for her presence alone could soothe the frenzy of his unhappy son, or change his madness into tender and tearful melancholy. His visits to the vinedresser's house, too, served to divert his mind. Two or three times a week he rode thither, unattended by a domestic, taking care of his horse himself, and dining at the inn, usually in sullen silence. Sometimes his attention was excited by the soldiers; he would seek among them and eagerly examine the countenance of any who happened to bear number forty-one; then, disappointed, would turn his horse away, wipe the tears from his eyes, and shuddering, murmur, 'Tis not he! Bernard Prany will never return; I have killed my brother!'"

During this conversation the Spaniard had come near us, and seemed very attentive to the narration—and visibly struck by the mention of the name of Bernard Prany. He looked as if about to address us; but shook his head doubtfully, snapped his fingers, and throwing a glance at the pale rider, went off humming a tune, and was soon out of our sight.

In a large hostelry on the road very near La Prouille, where more than six hundred years before, St. Dominic founded the cloister for Dominican nuns, without dreaming of the horrors his institution would spread over the world;—in that old, gloomy hostelry, originally no doubt the lodge and hospital of La Prouille, sate more than sixty men at supper around the great table. At the upper end of the apartment, in a deep reverie, pale and motionless, his eyes fixed on the ground, neither eating nor drinking, nor taking interest in ought that passed, sate the youth I had seen riding the handsome horse; chance placed us directly opposite him; but there was no opportunity for conversation, where half a hundred Frenchmen were in an apartment together. The uproar was like a cataract in its continuity; at least thirty different voices might be heard speaking in the same instant.

Suddenly we heard the cry, "Ha! Rodrigo Bannos! Welcome to our Spaniard! Where is the fellow?" All eyes were turned towards the door, through which with mock solemnity entered the Spaniard. He made his way among the guests, nodding his head repeatedly, and greeting many with a friendly grasp; took his place by the chimney piece, and began eating from his hand a piece of mutton with raw onions.

"Where have you been, Rodrigo?" cried one. Before he could reply—another broke in with—"About profitable business?"

"Only the devil now-a-days drives a profitable business!" said the Spaniard coolly, without suspending his meal.

"Well—you have brought somewhat to entertain us?"

"Empty pockets—if you want any juggling. Ha, brisk fellow—you have the cup in your hands again?"

"Will you drink?"

"Yes—when I have done eating—but only champagne or pure water."

"Champagne!" roared a dozen voices at once. They rose, and the mirth and tumult increased. Only the pale youth sate motionless, his head resting on both hands. It had not escaped me, that

at the first glance at Rodrigo he had shuddered, and grown visibly paler. But no one noticed him, for general attention was drawn to the new comer.

"Rodrigo!" cried a cracked voice, "we shall not soon have so fine an opportunity as at present; bring us up a few handsome ghosts."

"You are mad, man; beauty belongs to the flesh."

"A few charming Dominicans of those who sleep in the churchyard at La Prouille, with the pale faces and eyes of fire."

"You are all fools, or full of wine; have patience, you will soon enough be side by side with the nuns. No more of ghosts and damsels; but I will show you some new conjurer's tricks. Bring cards here!"

Amid approving shouts he began to exhibit several tricks with cards, which he did with much dexterity and skill. He made some draw three cards, and told their fortunes, or described the employment of some absent friend or relative. Some of his predictions were very apt, for Bannos had all the cunning belonging to his profession.

The silent youth, lifting up his head, seemed attentive to every word and motion of the Spaniard, while the latter appeared not to observe him. All at once, however, he went up to him, presented his pack of cards, and, while he fixed his flashing eyes full on those of the youth, said in a cheerful tone, but not without solemnity—"It is your turn, noble stranger; draw three cards, and I will tell you what is presently to befall you. Many possess thousands, and know not what may happen to them the next moment."

The youth mechanically drew the cards. The first was the ace of hearts, which he laid down on the table; the others were the queen of diamonds and the ace of clubs.

"By St. James—young man!" cried Rodrigo, after shuffling and examining the cards, and pausing a few moments; "you are more fortunate than all the rest! Your father, at this moment, sits at home in his easy chair, reckoning over his thousands, and negotiating for you, his only son, a marriage with the only daughter of one of the wealthiest men in the kingdom."

"Bravo! here's to the golden band!" cried many of the company, laughing. The pale youth sprang up, his brow crimson, clutched the Spaniard by the dress—and exclaimed—"you are a liar—a villain!"

"Ha! let go my jacket, and do not disarrange my cards. Is it my fault that you like Louison better than the other rich lady?"

"Louison!" cried the stranger despairingly, and quitting his hold, rushed from the apartment.

"You struck him to the heart, Rodrigo," said the cracked voice again. "St. Jean! had you lived in 1789, and prophesied to the people, there would have been some mischief undone, and some drops of blood the fewer shed."

"And some fools the more!" added another of the company;—and several voices cried—"Jolicoeur grows sentimental! ha! ha! ha! more wine here!"

The uproar soon became so great among the intoxicated guests, that I was glad to make my escape unnoticed.

I sate on one of the garden terraces, and looked up towards the gloomy walls of La Prouille. I was not alone—for the six last centuries were with me—and we conversed as cordially as if we had drank our coffee every day together. Who can compare without emotion the years 1214 and 1614? In the first all strength was put forth to support the tottering dominion of usurping Rome over christian Europe; the last witnessed the efforts of despair to overthrow the giant of his age. The one was the day of monks and monasteries, of interdicts, and feudal power, and knightly combats, and the Inquisition and secret tribunals. The other, of steam-boats and steam-presses—of books, and a war with the pen as well as the sword; a parody upon the past feudal time; the last struggle of the old decayed, poetical aristocracy—with the aristocracy of intellect and of wealth, and the boast of popular freedom.

I was roused from a very misanthropical reverie by a rustling below me. The Spaniard and the pale youth were engaged in earnest conversation. Neither had observed me.

"You must—Rodrigo—by heaven, you must!"

"Indeed, sir, it is beyond my power."

"It is not! I myself have laughed a thousand times at the idea of a spirit's re-visiting this world, and conversing with the living. But I now take shame for my childish incredulity. I know well, such intercourse is possible; I call upon you to be mediator betwixt the dead and me!"

"Let me go—you are ill."

"Be my leech, then, and heal me. A thousand Napoleons are yours, if you show him to me—him—only him! Bid him appear; speak the word, which calls him out of the grave. Draw the circle in which he must rise to my view. He called me a coward; I must tell him face to face, that I am none! He must retract his words."

"Ha! ha! ha! so you will challenge the ghost? Have you your weapons with you? Be assured, arms are not needed in such company."

"What should I do with arms? My old father will not permit me to use them. I have nothing but gold—gold—even gold."

"Ha—have you not love—the joy of love?"

"Of love? Louison has closed her door against me. I shall never see her more, unless I go to lead her to the altar. She has renounced me: her brother called me coward; my father condemns me to misery. I must break his heart or betray my Louison, as I betrayed my Emperor!"

"Be not foolish. Call you obedience to your father, treachery to the Emperor?"

"I have betrayed my country, whose sacred soil is profaned by foes, while I sit in safety, and banquet at home. Shame rests on me; interminable shame; therefore fortune turns her back upon me—therefore joy flies my embrace—therefore Louison renounces me—therefore my heart must break ——"

"You must have blood let, young man; your veins are too full!"

"Ah! my blood belongs to my country—to honor—to my Emperor—but I must let it revel in my veins!" Then, after a pause, he urged more vehemently—"Call me up Bernard!"

"Have patience, at least, till another day."

"No—this day—at midnight—I must see him; I must speak with him; should I myself go down into the grave!"

"You are too much agitated—such an interview demands calmness."

"There is calmness only in the grave."

"And are you fixed in this belief ——"

"Fixed! there is nothing fixed in this world, save wretchedness, and my undying love!"

"Come then! Bernard shall appear to you. Come to me at midnight, to the garden pavilion, alone; and mention to no one what I have said."

Convinced that some deceit was to be practised upon the poor young stranger, I resolved to watch them, and avert the evil, if evil was intended towards him. Just before midnight I repaired to the pavilion, and was fortunate enough to discover a spot, where unseen, I could observe all that was going on, and rush to his assistance, should he need my help.

The window-shutters of the pavilion were closed, but a side door stood partly open. Opposite the door, a few steps distant, was a close arbor, within which I concealed myself. The night was mild, and a deep stillness reigned around me; not a breeze was stirring;—all things seemed wrapped in breathless slumber. There was one watcher, however; I could see the poor youth walking restlessly up and down his chamber. I marked the outline of his noble features, every time he passed the lamp.

Alas! the misdeeds of the wicked too often disturb the repose of the guiltless; wounding them as deeply as if upon them also the poisoned fangs of conscience had laid hold.

Some wine stood on a table by his window; he drank frequently, and with impatient gestures. Then he looked at his watch. Not yet midnight! What torture! He drank again—then paused and listened. Eleven and three-quarters struck hoarsely, from the dark oaken clock within the hostelry. Yet a quarter of an hour—O martyr of impatience! Once more he raised the cup to his lips. He examined the priming of his pistols; shook his head mournfully, and placed the pistols in his bosom. He threw a rich mantle over his shoulders, and unconsciously let it slide off again. He opened the window. The fresh air seemed to revive him; his eyes were raised toward heaven;—his hands rested on the window frame; he continued to gaze upward, as if seeking out a path to the world beyond reach of the living.

"There he stands—'tis he!" suddenly whispered a female voice close to me.

"Yes—Louison—'tis he!" answered the Spaniard, in a low tone. "Yet a few moments, and he will come down. Is Bernard in the pavilion—and ready?"

"Yes! Oh, that all were over!"

"Be rational, Louison! You behave as if aught else were to happen but what you most wish!"

"But if all should fail—if even this scene should not restore the fair light of reason to his soul?"

"In such a case, all is no worse than it was before."

"Alas! you know not what the worst might be. You love him not, and do not know him thoroughly. I see his whole heart, while I look into my own. I myself had nearly perished in the moment when his father's change of purpose was made known to me, and I saw my dearest wishes on the eve of fulfilment."

"We must risk something; the result is in the hands of Providence. You know the physician's assurance, that by such means only, by a powerful shock could reason be restored to her full empire, and the gloomy phantoms that so long have haunted him dispelled. You know, too, what has been done with a view to this ——"

"Ah! me!"

"Hush—hush—and come with me!"

The clock in the hostelry struck twelve. In an instant the youth disappeared from the window, and the light in his chamber was extinguished. The young girl and the Spaniard also vanished, without my observing whither they went. Night and silence were again around me. My heart throbbed with anxious expectation.

The latticed door of the garden creaked on its hinges, and the sand cracked beneath the tread of hastening feet. A faint light was burning in the pavilion, which threw its pale beam on the stranger

youth, approaching with his weapons under his arm. The door of the pavilion closed against him lightly, as if moved by unearthly hands. All was dark again without.

"Are you here, Leon Belanger?" whispered the Spaniard.

"I am!" was the reply.

"'Tis well; you are on the spot; stand still; keep silence, and put on this monk's frock and cowl; that your worldly habiliments frighten not the ghost. But what do you with weapons?"

"I must have satisfaction," replied the youth, gloomily; "but he shall have the choice of weapons; I have brought swords and pistols."

"Excellent! yes; the spirit must give you satisfaction. But till he appears, you must have no metal about your person. It will render the spells ineffectual. Lay them aside. Right; now your purse. Is it done?"

"Yes—what more is necessary?"

"Silence and patience, whatever you may see and hear."

The conjurer then began, half singing, half murmuring, to repeat words in an unknown tongue, walking round the youth with earnest and mysterious gesticulation. As he passed, nine blue flames sprang from the ground in the circle, and nine columns of dense smoke rose upwards. Rodrigo wore a long dark frock, and a dark cap covered his head. The youth on the other hand was wrapped in a white robe; his brow was fevered; his keen eyes were fixed intently on the door of the pavilion, his arms crossed on his breast. As the ninth flame rose, the conjurer raised both hands to his waist, and on his broad girdle streamed out strange figures and characters in phosphoric brilliance, and a burning star shone on his breast. He sank on his knee and repeated the form of adjuration, calling on the dead to awake.

When the verses were ended, a rustling was heard, and the folding doors flew open. A flood of light poured out; clouds of soft fragrance floated around them, and reflected on their purple edges the brightness with which the walls within shone. Both figures were distinctly visible in the strange light; the Spaniard in his dark dress, and the tall, white, spectral figure of the young stranger. I was so overpowered by the surprise, that though I was sensible of the trick, my eyes were nearly blinded; and I stood breathless and disconcerted, as if the mysteries of the grave were really about to be revealed.

The conjurer resumed his metrical chant; and summoned Bernard Prany to appear. Leon repeated the words after him in a stern and solemn tone. The flames vanished from the circle, the star on Rodrigo's breast grew paler; the bright characters on his girdle faded, and at the end it was quite dark within and without. At this moment the note of an owl was heard from the roof of the building; his wild hoarse scream seemed to me to utter a warning!

I heard a quick gliding step close beside me, among the rosebushes, which startled me so that I was near betraying myself by an involuntary outcry. It was Louison, the expectant, anxious, trembling, Louison. How her heart beat, how her bosom heaved with her hurried breathing—how eagerly did she bend forward—her straining eyes fixed only upon her lover!

There was another burst of light; and on the threshhold of the pavilion stood a young French soldier, with a red scar across his pale forehead. His eyes sought the poor Leon, who stood gazing at him wildly, in vain endeavoring to collect his strength to speak. At length the spell was broken. "Bernard!" faltered he, and covered his face with both hands, in unspeakable emotion. "Leon!" answered the soldier, much moved; but a sign from the conjurer checked the words on his lips, and he remained silent.

"You called me a villain, Bernard," continued Leon—"a coward—while you yet breathed the breath of life. Bernard! I am no coward! Spirit of my brother—I demand of you—I conjure you—look in my heart—see if one drop of cowardice runs in my veins! Bernard! I—wo is me!—Louison—Louison ——"

He staggered, unable to support himself; Louison gave a scream, and rushed to his side; Bernard came down to his assistance. Before they could reach him, he fell, and his forehead struck the cold ground.

An old man, whom I had not before observed, rushed out from the bushes behind the young girl. He pushed the others aside, and with a piercing cry—"Leon! my son!" threw himself on his knees, and lifting up the head of the lifeless youth, supported him in his arms. "Awake, rise, my son!" he cried again. "Come hither, Louison! my daughter! Leon! she is yours; she loves you! dost hear, Leon? She is yours—and Bernard has to crave your forgiveness! He lives—he is your brother! Help—help! Leon! your father calls—awake!"

But Leon awaked not.

"Dead!" shrieked the maiden, and her heart broke with that word. "I—renounced—I have killed him!" And she sank breathless upon the corpse.

* * * * * * * *

On the the third day after, they laid the two lovers side by side, in the same cold grave, and nothing remained to the rich, haughty father, of his only son, save agonizing remembrance, and a too late remorse.

WILLIAM WILSON

A TALE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

(From the Gift for 1840.*)*

What say of it? what say of Conscience grim,
That spectre in my path?—*Chamberlaine's Pharronida.*

Let me call myself, for the present, William Wilson. The fair page now lying before me need not be sullied with my real appellation. This has been already too much an object for the scorn, for the horror, for the detestation of my race. To the uttermost regions of the globe have not the indignant winds bruited its unparalleled infamy? Oh, outcast of all outcasts most abandoned! To the earth art thou not for ever dead? to its honors, to its flowers, to its golden aspirations? and a cloud, dense, dismal, and limitless, does it not hang eternally between thy hopes and heaven?

I would not, if I could, here or to-day, embody a record of my later years of unspeakable misery, and unpardonable crime. This epoch—these later years—took unto themselves a sudden elevation in turpitude, whose origin alone it is my present purpose to assign. Men usually grow base by degrees. From me, in an instant, all virtue dropped bodily as a mantle. I shrouded my nakedness in triple guilt. From comparatively trivial wickedness I passed, with the stride of a giant, into more than the enormities of an Elah-Gabalus. What chance, what one event brought this evil thing to pass, bear with me while I relate. Death approaches; and the shadow which foreruns him has thrown a softening influence over my spirit. I long, in passing through the dim valley, for the sympathy—I had nearly said for the pity—of my fellow-men. I would fain have them believe that I have been, in some measure, the slave of circumstances beyond human control. I would wish them to seek out for me, in the details I am about to give, some little oasis of *fatality* amid a wilderness of error. I would have them allow—what they cannot refrain from allowing—that, although temptation may have erewhile existed as great, man was never *thus*, at least, tempted before—certainly, never *thus* fell. And therefore has he never thus suffered. Have I not indeed been living in a dream? And am I not now dying a victim to the horror and the mystery of the wildest of all sublunary visions?

I am come of a race whose imaginative and easily excitable temperament has at all times rendered them remarkable; and, in my earliest infancy, I gave evidence of having fully inherited the family character. As I advanced in years it was more strongly developed; becoming, for many reasons, a cause of serious disquietude to my friends, and of positive injury to myself. I grew self-willed, addicted to the wildest caprices, and a prey to the most ungovernable passions. Weak-minded, and beset with constitutional infirmities akin to my own, my parents could do but little to check the evil propensities which distinguished me. Some feeble and ill-directed efforts resulted in complete failure on their part, and of course, in total triumph on mine. Thenceforward my voice was a household law; and at an age when few children have abandoned their leading-strings, I was left to the guidance of my own will, and became, in all but name, the master of my own actions.

My earliest recollections of a school-life are connected with a large, rambling, cottage-built, and somewhat decayed building in a misty-looking village of England, where were a vast number of gigantic and gnarled trees, and where all the houses were excessively ancient and inordinately tall. In truth, it was a dream-like and spirit-soothing place, that venerable old town. At this moment, in fancy, I feel the refreshing chilliness of its deeply-shadowed avenues, inhale the fragrance of its thousand shrubberies, and thrill anew with undefinable delight, at the deep, hollow note of the church-bell, breaking each hour, with sullen and sudden roar, upon the stillness of the dusky atmosphere in which the old, fretted, Gothic steeple lay imbedded and asleep.

It gives me, perhaps, as much of pleasure as I can now in any manner experience, to dwell upon

minute recollections of the school and its concerns. Steeped in misery as I am—misery, alas! only too real—I shall be pardoned for seeking relief, however slight and temporary, in the weakness of a few rambling details. These, moreover, utterly trivial, and even ridiculous in themselves, assume, to my fancy, adventitious importance as connected with a period and a locality, when and where I recognise the first ambiguous monitions of the destiny which afterwards so fully overshadowed me. Let me then remember.

The house, I have said, was old, irregular, and cottage-built. The grounds were extensive, and an enormously high and solid brick wall, topped with a bed of mortar and broken glass, encompassed the whole. This prison-like rampart formed the limit of our domain; beyond it we saw but thrice a week—once every Saturday afternoon, when, attended by two ushers, we were permitted to take brief walks in a body through some of the neighboring fields—and twice during Sunday, when we were paraded in the same formal manner to the morning and evening service in the one church of the village. Of this church the principal of our school was pastor. With how deep a spirit of wonder and perplexity was I wont to regard him from our remote pew in the gallery, as, with step solemn and slow, he ascended the pulpit! This reverend man, with countenance so demurely benign, with robes so glossy and so clerically flowing, with wig so minutely powdered, so rigid and so vast—could this be he who of late, with sour visage, and in snuffy habiliments, administered, ferule in hand, the Draconian laws of the academy? Oh, gigantic paradox too utterly monstrous for solution!

At an angle of the ponderous wall frowned a more ponderous gate. It was riveted and studded with iron bolts, and surmounted with jagged iron spikes. What impressions of deep awe it inspired! It was never opened save for the three periodical egressions and ingressions already mentioned; then, in every creak of its mighty hinges we found a plentitude of mystery, a world of matter for solemn remark, or for far more solemn meditation.

The extensive enclosure was irregular in form, having many capacious recesses. Of these, three or four of the largest constituted the play-ground. It was level, and covered with fine hard gravel. I well remember it had no trees, nor benches, nor any thing similar within it. Of course it was in the rear of the house. In front lay a small parterre, planted with box and other shrubs; but through this sacred division we passed only upon rare occasions indeed, such as a first advent to school or final departure thence, or perhaps, when a parent or friend having called for us, we joyfully took our way home for the Christmas or Midsummer holydays.

But the house—how quaint an old building was this!—to me how veritably a palace of enchantment! There was really no end to its windings, to its incomprehensible sub-divisions. It was impossible, at any given time, to say with certainty upon which of its two stories one happened to be. From each room to every other there were sure to be found three or four steps either in ascent or descent. Then the lateral branches were innumerable—inconceivable—and so returning in upon themselves, that our most exact ideas in regard to the whole mansion were not very far different from those with which we pondered upon infinity. During the five years of my residence here I was never able to ascertain with precision, in what remote locality lay the little sleeping apartment assigned to myself and some eighteen or twenty other scholars.

The school-room was the largest in the house—I could not help thinking in the world. It was very long, narrow, and dismally low, with pointed Gothic windows and a ceiling of oak. In a remote and terror-inspiring angle was a square enclosure of eight or ten feet, comprising the sanctum, "during hours," of our principal, the Reverend Dr. Bransby. It was a solid structure, with massy door, sooner than open which in the absence of "the Dominie," we would all have willingly perished by the *peine forte et dure*. In other angles were two other similar boxes, far less reverenced, indeed, but still greatly matters of awe. One of these was the pulpit of "the classical" usher, one of the "English and mathematical." Interspersed about the room, crossing and recrossing in endless irregularity, were innumerable benches and desks, black, ancient, and time-worn, piled desperately with much-bethumbed books, and so bescamed with initial letters, names at full length, meaningless gashes, grotesque figures, and other multiplied efforts of the knife, as to have entirely lost what little of original form might have been their portion in days long departed. A huge bucket with water stood at one extremity of the room, and a clock of stupendous dimensions at the other.

Encompassed by the massy walls of this venerable academy I passed, yet not in tedium or disgust, the years of the third lustrum of my life. The teeming brain of childhood requires no external world of incident to occupy or amuse it, and the apparently dismal monotony of a school was replete with more intense excitement than my riper youth has derived from luxury, or my full manhood from crime. Yet I must believe that my first mental developement had in it much of the uncommon, even much of the *outré*. Upon mankind at large the events of very early existence rarely leave in mature age any definite impression. All is gray shadow—a weak and irregular remembrance—an indistinct regathering of feeble pleasures and phantasmagoric pains. With me this is not so. In childhood I must have felt with the energy of a man what I now find stamped upon memory in lines as vivid, as deep, and as durable as the exergues of the Carthaginian medals.

Yet in fact—in the fact of the world's view—how little was there to remember! The morning's awakening, the nightly summons to bed; the connings, the recitations; the periodical half-holidays and perambulations; the play-ground, with its broils, its pastimes, its intrigues—these, by a mental

sorcery long forgotten, were made to involve a wilderness of sensation, a world of rich incident, an universe of varied emotion, of excitement the most passionate and spirit-stirring. "*Oh, le bon temps, que ce siecle de fer!*"

In truth, the ardency, the enthusiasm, and the imperiousness of my disposition soon rendered me a marked character among my schoolmates, and by slow but natural gradations, gave me an ascendency over all not greatly older than myself—over all with one single exception. This exception was found in the person of a scholar, who although no relation, bore the same Christian and surname as myself—a circumstance, in fact, little remarkable, for, notwithstanding a noble descent, mine was one of those every-day appellations which seem, by prescriptive right, to have been, time out of mind, the common property of the mob. In this narrative I have therefore designated myself as William Wilson—a fictitious title not very dissimilar to the real. My namesake alone, of those who in school phraseology constituted "our set," presumed to compete with me in the studies of the class, in the sports and broils of the play-ground—to refuse implicit belief in my assertions, and submission to my will—indeed to interfere with my arbitrary dictation in any respect whatsoever. If there be on earth a supreme and unqualified despotism, it is the despotism of a master mind in boyhood over the less energetic spirits of its companions.

Wilson's rebellion was to me a source of the greatest embarrassment—the more so as, in spite of the bravado with which in public I made a point of treating him and his pretensions, I secretly felt that I feared him, and could not help thinking the equality which he maintained so easily with myself, a proof of his true superiority, since not to be overcome cost me a perpetual struggle. Yet this superiority—even this equality—was in truth acknowledged by no one but myself; our associates, by some unaccountable blindness, seemed not even to suspect it. Indeed, his competition, his resistance, and especially his impertinent and dogged interference with my purposes, were not more pointed than private. He appeared to be utterly destitute alike of the ambition which urged, and of the passionate energy of mind which enabled me to excel. In his rivalry he might have been supposed actuated solely by a whimsical desire to thwart, astonish, or mortify myself; although there were times when I could not help observing, with a feeling made up of wonder, abasement, and pique, that he mingled with his injuries, his insults, or his contradictions, a certain most inappropriate, and assuredly most unwelcome *affectionateness* of manner. I could only conceive this singular behaviour to arise from a consummate self-conceit assuming the vulgar airs of patronage and protection.

Perhaps it was this latter trait in Wilson's conduct, conjoined with our identity of name, and the mere accident of our having entered the school upon the same day, which set afloat the notion that we were brothers, among the senior classes in the academy. These do not usually inquire with much strictness into the affairs of their juniors. I have before said, or should have said, that Wilson was not, in the most remote degree, connected with my family. But assuredly if we *had* been brothers we must have been twins, for, after leaving Dr. Bransby's, I casually learned that my namesake—a somewhat remarkable coincidence—was born on the nineteenth of January, 1811—and this is precisely the day of my own nativity.

It may seem strange that in spite of the continual anxiety occasioned me by the rivalry of Wilson, and his intolerable spirit of contradiction, I could not bring myself to hate him altogether. We had, to be sure, nearly every day a quarrel, in which, yielding me publicly the palm of victory, he, in some manner, contrived to make me feel that it was he who had deserved it; yet a sense of pride upon my part, and a veritable dignity upon his own, kept us always upon what are called "speaking terms," while there were many points of strong congeniality in our tempers, operating to awake in me a sentiment which our position alone, perhaps, prevented from ripening into friendship. It is difficult, indeed, to define, or even to describe, my real feelings towards him. They were formed of a heterogeneous mixture—some petulant animosity, which was not yet hatred, some esteem, more respect, much fear, with a world of uneasy curiosity. To the moralist fully acquainted with the minute springs of human action, it will be unnecessary to say, in addition, that Wilson and myself were the most inseparable of companions.

It was no doubt the anomalous state of affairs existing between us which turned all my attacks upon him, (and they were many, either open or covert) into the channel of banter or practical joke (giving pain while assuming the aspect of mere fun) rather than into that of a more serious and determined hostility. But my endeavors on this head were by no means uniformly successful, even when my plans were the most wittily concocted; for my namesake had much about him, in character, of that unassuming and quiet austerity which, while enjoying the poignancy of its own jokes, has no heel of Achilles in itself, and absolutely refuses to be laughed at. I could find, indeed, but one vulnerable point, and that, lying in a personal peculiarity arising, perhaps, from constitutional disease, would have been spared by any antagonist less at his wit's end than myself—my rival had a weakness in the faucial or guttural organs which precluded him from raising his voice at any time *above a very low whisper*. Of this defect I did not fail to take what poor advantage lay in my power.

Wilson's retaliations in kind were many, and there was one form of his practical wit that disturbed me beyond measure. How his sagacity first discovered at all that so petty a thing would vex me is a question I never could solve—but, having discovered, he habitually practised the annoyance. I had always felt aversion to my uncourtly patronymic, and its very common, if not plebeian, prae-

nomen. The words were venom in my ears; and when, upon the day of my arrival, a second William Wilson came also to the academy, I felt angry with him for bearing the name, and doubly disgusted with the name because a stranger bore it, who would be the cause of its twofold repetition, who would be constantly in my presence, and whose concerns, in the ordinary routine of the school business, must, inevitably, on account of the detestable coincidence, be often confounded with my own.

The feeling of vexation thus engendered grew stronger with every circumstance tending to show resemblance, moral or physical, between my rival and myself. I had not then discovered the remarkable fact that we were of the same age; but I saw that we were of the same height, and I perceived that we were not altogether unlike in general contour of person and outline of feature. I was galled, too, by the rumor touching a relationship which had grown current in the upper forms. In a word, nothing could more seriously disturb me, (although I scrupulously concealed such disturbance,) than any allusion to a similarity of mind, person, or condition existing between us. But, in truth, I had no reason to believe that (with the exception of the matter of relationship, and in the case of Wilson himself,) this similarity had ever been made a subject of comment, or even observed at all by our school-fellows. That *he* observed it in all its bearings, and as fixedly as I, was apparent, but that he could discover in such circumstances so fruitful a field of annoyance for myself can only be attributed, as I said before, to his more than ordinary penetration.

His cue, which was to perfect an imitation of myself, lay both in words and in actions; and most admirably did he play his part. My dress it was an easy matter to copy; my gait and general manner, were, without difficulty, appropriated; in spite of his constitutional defect, even my voice did not escape him. My louder tones were, of course, unattempted, but then the key, it was identical; *and his singular whisper, it grew the very echo of my own.*

How greatly this most exquisite portraiture harassed me, (for it could not justly be termed a caricature,) I will not now venture to describe. I had but one consolation—in the fact that the imitation, apparently, was noticed by myself alone, and that I had to endure only the knowing and strangely sarcastic smiles of my namesake himself. Satisfied with having produced in my bosom the intended effect, he seemed to chuckle in secret over the sting he had inflicted, and was characteristically disregardful of the public applause which the success of his witty endeavors might have so easily elicited. That the school, indeed, did not feel his design, perceive its accomplishment, and participate in his sneer, was, for many anxious months, a riddle I could not resolve. Perhaps the *gradation* of his copy rendered it not so readily perceptible, or, more possibly I owed my security to the masterly air of the copyist, who, disdaining the letter, which in a painting is all the obtuse can see, gave but the full spirit of his original for my individual contemplation and chagrin.

I have already more than once spoken of the disgusting air of patronage which he assumed towards me, and of his frequent officious interference with my will. This interference often took the ungracious character of advice; advice not openly given, but hinted or insinuated. I received it with a repugnance which gained strength as I grew in years. Yet, at this distant day, let me do him the simple justice to acknowledge that I can recall no occasion when the suggestions of my rival were on the side of those errors or follies so usual to his immature age, and seeming inexperience; that his moral sense, at least, if not his general talents and worldly wisdom, was far keener than my own; and that I might, to-day, have been a better, and thus a happier man, had I more seldom rejected the counsels embodied in those meaning whispers which I then but too cordially hated, and too bitterly derided.

As it was, I at length grew restive in the extreme, under his distasteful supervision, and daily resented more and more openly what I considered his intolerable arrogance. I have said that, in the first years of our connexion as school-mates, my feelings in regard to him might have been easily ripened into friendship; but, in the latter months of my residence at the academy, although the intrusion of his ordinary manner had, beyond doubt, in some measure, abated, my sentiments, in nearly similar proportion, partook very much of positive hatred. Upon one occasion he saw this, I think, and afterwards avoided, or made a show of avoiding me.

It was about the same period, if I remember aright, that, in an altercation of violence with him, in which he was more than usually thrown off his guard, and spoke and acted with an openness of demeanor rather foreign to his nature, I discovered, or fancied I discovered, in his accent, his air, and general appearance, a something which first startled, and then deeply interested me, by bringing to mind dim visions of my earliest infancy—wild, confused and thronging memories of a time when memory herself was yet unborn. I cannot better describe the sensation which oppressed me than by saying that I could with difficulty shake off the belief that myself and the being who stood before me had been acquainted at some epoch very long ago; some point of the past even infinitely remote. The delusion, however, faded rapidly as it came; and I mention it at all but to define the day of the last conversation I there held with my singular namesake.

The huge old house, with its countless subdivisions, had several enormously large chambers communicating with each other, where slept the greater number of the students. There were, however, as must necessarily happen in a building so awkwardly planned, many little nooks or recesses, the odds and ends of the structure; and these the economic ingenuity of Dr. Bransby had also fitted up

as dormitories—although, being the merest closets, they were capable of accommodating only a single individual. One of these small apartments was occupied by Wilson.

It was upon a gloomy and tempestuous night of an early autumn, about the close of my fifth year at the school, and immediately after the altercation just mentioned, that, finding every one wrapped in sleep, I arose from bed, and, lamp in hand, stole through a wilderness of narrow passages from my own bed-room to that of my rival. I had been long plotting one of those ill-natured pieces of practical wit at his expense in which I had hitherto been so uniformly unsuccessful. It was my intention, now, to put my scheme in operation, and I resolved to make him feel the whole extent of the malice with which I was imbued. Having reached his closet, I noiselessly entered, leaving the lamp with a shade over it, on the outside. I advanced a step, and listened to the sound of his tranquil breathing. Assured of his being asleep, I returned, took the light, and with it again approached the bed. Close curtains were around it, which, in the prosecution of my plan, I slowly and quietly withdrew, when the bright rays fell vividly upon the sleeper, and my eyes, at the same moment, upon his countenance. I looked, and a numbness, an iciness of feeling instantly pervaded my frame. My breast heaved, my knees tottered, my whole spirit became possessed with an objectless yet intolerable horror. Gasping for breath, I lowered the lamp in still nearer proximity to the face. Were these—*these* the lineaments of William Wilson? I saw, indeed, that they were his, but I shook as with a fit of the ague in fancying they were not. What *was* there about them to confound me in this manner? I gazed—while my brain reeled with a multitude of incoherent thoughts. Not thus he appeared—assuredly not *thus*—in the vivacity of his waking hours. The same name; the same contour of person; the same day of arrival at the academy! And then his dogged and meaningless imitation of my gait, my voice, my habits, and my manner! Was it, in truth, within the bounds of human possibility that *what I now witnessed* was the result of the habitual practice of this sarcastic imitation? Awe-stricken, and with a creeping shudder, I extinguished the lamp, passed silently from the chamber, and left, at once, the halls of that old academy, never to enter them again.

After a lapse of some months, spent at home in mere idleness, I found myself a student at Eton. The brief interval had been sufficient to enfeeble my remembrance of the events at Dr. Bransby's, or at least, to effect a material change in the nature of the feelings with which I remembered them. The truth—the tragedy—of the drama was no more. I could now find room to doubt the evidence of my senses; and seldom called up the subject at all but with wonder at the extent of human credulity, and a smile at the vivid force of the imagination which I hereditarily possessed. Neither was this species of scepticism likely to be diminished by the character of the life I led at Eton. The vortex of thoughtless folly into which I there so immediately and so recklessly plunged, washed away all but the froth of my past hours—engulfed, at once, every solid or serious impression, and left to memory only the veriest levities of a former existence.

I do not wish, however, to trace the course of my miserable profligacy here—a profligacy which set at defiance the laws, while it eluded the vigilance of the institution. Three years of folly, passed without profit, had but given me rooted habits of vice, and added, in a somewhat unusual degree, to my bodily stature, when, after a week of soulless dissipation, I invited a small party of the most dissolute students to a secret carousal in my chamber. We met at a late hour of the night, for our debaucheries were to be faithfully protracted until morning. The wine flowed freely, and there were not wanting other, perhaps more dangerous, seductions; so that the gray dawn had already faintly appeared in the east, while our delirious extravagance was at its height. Madly flushed with cards and intoxication, I was in the act of insisting upon a toast of more than intolerable profanity, when my attention was suddenly diverted by the violent, although partial unclosing of the door of the apartment, and by the eager voice from without of a servant. He said that some person, apparently in great haste, demanded to speak with me in the hall.

Wildly excited with the potent *Vin de Barac*, the unexpected interruption rather delighted than surprised me. I staggered forward at once, and a few steps brought me to the vestibule of the building. In this low and small room there hung no lamp; and now no light at all was admitted, save that of the exceedingly feeble dawn which made its way through a semicircular window. As I put my foot over the threshhold I became aware of the figure of a youth about my own height, and (what then peculiarly struck my mad fancy) habited in a white cassimere morning frock, cut in the novel fashion of the one I myself wore at the moment. This the faint light enabled me to perceive—but the features of his face I could not distinguish. Immediately upon my entering he strode hurriedly up to me, and, seizing me by the arm with a gesture of petulant impatience, whispered the words "William Wilson!" in my ear. I grew perfectly sober in an instant.

There was that in the manner of the stranger, and in the tremulous shake of his uplifted finger, as he held it between my eyes and the light, which filled me with unqualified amazement—but it was not this which had so violently moved me. It was the pregnancy of solemn admonition in the singular, low, hissing utterance; and, above all, it was the character, the tone, *the key*, of those few, simple, and familiar, yet whispered, syllables, which came with a thousand thronging memories of by-gone days, and struck upon my soul with the shock of a galvanic battery. Ere I could recover the use of my senses he was gone.

Although this event failed not of a vivid effect upon my disordered imagination, yet was it evanes-

cent as vivid. For some weeks, indeed, I busied myself in earnest inquiry, or was wrapped in a cloud of morbid speculation. I did not pretend to disguise from my perception the identity of the singular individual who thus perseveringly interfered with my affairs, and harassed me with his insinuated counsel. But who and what was this Wilson?—and whence came he?—and what were his purposes? Upon neither of these points could I be satisfied—merely ascertaining, in regard to him, that a sudden accident in his family had caused his removal from Dr. Bransby's Academy on the afternoon of the day in which I myself had eloped. But in a brief period I ceased to think upon the subject; my attention being all absorbed in a contemplated departure for Oxford. Thither I soon went; the uncalculating vanity of my parents furnishing me with an outfit, and annual establishment, which would enable me to indulge at will in the luxury already so dear to my heart—to vie in profuseness of expenditure with the haughtiest heirs of the wealthiest earldoms in Great Britain.

Excited by such appliances to vice, my constitutional temperament broke forth with redoubled ardor, and I spurned even the common restraints of decency in the mad infatuation of my revels. But it were absurd to pause in the detail of my extravagance. Let it suffice, that among spendthrifts I out-heroded Herod, and that, giving name to a multitude of novel follies, I added no brief appendix to the long catalogue of vices then usual in the most dissolute university of Europe.

It could hardly be credited, however, that I had, even here, so utterly fallen from the gentlemanly estate as to seek acquaintance with the vilest arts of the gambler by profession, and, having become an adept in his despicable science, to practise it habitually as a means of increasing my already enormous income at the expense of the weak-minded among my fellow-collegians. Such, nevertheless, was the fact. And the very enormity of this offence against all manly and honorable sentiment proved, beyond doubt, the main, if not the sole reason of the impunity with which it was committed. Who, indeed, among my most abandoned associates, would not rather have disputed the clearest evidence of his senses, than have suspected of such courses the gay, the frank, the generous William Wilson—the noblest and most liberal commoner at Oxford—him whose follies (said his parasites) were but the follies of youth and unbridled fancy—whose errors but inimitable whim—whose darkest vice but a careless and dashing extravagance?

I had been now two years successfully busied in this way, when there came to the university a young *parvenu* nobleman, Glendinning—rich, said report, as Herodes Atticus—his riches, too, as easily acquired. I soon found him of weak intellect, and, of course, marked him as a fitting subject for my skill. I frequently engaged him in play, and contrived, with a gambler's usual art, to let him win considerable sums, the more effectually to entangle him in my snares. At length, my schemes being ripe, I met him (with the full intention that this meeting should be final and decisive) at the chambers of a fellow-commoner, (Mr. Preston,) equally intimate with both, but who, to do him justice, entertained not even a remote suspicion of my design. To give to this a better coloring, I had contrived to have assembled a party of some eight or ten, and was solicitously careful that the introduction of cards should appear accidental, and originate in the proposal of my contemplated dupe himself. To be brief upon a vile topic, none of the low finesse was omitted, so customary upon similar occasions that it is a just matter for wonder how any are still found so besotted as to fall its victim.

We had protracted our sitting far into the night, and I had at length effected the manœuvre of getting Glendinning as my sole antagonist. The game, too, was my favorite écarté. The rest of the company, interested in the extent of our play, had abandoned their own cards, and were standing around us as spectators. The *parvenu*, who had been induced by my artifices in the early part of the evening to drink deeply, now shuffled, dealt, or played, with a wild nervousness of manner for which his intoxication, I thought, might partially, but could not altogether, account. In a very short period he had become my debtor to a large amount of money, when, having taken a long draught of port, he did precisely what I had been coolly anticipating, he proposed to double our already extravagant stakes. With a well feigned show of reluctance, and not until after my repeated refusal had seduced him into some angry words which gave a color of *pique* to my compliance, did I finally comply. The result, of course, did but prove how entirely the prey was in my toils—in less than a single hour he had quadrupled his debt. For some time his countenance had been losing the florid tinge lent it by the wine—but now, to my astonishment, I perceived that it had grown to a pallor truly fearful. I say to my astonishment. Glendinning had been represented to my eager inquiries as immeasurably wealthy; and the sums which he had as yet lost, although in themselves vast, could not, I supposed, very seriously annoy, much less so violently affect him. That he was overcome by the wine just swallowed, was the idea which most readily presented itself; and, rather with a view to the preservation of my own character in the eyes of my associates, than from any less interested motive, I was about to insist, peremptorily, upon a discontinuance of the play, when some expressions at my elbow from among the company, and an ejaculation evincing utter despair on the part of Glendinning, gave me to understand that I had effected his total ruin under circumstances which, rendering him an object for the pity of all, should have protected him from the ill offices even of a fiend.

What now might have been my conduct it is difficult to say. The pitiable condition of my dupe had thrown an air of embarrassed gloom over all, and, for some moments, a profound and unbroken

silence was maintained, during which I could not help feeling my cheeks tingle with the many burning glances of scorn or reproach cast upon me by the less abandoned of the party. I will even own that an intolerable weight of anxiety was for a brief instant lifted from my bosom by the sudden and extraordinary interruption which ensued. The wide, heavy, folding doors of the apartment were all at once thrown open, to their full extent, with a vigorous and rushing impetuosity that extinguished, as if by magic, every candle in the room. Their light, in dying, enabled us just to perceive that a stranger had entered of about my own height, and closely muffled in a cloak. The darkness, however, was now total; and we could only feel that he was standing in our midst. Before any one of us could recover from the extreme astonishment into which this rudeness had thrown all, we heard the voice of the intruder.

"Gentlemen"—he said, in a low, distinct, and never-to-be-forgotten *whisper* which thrilled to the very marrow of my bones—"Gentlemen, I make no apology for this behavior, because in thus behaving I am but fulfilling a duty. You are, beyond doubt, uninformed of the true character of the person who has to-night won at écarté a large sum of money from Lord Glendinning. I will therefore put you upon an expeditious and decisive plan of obtaining this very necessary information. Please to examine, at your leisure, the inner linings of the cuff of his left sleeve, and the several little packages which may be found in the somewhat capacious pockets of his embroidered morning wrapper."

While he spoke, so profound was the stillness that one might have heard a pin dropping upon the floor. In ceasing, he at once departed, and as abruptly as he had entered. Can I—shall I describe my sensations?—must I say that I felt all the horrors of the damned? Most assuredly I had but little time given for reflection. Many hands roughly seized me upon the spot, and lights were immediately reprocured. A search ensued. In the lining of my sleeve were found all of the court-cards essential in écarté, and, in the pockets of my wrapper, a number of packs, fac-similes of those used at our sittings, with the single exception that mine were of the species called, technically, *arrondées*; the honors being slightly convex at the ends, the lower cards slightly convex at the sides. In this disposition, the dupe who cuts, as customary, at the breadth of the pack, will invariably find that he cuts his antagonist an honor; while the gambler, cutting at the length, will, as certainly, cut nothing for his victim which may count in the records of the game.

Any outrageous burst of indignation upon this shameful discovery would have affected me less than the silent contempt, or the sarcastic composure with which it was received.

"Mr. Wilson," said our host, stooping to remove from beneath his feet an exceedingly luxurious cloak of rare furs, "Mr. Wilson, this is your property." (The weather was cold; and, upon quitting my own room, I had thrown a cloak over my dressing wrapper, putting it off upon reaching the scene of play.) "I presume it is supererogatory to seek here (eyeing the folds of the garment with a bitter smile,) for any farther evidence of your skill. Indeed we have had enough. You will see the necessity, I hope, of quitting Oxford—at all events, of quitting, instantly, my chambers."

Abased, humbled to the dust as I then was, it is probable that I should have resented this galling language by immediate personal violence, had not my whole attention been at the moment arrested, by a fact of the most startling character. The cloak which I had worn was of a rare description of fur; how rare, how extravagantly costly, I shall not venture to say. Its fashion, too, was of my own fantastic invention; for I was fastidious, to a degree of absurd coxcombry, in matters of this frivolous nature. When, therefore, Mr. Preston reached me that which he had picked up upon the floor, and near the folding doors of the apartment, it was with an astonishment nearly bordering upon terror, that I perceived my own already hanging on my arm, (where I had no doubt unwittingly placed it,) and that the one presented me was but its exact counterpart in every, in even the minutest possible particular. The singular being who had so disastrously exposed me, had been muffled, I remembered, in a cloak; and none had been worn at all by any of the members of our party with the exception of myself. Retaining some presence of mind, I took the one offered me by Preston, placed it, unnoticed, over my own, left the apartment with a resolute scowl of defiance, and, next morning ere dawn of day, commenced a hurried journey from Oxford to the continent, in a perfect agony of horror and of shame.

I fled in vain. My evil destiny pursued me as if in exultation, and proved, indeed, that the exercise of its mysterious dominion had as yet only begun. Scarcely had I set foot in Paris ere I had fresh evidence of the detestable interest taken by this Wilson in my concerns. Years flew, while I experienced no relief. Villain!—at Rome, with how untimely, yet with how spectral an officiousness, stepped he in between me and my ambition! At Vienna, too, at Berlin, and at Moscow! Where, in truth, had I *not* bitter cause to curse him within my heart? From his inscrutable tyranny did I at length flee, panic-stricken, as from a pestilence; and to the very ends of the earth *I fled in vain.*

And again, and again, in secret communion with my own spirit, would I demand the questions "Who is he?—whence came he?—and what are his objects?" But no answer was there found. And now I scrutinized, with a minute scrutiny, the forms, and the methods, and the leading traits of his impertinent supervision. But even here there was very little upon which to base a conjecture. It was noticeable, indeed, that, in no one of the multiplied instances in which he had of late crossed my path, had he so crossed it except to frustrate those schemes, or to disturb those actions, which, fully

carried out, might have resulted in bitter mischief. Poor justification this, in truth, for an authority so imperiously assumed! Poor indemnity for natural rights of self-agency so pertinaciously, so insultingly denied!

I had also been forced to notice that my tormentor, for a very long period of time, (while scrupulously and with miraculous dexterity maintaining his whim of an identity of apparel with myself,) had so contrived it, in the execution of his varied interference with my will, that I saw not, at any moment, the features of his face. Be Wilson what he might, *this*, at least, was but the veriest of affectation, or of folly. Could, he for an instant, have supposed that, in my admonisher at Eton, in the destroyer of my honor at Oxford, in him who thwarted my ambition at Rome, my revenge in Paris, my passionate love at Naples, or what he falsely termed my avarice in Egypt, that in this, my arch-enemy and evil genius, I could fail to recognise the William Wilson of my schoolboy days, the namesake, the companion, the rival, the hated and dreaded rival at Dr. Bransby's? Impossible!—But let me hasten to the last eventful scene of the drama.

Thus far I had succumbed supinely to this imperious domination. The sentiments of deep awe with which I habitually regarded the elevated character, the majestic wisdom, the apparent omnipresence and omnipotence of Wilson, added to a feeling of even terror, with which certain other traits in his nature and assumptions inspired me, had operated, hitherto, to impress me with an idea of my own utter weakness and helplessness, and to suggest an implicit, although bitterly reluctant submission to his arbitrary will. But, of late days, I had given myself up entirely to wine; and its maddening influence upon my hereditary temper rendered me more and more impatient of control. I began to murmur, to hesitate, to resist. And was it only fancy which induced me to believe that, with the increase of my own firmness, that of my tormentor underwent a proportional diminution? Be this as it may, I now began to feel the inspiration of a burning hope, and at length nurtured in my secret thoughts a stern and desperate resolution that I would submit no longer to be enslaved.

It was at Rome, during the carnival of 18—, that I attended a masquerade in the palazzo of the Neapolitan Duke Di Broglio. I had indulged more freely than usual in the excesses of the wine-table; and now the suffocating atmosphere of the crowded rooms irritated me beyond endurance. The difficulty, too, of forcing my way through the mazes of the company contributed not a little to the ruffling of my temper; for I was anxiously seeking, let me not say with what unworthy motive, the young, the gay, the beautiful wife of the aged and doting Di Broglio. With a too unscrupulous confidence she had previously communicated to me the secret of the costume in which she would be habited, and now, having caught a glimpse of her person, I was hurrying to make my way into her presence. At this moment I felt a light hand placed upon my shoulder, and that ever-remembered, low, damnable whisper within my ear.

In a perfect whirlwind of wrath, I turned at once upon him who had thus interrupted me, and seized him violently by the collar. He was attired, as I had expected, like myself; wearing a large Spanish cloak, and a mask of black silk which entirely covered his features.

"Scoundrel!" I said, in a voice husky with rage, while every syllable I uttered seemed as new fuel to my fury, "scoundrel! impostor! accursed villain! you shall not—you *shall not* dog me unto death! Follow me, or I stab you where you stand," and I broke my way from the room into a small antechamber adjoining, dragging him unresistingly with me as I went.

Upon entering, I thrust him furiously from me. He staggered against the wall, while I closed the door with an oath, and commanded him to draw. He hesitated but for an instant, then, with a slight sigh, drew in silence, and put himself upon his defence.

The contest was brief indeed. I was frantic with every species of wild excitement, and felt within my single arm the energy and the power of a multitude. In a few seconds I forced him by sheer strength against the wainscoting, and thus, getting him at mercy, plunged my sword, with brute ferocity, repeatedly through and through his bosom.

At this instant some person tried the latch of the door. I hastened to prevent an intrusion, and then immediately returned to my dying antagonist. But what human language can adequately portray *that* astonishment, *that* horror which possessed me at the spectacle then presented to view. The brief moment in which I averted my eyes had been sufficient to produce, apparently, a material change in the arrangements at the upper or farther end of the room. A large mirror, it appeared to me, now stood where none had been perceptible before; and, as I stepped up to it in extremity of terror, mine own image, but with features all pale and dabbled in blood, advanced, with a feeble and tottering gait, to meet me.

Thus it appeared, I say, but was not. It was my antagonist—it was Wilson, who then stood before me in the agonies of his dissolution. Not a line in all the marked and singular lineaments of that face which was not, even identically, mine own! His mask and cloak lay, where he had thrown them, upon the floor.

It was Wilson, but he spoke no longer in a whisper, and I could have fancied that I myself was speaking while he said—

"*You have conquered, and I yield. Yet, henceforward art thou also dead—dead to the world and its hopes. In me didst thou exist—and, in my death, see by this image, which is thine own, how utterly thou hast murdered thyself.*"

THE FRENCH JEW;

OR, "KILLING TIME" IN THE JERSIES

Taken Down from the Mouth of Tom King.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LAFITTE.

"WHO is Tom King?"

Marry come up! not to know Tom King, thou art thyself unknown. I will tell thee, and so enlighten thy ignorance. Tom King is a wit and a wag—a gentleman of infinite humor, and overrunning with mirth. His head is as crammed with funny stories and humorsome anecdotes of his own time, as is a Quaker's measure with good wheat when he heapeth it up and runneth it over. He is past forty, yet he hath the juvenility of twenty; his jocund phiz giving the lie to full the half of his years. He loveth a good dinner; rejoiceth in good wines, and holdeth fast on good company—or, rather, it is the good company that hold fast upon him; for few that get him at their table, are willing soon to let him off. Ah! he is a gentleman of infinite jest, Tom! I wish you could *see* him tell one of his stories—*see* him, I repeat, for he talks with his face and twinkling gray eyes better than with his tongue, and that he knoweth how to use most cunningly for our divertisement. Oh, he is a rare wag! He will make your eyes run over—not with tears of sorrow, (for grief and Tom King are strangers,) but with tears that are the expressed essence of delight. Thou hast not seen him neither? He carrieth himself, then, with a goodly height, being five feet nine, his abdomen of a rotund shape, like a full wine skin, and his face hath that round fullness that good natured men do often show. His profile is like unto Bonaparte's, more so than any man's living, probably; in support of which assertion, I will mention that the count Survilliers spoke of it one day when Tom called on him to ask leave to shoot woodcock on his grounds eight days before the fourth of July. He loves to stand with his arms folded across his chest, *à la Napoleon*, and, assuming the proper attitude, give you what he calls *Napoleon en bivouac;* and, my certes, when you look at Tom in this attitude, you would swear a little distance off he was Nappy himself. Tom has two profile portraits hanging in his bed room, each side of the mantel-piece—one of Napoleon cut from a book, the other of himself, done by an itinerant genius with a pair of scissors, for which Tom paid him the sum of twenty-five cents; and the two are, in verity, as like each other as two peas. Tom used to live in town; but the gout growing upon him, for which the doctors recommended the country, and the New Albany bank having made him a little sore by a fall of stock, he left the city for a white cottage on a hill half a mile beyond the last house in the suburbs, with a patch of seven acres about it. Here he took to farming on a scale commensurate with the breadth of his acres. Having a rare gift of foresight, he planted the morus multicaulis ten years before people began to think of it, and put his trees in market; but nobody offering to buy, he rooted up the whole plantation, and filled a dry ditch with the trees. Alas, poor Tom! he was fifteen years too early in the field. He could have made a fortune now with his multicaulis trees if he had them, selling each shoot for a dollar. But Tom got the fever prematurely. After the failure of his morus multicaulis, Tom began to speculate in cabbages; and with his own hands transplanted eight rows reaching from one extremity of his seven acre lot to the other. But one night his cows got in and ate up all but five of the plants, and these Tom tore up himself, to make, as he said, a "clean sweep" of it. Although his farming speculations have not turned out as well as might be expected, working in the fresh loam has quite cured Tom of his gout, and has given a fine healthy tan to his complexion.

How Tom came to be travelling in a stage coach between Philadelphia and New York he has never told; but it is sufficient for our purpose to know that he did once travel so, and that of the adventure related in the following dramatic sketch "he was a part." The months of October and November, be it premised, for the better understanding of Tom's story, have been, time out of mind, "*killing time*" in New Jersey. At this eventful season, from Cape May to her northern boundary, from the Delaware to the ocean that laves her eastern shore, there is one universal squeal within her borders: while the rivulets run swine's blood, and men go about every where with ensanguined

knives in their right hands, and wearing long white frocks, spotted with the blood of porkers. It was, then, in the latter part of November, 1822, that a stage filled with passengers took its departure from the "Indian Queen" hotel, in Philadelphia, on its way to New York. At this period, when the land was innocent of steamboats and railroads, the journey between the two cities, which is now performed in less than six hours, occupied the best part of three days, especially when the roads, as their condition now was, chanced to be heavy. Among the passengers in the stage was our friend Tom King.

"After we left the city," says Tom, "I began to take a view of my fellow-travellers. None of them are worth particularizing, though all well enough in their way, save a cadaverous Frenchman, who sat *vis à vis* with me on the middle window seat, I being stowed in a corner on the front seat. His extraordinary appearance instantly struck me, filling me at once with wonder and entertainment; for he was a bird of the sort that I looked to have no little amusement out of before we got to our journey's end. I took a survey of his person and apparel. He was about six feet in height, standing, with a long face, *à la General Jackson*, a high wrinkled forehead, an eagle's beak shaped nose, large lips and mouth, and a pair of little, keen, snaky, black eyes, surmounted by bushy black eyebrows, with whiskers and moustache to match. His complexion was very dark, and from the general character of his physiognomy, I knew he was a French Jew. Beneath a little cloth cap he wore a red bandanna handkerchief, tied smoothly on his crown. His lean, gaunt frame was encased in a long waisted, gray, French surtout, buttoned up to his throat in a military style, while thick knit gloves protected his hands from the cold. Seeing me so attentively observing him, he called up to his features a sickly, yet courteous, smile, and with the air of one who sought sympathy and desired to be social, addressed me in bad English—

"'Sare, eet ish verra foin veddare, is he not?'

"'Yes, sir, very good weather.'

"'Von leetle cold,' with a slight shrug, 'ish he not, sare?'

"'Yes, sir,' I replied, quietly.

"'Eh, bien! vill you obligshe me, Monsieur, to tak' von pinshe of de snoff?' he continued, handing to me, as a farther incentive to social feelings, an antiquated, heavy silver box, half filled with *rappée*.

"'Do you go all de vays to Newe Yorrk?' he asked, as he returned the box to his surtout pocket.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'You live in dish countree, sare?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Tish verra sangulare de vay dat you 'ave to live here. *C'est une chose tres drôle.*'

"'In what way, sir?'

"'Mais! *c'est une chose si drôle!*' and he laughed such a laugh as famine herself would have uttered—a laugh in which there was any thing but droll.

"'How droll?'

"'Ah, *mon dieu!* In dis *pays*—dis countree *vous mangez rien*—noting but cochon—hog.'

"'My dear sir, why, what do you mean by our having nothing to eat here but pork?' I asked of him.

"'*Ecoutez!* Listen *donc*, Monsieur,' he said, with indignant animation. '*Quand je quittais Paris, je me trouvais en bon point. Eh, bien! Je me trouvais myself ici—mais!* gentlimen,' interrupting himself, and looking round upon all in the stage, as if he desired their attention; 'I vill tellee you all vat it ish. I come to dis countree, I land in Newe Yorrk, and I go to Philadelfie from dere. I have some little lettare d' introduction. I don't know no bodee in dis countree, *ma foi! Bien!* I come to Pheeladelfie and I bring some lettares to some of de principle peoples dere. *Eh, bien!* Dey say to me, after talk som toime, you go Mishtress Vebb, de best boardin' house in Pheeladelfie. *Bien!* I go dare. Ven I left Paris, I vas verra fat—oh, verra fat indeed! *Mais, de diable cochon*—dat you call de hog, almost killee me. Sare, letee me tellee you von leetle circonstance dat 'appen. I vas stay vid dat ladee vot keep dat boarding-house for six veek. She give me noting but de pork. *Ma foi!* I hate de pork as I do de devvil. Now, messieurs, you see vat dat landladee do! She give noting but de pork for six veek. Ven I com to dis countree, in de first place I com to Newe Yorrk. I vas den *en bon point*—so fat. Now, sare, you see my situation; de manner which I look. Now I go back to Newe Yorrk, I am all-e-mostee starve!' Here his voice became exceedingly sad and touching, and he looked as if he could weep his spirit from his eyes. While throwing open his surtout, he knocked his knuckles, in attestation of the truth of his words, against his ribs and stomach till the one rattled audibly, and the other gave back a hollow, empty sound.

"'Eh! you see dat? You hear dat, ma foi?'

He looked round with sad triumph to see the effect produced, and then slowly rebuttoning the surtout, added, with a sign, as he fastened the last button—

"'Ah, jentilmen, you would not believe you see me in Paris dis a way (filling his stomach with wind and swelling out) and you look at me now! Drivare!' he suddenly called, thrusting his head out of the window, 'drivare, how far he is to Bristole?'

"'Short distance, sir,' replied the respectful Jarvey.

"'*Mais, tonneur de Dieu!* I vas een Bristole vonce ven I com frome Newe Yorrk. Dey givee me evra ting dat vas nice! Dey givee me roastee bif—dey give shickens and *pomme de terre*, and all sorts of noting. Bien, Bristole be von nice place!' And rubbing his hands and moistening his lips, with anticipation of the good things that would fall to his share in Bristol, he closed his eyes and gave himself up to (by the still smile about his mouth) a delicious reverie.

"By and by, the roofs and towers of Bristol appeared, and, as if scenting 'roastee bif' afar off, the Frenchman opened his eyes, and thrust his head out of the window.

"'Vat place is dat, drivare, eh?'

"'Bristol, sir.'

"'Ah, ha! den I know I get someting to eat. Now, jentilmen, I tellee you I 'ave som meat dare. Ven I vas dere I 'ave got roastee bif, roastee shickens—ah, Bristole de good place.'

"The coach rattles up to the principal hotel, and ere the horses were reined up, out briskly steps the jocund landlord. The Frenchman, taking off his hat, instantly thrust his red bandaged head from the window.

"'Ah, Monsieur Bizanet, ah, ha! I so glad to see you. I 'ave been in dis countree eight veek; for six veek my landladee givee me noting but pork. Now, sare, ven I vas here som toime dis seven veek ago, you giv me som verra nice dinnare—roastee bif, shicken, and every ting nice dat vas good. Naw, Monsieur Bizanet, I am almostee starve. Six veek my landladee give me noting but pork—all de time, pork—and I hate de pork as I do ze devvil. Now, Monsieur Bizanet, vat you giv uz for de dinnare, eh?'

"As he put this query, he stepped out of the coach, and approached the landlord, rubbing his hands together with great *gout*.

"'Ah, Monsieur Bizanet, vot is it dat you have goode for me, now?'

"'Well, sir,' said Bezinet, with a great pomposity of manner, like a host confident in the quality and abundance of his larder, 'well, sir, we have some very fine tender loins.'

"'Tendare loing—don' knaw vat he is, but I sposhe he ish som ting verra goode. Naw, jentilmen,' he added, with an expression of much pleasure on his hungry visage, 'naw you tak all de oder tings; I tak de tendare loing for my share. Vaitare, give me glass brandy vater,' he cried, entering the bar-room, his stomach growing brave and dilating with anticipation.

"After drinking his 'brandy vater' with great apparent satisfaction, he took his station at the dining-room door opening towards the kitchen, and surveyed with great complacency each dish as it was carried in, though he knew not the meats of which any of them consisted. When he found, by glancing back to the kitchen, that no more were to come he skipped into the dining-room, and placed himself in a seat to which the landlord pointed him. Now be it known to the hitherto uninformed, that in 'killing time,' landlords give, literally, nothing but pork, cooked different ways—spare-ribs, tender-loins, pork-chops, pork-steaks, sausages, kidneys, souse, hog's-head, hog's-head cheese, and, in fine, 'noting but pork.'

"'Naw, Monsieur Bizanet, I am so glad to see you! Ah, Monsieur Bizanet, vere is de tendare loing?' and his eyes wandered eagerly over the various modifications of grunter which loaded the table.

"'There it is, sir, before you,' said the polite landlord, with a slight bow and gesture with his right hand.

"'*Ah, bien, bien!*' replied Monsieur, delightedly; and with the eager satisfaction of a half-starved wretch, he seized his knife and fork, and commenced cutting into it. Suddenly he stops, raises the knife, and then the fork, to his nose, smells and snuffs, snuffs and smells, and then quickly drops them upon his plate, and pushes back from the table with an expression of misery and despair. Yet it is only suspicion.

"'Monsieur Bizanet! *Qu'est ce que c'est diable!* tendare loing? Vat is he de tendare loing? Tellee me vat he is made of, Monsieur Bizanet?'

"'Why, sir, that is acknowledged by epicures to be the choicest part of the hog.'

"With a look of mingled anguish and horror, he clasped his bony hands together, and for a moment appeared the perfect image of wo.

"Vaitare," he said, at length, rising and turning to the waiter, and speaking in the subdued voice of patient suffering, his flexible features twisted into almost a cry; 'Vaitare, 'ave you noting else but de pork?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Vell, den, villee you bringee me glass brandy vater, som onion and cracker? I am almostee starve. I 'ave live in Philadelfie wid my landladie six veek, and she give me noting but de pork—I almostee starve! I come to Monsieur Bizanet, and he giv me noting but de pork. *Tonneur de dieu!*'

"Having, as he dilated on his wrongs, grown ireful, and ended thus with a deep oath, he strode to the bar and received his 'brandy vater, som onion and cracker,' and sitting down in a corner, with his handkerchief spread across his knees, dined solitary and alone. He was yet engaged in his frugal repast when the stage-horn wound sharp and loud, and with an onion in one hand, and a

fragment of cracker in the other, he took his seat beside his fellow-passengers, and the stage once more rolled on its way.

"'Never mind, sir,' says Tom King, putting on a face full of sympathy, 'never mind it; wait till we get to Trenton.'

"'Trantong! Ai dat ish de place vere de prison is! I see him ven I com on from Newe Yorrk. *Mais, dis donc*, vere we is now?'

"'Ten miles off.'

"'Ah, Trantong! I stop dere at Monsieur Bispham, vere I get some ting verra good to eat, I tell you. Now, jentilmen, ven ve get dere you may take de tendare loing, and I take som oder ting goode.'

"By and by, the stage begins to descend a hill towards a covered bridge stretched across the Delaware, and on the opposite shore appears in full view a large town.

"'Drivare,' cried Monsieur, thrusting his head out of the stage window, 'drivare, tellee me vat place he is, eh?'

"'Trenton, sir."

"'Trantong! *Bien, bien!* Now I sall get some ting nice to eat. Ha, ha!' and rubbing his palms with delightful anticipation, he eagerly watched for the hotel from the window, as the stage rolled through the streets.

"'Ah, vat is he dat maison, Monsieur Tomkin? (for Tom had given his fellow traveller his name.) I tink I know him.'

"''Tis Mr. Bispham's.'

"'Ah, Monsieur Bispham! Now sal I get some ting nice to eat!'

"As the stage drove up to the door, the travellers were welcomed by the courteous host.

"'Ah, ha, Monsieur Bispham!' cried the Frenchman, as the landlord stepped up to open the door of the coach. '*Je suis charmé de vous voir!* I 'ave com from Philadelfie; my landladie giv me nossin but pork. Naw, sare, ven I vas here six veek ago, I got von verra nice dinnare—ah, mon dieu! it vas too moche goode! You givee me roastee bif, roastee shicken, *mouton*—avery ting dat vas nice. Naw, Monsieur Bispham,' he continued, smiling most insinuatingly in the landlord's face, and rubbing his palms together, 'vat 'ave you got for my dinnare? I am almostee starve. Six veek my landladie giv me noting but de pork; I com to Bristole, and Monsieur Bizanet giv me noting but de pork; and I hate de pork as I do ze devvil. Naw, Monsieur Bispham, vat you giv uz for de dinnare?'

"There was a merry twinkle in Tom King's eye as he caught that of mine host which told volumes, and which the other was not slow in taking.

"'I can give you some very fine spare-ribs,' replied Mr. Bispham, in his blandest manner.

"'Spare-reeb! vat he is? Spare-reeb! I sposhe he verra goode!' he muttered half to himself, as he descended to the pavement. 'Now, jentilmen, you take de tendare-loing for your share, I will tak de spare-reeb for minself!' and with a step made light with delight he skipped into the bar-room.

"'Vaitare!'

"'Sir.'

"'Glass brandy vater; it mak de appetite sharp for de spare-reeb! Ah, Monsieur Bispham, you von verra nice jentilman. Spare-reeb! eh, I vill now 'ave some ting goode to eat.'

"With impatient gratification he watched the entrance of each dish, and then, with his fellow-passengers, seated himself at the table before a dish which mine host, with a peculiar smile lurking in the corner of his eye, himself, placed there.

"'Eh, Monsieur Bispham, vere is de spare-reeb?'

"'The dish immediately before your plate.'

"'*C'est bien! Je le vois!* Ah, Monsieur Bispham, I likee you verra moshe for von jentilmans. I vill cot him *maintenant*.'

"With these words of gratitude and hope on his lips, Monsieur buried his knife into the crisp meat before him, and the pleasant odor followed the knife as it was drawn forth, and ascended to his nose. With dilated eyes and nostrils, he hung suspended over the unsavory dish an instant, his knife and fork elevated in either hand, looking as if the truth were too great for belief. Twice—thrice, he bent his head towards it, and each time snuffed and snorted not unlike the unclean animal of his holy abhorrence. Conviction flashes upon him. Pale as a corpse, he drops the knife and fork, and pushes back from the table.

"'Monsieur Bispham!' in tones of pitiful distress, while his pathetic glances from the spare-rib to mine host, and from mine host to the spare-rib, nearly brought tears (from hardly suppressed laughter) into Tom King's eyes, and filled every bosom around with manly sympathy. 'Monsieur Bispham!'

"'Sir.'

"''Ave you no oter ting but dis dam hog?'

"'No, sir; but I will tell you what I can do for you,' said the feeling landlord; 'I can give you'—

"'Notin more, sare; I vant notin! Vaitare!'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Give me glass brandy vater, cracker, and som onion,' and with a sigh that seemed to come from a half-empty wind-bag, he proceeded to dine off the grateful comestibles he had named.

"'Ah, never mind it, sir; don't be alarmed,' said Tom, after they had got into the stage, putting on a face of inimitable commiseration; 'you'll make it all up when we get to Princeton.'

"'Prancetong! dat is de place vere de collegshe ish. I see him dere. Ah, I stop at Monsieur Joline. I get someting verra goode to eat, Monsieur Joline; he givee me roastee shickens, roastee sheep, nice fricasee de poulet, de pudding—de avery ting nice. Ah, Monsieur Tomkin, I sall get some ting verra goode for to eat now, parbleu!'

"When the coach came in sight of Princeton, out popped the Frenchman's head.

"'Drivare, vat place he is, eh?'

"'Princeton, sir.'

"'Prancetong, ah! Naw, jentilmen, ve sall 'ave someting goode to eat!' and his haggard features became luminous at the thought.

"'Ah, ah, Monsieur Joline,' he cried, as the coach drew up to the door of the hotel; 'I am so rejoice to see you! Sare, I 'ave com from Philadelfie; my landladie giv me noting but de pork—six veek she giv me noting but de pork. I almostee starve. I com to Bristole—Monsieur Bizanet giv me noting but de pork. I com to Trantong—Monsieur Bispham giv me noting but de pork. Naw, Monsieur Joline, my goode frien',' he added, stepping from the coach, and pathetically putting his hand on mine host's shoulder, while his voice was dropped to a low insinuating tone, 'will you givee me someting goode for my dinnare?'

"'Oh yes, sir,' replied the landlord, who had caught a twinkle of Tom King's eye; 'oh, yes; I can give you a tender-loin.'

"'Bah!' with supreme disgust.

"'I can give you a spare-rib, sir.'

"'Bah, bah! 'ave you noting else?'

"'Ah, yes; I will let you have a very fine chop.'

"'Schop—schop! I don' knaw vat he is. Monsieur Tomkin, vill you tellee me vat he is—de schop?'

"'It is my favorite dish, sir,' said Tom, licking his chops; 'we are lucky in getting at Mr. Joline's to dine.'

"'Ah-h-h! Monsieur Tomkin,' he cried, shaking Tom by both hands, 'I vill den 'ave som ting goode to eat. I vill tak som de schop, Monsieur Joline. Jentilmen, you hear me! you may tak de tendare-loing and de spare-rib for yourself—I vill 'ave de schop for my share. Ah, jentilmen, did I not tellee you I get someting goode to eat at Monsieur Joline? Vaitare, giv me glass brandy vater!'

"With moist lips and longing eyes, did Monsieur survey the serving-up and *entrée* of the various dishes, (if there can be variety where all the dishes are of like meat.) At length, came out 'mine host,' and announced dinner. The famished Frenchman glided in strait to one of the chairs, and was about to take it—

"'Pah! spare-reeb!'

"He darted to another—

"'Pah! tendare-loing!'

"'Here, sir,' said Tom, pointing to the chair next to his, 'you will find this seat pleasanter—besides, here are the chops placed for you.'

"'*Grace! Bien, bien!* You are tres polite, Monsieur Tomkin,' and sliding into the chair, he seized his knife and fork, and commenced upon the delicate dish prepared for him. No sooner, however, did the porkerous odor that freely rose with the steam on being disturbed by the knife assail his nostrils, and convince him that swine's flesh was set before him, than he sprung from the table as if the porker had come bodily to life in the dish.

"'Oh, mon dieu—mon dieu! Monsieur Joline! *Comment l'appelait-on? Qu'est ce que c'est diable* de schop? Vat you call de schop, Monsieur?'

"'Why, my dear sir,' replied mine host, with gravity, 'that, sir, is acknowledged on all hands to be one of the most delicious parts of the hog.'

"'Hog—*cochon? Tonneur de dieu!*' and with a backward leap, Monsieur placed ten feet between himself and the object of his abhorrence. 'Monsieur Joline!' and he approached the landlord with a tale of wo written in his sad visage, 'ah! Monsieur Joline, I 'ave com from France. I 'ave been Philadelfie six veek; my landladie givee me noting but de pork—six veek she giv me noting but de pork. I com Bristole—Monsieur Bizanet givee me noting but de pork. I com Trantong—Monsieur Bispham givee me noting but de pork. I com Prancetong, and you givee me noting but de pork. I almostee starve.' Then placing his open palms over his collapsed stomach, and almost weeping his spirit from his eyes, he called in a tristful tone—

"'Vaitare, givee me glass brandy vater, som onion and cracker.'

"'Never mind, my dear friend,' said Tom King, with well-feigned sympathy, after they were once more in the coach; 'never mind; wait till you get to New Brunswick, and Mr. De Graw will give you a good dinner.'

"'Ah, ha! I knaw Monsieur De Graw,' he said, brightening up, 'I knaw him verra well. He

giv me von verra nice dinnare—roastee bif, bif-stik, shicken, som pie, som nice pudding. Ah, jolie ville Newe Bronsvicke! I get someting goode to eat, Monsieur De Graw. Drivare, how far he is Newe Bronsvicke?'

"'Soon be there, sir.'

"'Eh, bien! now you sall see, jentilmen—you sall see, Monsieur Tomkin, vat good dinnare I vill eat at Monsieur De Graw! Oh, oh! I knaw verra well Monsieur De Graw. You sall see naw vat you sall see.'

"The symmetrical snow-white spire of the Episcopal church, and the old Spanish looking tower of the Dutch, at length rose above the distant fields, and caught the eye of the vigilant Frenchman.

"'Drivare, vat place he is coming, eh?'

"'New Brunswick, sir.'

"'Newe Bronsvicke! Bien! Now you sall see, Monsieur Tomkin—now you sall see, jentilmen, vat I vill 'ave to eat. Ah, ha! I sall 'ave de nice dinnare—de roastee bif, de bif-stik, de shicken, de nice pudding, som pie—avery ting!' and in renewed pleasurable anticipation, Monsieur's hungry countenance was wreathed with ghastly smiles, and he seemed several times as if, in his joy, he was about to hug his friend, 'Monsieur Tomkin,' to his shrunken breast.

"The stage rolled rapidly down Albany street, and drew up at a spacious hotel, at the entrance to the antiquated bridge that spans the beautiful Raritan. Out stepped Mr. De Graw, smiling welcome to the goodly company of travellers.

"'Ah, ha, Monsieur De Graw,' cried the Frenchman, taking off his cap, and thrusting his red bandanna pate out of the coach window; 'ah, ha, Monsieur De Graw, how you do? I am so enjoyed to see you. I am com from Philadelfie—my landladie for six veek givee me noting but de pork. I almostee starve. I com Bristole—Monsieur Bizanet givee me noting but de pork. I com Trantong—Monsieur Bispham givee me noting but de pork. I com Prancetong—Monsieur Joline givee me noting but de pork, and I hate de pork, sare, as I do ze devvil. Ah, bon dieu! I almostee starve. Naw, Monsieur De Graw,' he added, in an insinuating tone, and with a winning smile that would have melted the heart of a Robespierre, 'now, Monsieur De Graw, vat 'ave you got good for my dinnare?'

"'I have some very fine steaks.'

"'Stik! stik! ah, jentilmen,' he cried, delightedly, 'I tol you I get someting goode to eat Monsieur De Graw. Stik! I remembare him—he verra nice! Jentilmen, you may 'ave de tendareloing, de spare-reeb, de schop, and all de oder ting—I vill tak de stik for my share. Vaitare,' he cried, with additional animation, 'bring me glass brandy vater!'

"The 'brandy vater' was brought and drank with great gusto, and then with a gleam of high satisfaction on his features, he took his stand by the dining-room door and watched the entrance of each savory dish with much curiosity.

"'Monsieur De Graw!'

"'Sir.'

"'Vere is my stik?'

"'It is coming, sir—here it is.'

"'Ah, bien! I see him,' and following the last platter in, he seated himself before it. A cloud of steam rose from the insertion of the ready knife, and the accursed flavor of pork ascended to his olfactory organs.

"'*Qu'est ce que c'est diable* de stik, Monsieur De Graw? *Mais dis donc!* Vat you call dis stik?'

"'Why that, sir, is acknowledged to be one of the most delicious parts of the hog.'

"Down dropped the poor French Jew's knife and fork, and rising up, he thus addressed himself to 'mine host,' at first more in sorrow than in anger, though with the recital of his griefs his indignation rose—

"'I am com from Paris. I go Philadelfie—six veek my landladie givee me noting but de pork. I com Bristole—Monsieur Bizanet givee me noting but de pork. I com Trantong—Monsieur Bispham givee me noting but de pork. I com Prancetong—Monsieur Joline givee me noting but de pork. I almostee starve, sare, and I nevare been so maltreat in my life. Ven I vas in my own countree, nobody not nevare serve me so, and, sare, I tink it is blackguard manner, and no jentilman. Vaitare,' he cried, in a subdued tone of sorrow, not unmingled with offended dignity, turning from the landlord with supreme contempt, having expended upon him his short-lived wrath, his stomach, doubtless, being all too weak to hold much anger; 'vaitare, you givee som cracker, vater, and som enion, if you pleas.'

"'Ah, sir,' said Tom King, as they re-entered the coach, squeezing the Frenchman's attenuated fingers in his consoling grasp; 'ah, my dear sir, let it not disturb you, lest you impair your appetite; for I assure you, sir, that you will find at Newark every thing to gratify it.'

"'Newarke! Bien! I remember him,' he cried, catching at the brittle straw of hope Tom had kindly thrown out. 'I 'ave stop in Newarke one time. I nevare got suche good dinnare as I got dere!'

"'They give very good dinners at Gifford's,' said Tom.

"'Gifforde! ah, I knaw him; he is de landlord. Ah, I knaw Monsieur Gifford verra well. He

givee me roastee torkey, roastee shickens, voodcock, bif-stik, som pie—ah, mon dieu! avery ting dat vas nice he give me! Ah, you sall see, Monsieur Tomkin, vat you sall see, ven I com Newarke.'

"By and by, the spires of Newark rose in sight, above the green meadows and pleasant woods that surround it, and caught the quick eye of the Frenchman.

"'Drivare, vat he is?' he eagerly asked.

"'Newark, sir.'

"'Newarke! Eh, bien, bien! now, jentilmen, you sall see!' and rejoicing in the good things in store for him, he sung, whistled, and said something pleasant to each one of his fellow travellers. The coach at length stopped at the door of 'Gifford's,' and out came the portly landlord himself, to do honor to his newly-arrived guests.

"'Dat ish Monsieur Gifford, ish it not, Monsieur Tomkin?' he asked, as he caught sight of him from a distance.

"'That is he, and he will give you a capital dinner,' replied Tom.

"'Ah, Monsieur Gifford, how you do? It make me verra rejoice to see you. You look verra fat, Monsieur Gifford. Naw, Monsieur Gifford, I 'ave com from Paris; I com to New Yorrk, den I go Philadelfie. I stop wid you ven I go, six veek ago. Oh, de nice dinnare you giv me—roastee torkey, roastee shicken, voodcock, roastee bif, bif-stik, som pie—avery ting dat vas goode you give me. Naw, I go Philadelfie—my landladie givee me, for six veek, noting but de pork. I almostee starve. I com Bristole—Monsieur Bizanet givee me noting but de pork. I com Trantong—Monsieur Bispham givee me noting but de pork. I com Prancetong—Monsieur Joline givee me noting but de pork. I com Newe Bronsvicke—Monsieur De Graw givee me noting but de pork. I almostee starve. Naw, Monsieur Gifforde,' he added, with a pathetic look, working his features into a coaxing smile, 'naw, Monsieur Gifford, vat vill you givee me goode for my dinnare?'

"In the meanwhile, sundry signs and words had been interchanged between Tom King and 'mine host,' and Mr. Gifford answered with ready civility.

"'Why, in the first place, sir, we have some very excellent tender-loin.'

"'Bah!'

"'We have a very fine spare-rib, sir.'

"'*Bah!*'

"'We have some capital chops.'

"'BAH!'

"'Well, sir, perhaps you would like a nice steak.'

"'*Bah, bah!* noting but de hog. Monsieur Gifford! sare! ven I vas here last, you givee me avery ting—de roastee bif, de voodcock, de bif-stik, som pie. Now, Monsieur Gifford, 'ave you not got noting good?'

"'Ah, sir, there is one thing I had forgotten—we are going to have a fine roaster.'

"'R-roastare! Ah, jentilmen, you hear! r-r-roastare!' he cried, sounding the *r* like a watchman's rattle; and, turning to the company, he shook each one by the hand, while his hollow visage was illuminated with the reflection of his inward joy. 'I tol' you, jentilmen, we get someting to eat here! Now, you tak de dam hog vid twentie name, I vill 'ave de roastare for my dinnare.'

"Feeling now sure of a dinner, he became magnanimous, and after calling for 'brandy vater' in a more confident tone than he had hitherto used, he turned blandly to his fellow travellers—

"'Monsieur Tomkin—jentilmen—you tak someting? Monsieur Gifford, you tak glass brandy vater?'

"After drinking, he began to rub and expand his abdomen, and to swell out like the frog in the fable, while he walked impatiently to and fro before the dining-room door.

"'Vill dat bell nevare ring for my dinnare?' he muttered every few turns. Not a dish that went in, escaped his scrutiny. As each passed him, he would recognise and name it with disgust.

"'Bah! porkee-stik!'

"'*Bah!* spare-reeb!'

"'BAH! tendare-loing!'

"'Bah, bah! schop!'

"'Ah, ha, jentilmen, you bettare go get your dinnare,' he cried jocosely, as this array of swine's flesh passed him towards the table, 'I vait for my roastare!' and folding his arms, he leaned against the side of the door, and fixed his eyes musingly on the door of the kitchen. In a few moments, Mr. Gifford made his appearance, hat in hand.

"'Dinner is ready, gentlemen.'

"The Frenchman did not hear; his waiting eyes were bent on the door leading kitchenward, while his lips moved in something like a soliloquy.

"'Roastare—roastare! *Qu'est ce que c'est* roastare? I shpose he roastee bif, or som soche ting! roastee shicken, I shpose! He must be someting verra nice! Roastee mouton, perhaps!'

"'Dinner is served, sir,' said Mr. Gifford.

"'*Mais pardi!* Monsieur Gifford, vere is my roastare, sare?'

"'It is coming now, sir.'

"The Frenchman looked, and beheld borne past him, on a broad platter, a roast pig, with a potato in his jaws.

"'Sare, vere is my roastare?'

"'This is it.'

"'Is dat de roastare, sare?

"'Yes, sir; and one of the most delicious things in the world.'

"'Sare—Monsieur Gifford! I 'ave com from Paris. My landladie, Philadelfie, six veek givee me noting but de pork. I almostee starve. I com Bristole—Monsieur Bizanet givee me noting but de pork. I almostee starve. I com Trantong—Monsieur Bispham givee me noting but de pork. I com Prancetong—Monsieur Joline givee me noting but de pork. I almostee starve. I com Newe Bronsvicke—Monsieur De Graw givee me noting but de pork. I com Newarke, sare, and you givee me noting but de pork—nossing but de damma hog. I al-e-mostee starve. I nevare been so maltreat in my life before. Ven I vas in my own countree, nobody not nevare serve me so. Sare, I tink it is blackguard manner, and no jentilman. You 'ave usee me loike von scoundrele rascaller. You are not content wis giving me de differen kind of de pork—de spare-reeb, de tendare-loing, de schop, de stik, and noting but de pork—but now you bringee me de damma CHILDE OF DE HOG!"

LAND HO!

INSCRIBED TO MY EXCELLENT FRIEND, WILLIAM PAXTON HALLETT, ESQ.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, NEW YORK.

I.

FILL high the brimmer! The land is in sight!
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!
The cold cheerless ocean in safety we've past,
And the warm genial earth glads our vision at last!
In the land of the stranger true hearts we shall find,
To soothe us in absence of those left behind.
Then fill high the brimmer! The land is in sight!
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

II.

Fill high the brimmer! 'Till morn we'll remain,
Then part in the hopes to meet one day again,
Round the hearth-stone of home, in the land of our birth,
The holiest spot on the face of the earth!
Dear country! our thoughts are more constant to thee
Than the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea!
Then fill high the brimmer! The land is in sight!
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

III.

Fill high the brimmer! The wine-sparkles rise
Like tears, from the fountain of joy, to the eyes!
May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of care,
Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair.
Drink deep, to the chime of the nautical bells,
To woman! God bless her, wherever she dwells!
Then fill high the brimmer! The land is in sight!
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

A CHAPTER

ON

FIELD SPORTS AND MANLY PASTIMES.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

GYMNASTICS AND GYMNASIA.

In our last number we gave, in brief, the History of Gymnastics and Gymnasia, and dwelt, at some length, upon their manifest advantages. Education, indeed, may be divided into two parts, physical and mental; and of the former Gymnastic Exercises, are the most extensive, and, undoubtedly, the earliest portion. Their purpose is, by systematic guidance, to strengthen the muscular system, and to teach the means of its most advantageous employment. Their general utility will be questioned only by those who are not aware that the health and vigor of all the bodily organs depend on the properly-proportioned exercise of each. Gymnastics insure, in particular, the full development of all the locomotive organs; preventing or correcting all deformities to which these organs are liable. They are well calculated to produce strength and activity, and to bestow invariable health. They confer beauty of form; they impart grace of action; above all, they inspire confidence in difficult situations, and suggest resources in danger.

The term "Gymnastics" in its widest sense, may be made to include a great variety of subjects such, for instance, as riding, rowing, and swimming—but, more strictly, is confined to those particular feats which are practised in gymnasia, and which may be regarded as adapting the bodily system to any possible variety of exertion. In this view we now consider the term; and may devote separate papers hereafter to the discussion of the other physical exercises above mentioned.

GYMNASIUM

was the name given, originally, by the Greeks to the place where public exercises were performed. We now apply the term in a similar sense. It is not enough to know the theory; the practise must be combined with it; and, man being a social animal, that practice is not to be attained in solitude. The Gymnast does not arrive at his enviable pre-eminence by hearsay; he does not bear about him that delightful sensation of capability to perform and endure what is out of the reach of ordinary men, and by a mere act of volition too, without first making repeated trials and efforts, and by witnessing in the Gymnasium the performances of others, thereby encouraging the pleasing hope that *his* exertions, also, will be crowned with success.

GENERAL RULES TO BE ATTENDED TO BY TEACHERS OF GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.

1. The exercise of the pupils should always take place early in the morning, before breakfast, or two or three hours after a meal.

2. Few persons in good health are ever injured by being overheated; but from drinking when excessively hot, or being cooled too quickly, practices highly pernicious; therefore, take off such clothing as can be spared previous to commencing the exercise, and put them on again *immediately* after. Lying down upon the cold ground afterwards, is very dangerous.

3. Commence with the more gentle exercise, not with its most violent degrees; gradually leave off in the same manner. Too sudden transitions are dangerous.

4. Do not let your bodily exertion be carried to excess: your object should be to strengthen the body not to exhaust or render it languid.

5. In all exercises attention should be paid to such a position of all the parts of the body, that none may be exposed to injury—the tongue must never be suffered to remain between the teeth, the legs must not be separated too far.

6. It is necessary, and very advantageous, particularly where the pupils are numerous, to keep up a certain degree of Military regularity and obedience to command.

7. Distinguish the feeble from the athletic, attempt not to make the weak hardy and strong at once, but take time, and proceed gradually. The best standard for the feeble at first is their own desire—their own inclination.

8. Observe what limbs of each Gymnast are the feeblest, and let these be particularly exercised. The left hand and arm are commonly weaker than the right; let them be frequently exercised, therefore, by lifting, carrying and supporting the weight of the body by suspension, till they become as strong as the others.

9. The Gymnast must bear in mind, as much as possible, the degree attained by each of his pupils in every exercise, that he may not set them to any thing above their ability. This is an important rule for avoiding danger.

PRELIMINARY EXERCISES.

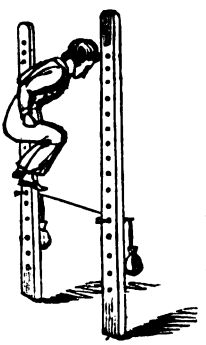
What may be termed the initiatory exercise is for the purpose of strengthening and rendering flexible all the different joints of the body. This is what persons unaccustomed to Gymnastics stand most in need of. The pupils are, usually, ranged in a line at such distances that each can barely touch the other's finger with his extended arm. They then practise after the example of their leader every different flexion of which the joints are capable viz: bending down on the toes till the knees nearly touch the ground, and rising therefrom slowly, without any assistance from the hands, holding the arm at full length, and rapidly whirling it in a circle, darting the fists forward, and suddenly withdrawing them to the shoulder; with various other motions which are deemed desirable.

After training the body in this manner, the student will be enabled to sustain the fatigue of exercising on

THE PARALLEL BARS.

The pupil being placed between the two horizontal bars, which are parallel to each other, by a strong pressure of his hands on both the bars he must raise his body, the arms being kept perfectly straight, and the legs close. In this position the body is vaulted over the bar to the right or left. The pupil is then directed to walk on his hands along the two bars, backwards and forwards, to pass with both his hands from one bar to another, his body being suspended the whole time. The exercise on the parallel bars improve the flexibility of the joints, strengthen the muscles, and must be used preparatory to the

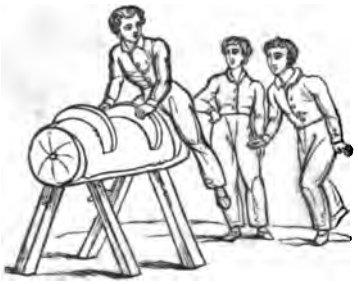
LEAPING BARS.



This ranks among the most excellent of the gymnastic exercises, for it strengthens and gives elasticity to the feet, legs, knees, and thighs, and braces every muscle while its invigorates the courage. Two posts are perpendicularly fixed in the ground, about seven feet asunder, and each of these posts is perforated with holes at small but regular intervals, for inserting an iron pin, on which is loosely hung a horizontal cord, the pin being placed at equal heights on the two opposite posts. A small bag, containing either a bit of lead or stone, at each end, tightens the cord. This may be practised either standing or running, and should the leaper miss the proposed height, the cord easily yields, and prevents any disagreeable accident. The leaper must be careful to raise his feet and knees in a straight direction, neither separating the legs, nor inclining them to either side; and in taking a running leap, the run must be a short, tripping step on the toes, gradually quickened, as this does not exhaust the strength previous to the leap. The body must always be inclined forwards in rising, and the leaper must observe not to pitch wholly on his heels, but chiefly on the toes and balls of the feet.

To acquire strength and pliability of body, courage and presence of mind, preservation of equilibrium and accuracy of eye, recourse must be had to

THE WOODEN HORSE.



This is an oblong block of wood, rudely shaped like a horse's body, and covered on the top with a cushion of stuffed leather. The exercise consists in placing one or both hands on the block, and, in the leap, throwing one leg over it, and so bestriding it. Both legs and the body are, sometimes, thrown quite over it, which may be done either standing or with a run. Mr. Barrett has made some improvement in the shape of his wooden-horses, which differ considerably in appearance from the one in our engraving. This is one of the best of the Gymnastic apparatus, and the exercise connected with it has a powerful tendency to strengthen the limbs.

Numerous other exercises are practised—viz: that of

DARTING THE JAVELIN.

To practice this there is an abutment raised at one end of the Gymnasium, on which is placed a mark to aim at. The dart is a perfectly straight shaft, five or six feet long. The weight must be adapted to the strength of the thrower, the length to his height. It is grasped in the middle, and thrown with all the force of the arm to the appointed mark.

LEAPING WITH A POLE,

Over a given height, or a required distance. To effect this, the leaper grasps the pole with both his hands, the right hand at the top, the left at some little distance below it. The leaper takes a smart run, in proportion to the height; places the lower pointed end of the pole just before his feet, neither to the right nor to the left; gives a good spring, which he assists by raising himself with his hands, and swings himself round in a curved line to the point he aims at. An indifferent leaper cannot pass a bar higher than himself. In this exercise, in which the body is swung half round the pole, the leaper must not pitch in the direction in which he rose, but must turn himself round in leaping, so that when his feet come to the ground his face may look toward the place from which he took his rise. In consequence of this turning the feet strike the ground with much less violence. Beginners must commence with leaps of no great height, and be careful to pitch rather on the toes.

EXERCISING ON THE BARS.

Two horizontal bars are placed parallel to each other, and the pupil being placed betwixt, he is directed to raise his body, by a strong pressure of his hands on both the bars. The arms must be kept perfectly straight, and the legs close. In this position the body, after two or three vibrations, is vaulted with a bound over the bar to the right or left. In this, care must be taken to clear the bar, that the back may not touch it in coming down. The pupil is then directed to walk on his hands along the two bars, backwards and forwards, to pass with both his hands from one bar to another, his body being all the while *pendulous*, besides a variety of other evolutions.

HAULING THE ROPE.

Two parties of Gymnasts equal in number, and, as near as can be, equal in strength, are arranged on each side of a stout cable rope. When all is prepared, the director gives the word, each party endeavoring to draw the rope, with their opponents, along. Sometimes the strength of the parties seems so nearly balanced as to render the victory for some minutes doubtful.

RUNNING.

This consists simply in holding the hands firmly fixed to the haunches, keeping the mouth rather shut, and breathing mostly through the nostrils. The whole set off at a brisk trot, with the director at their head.

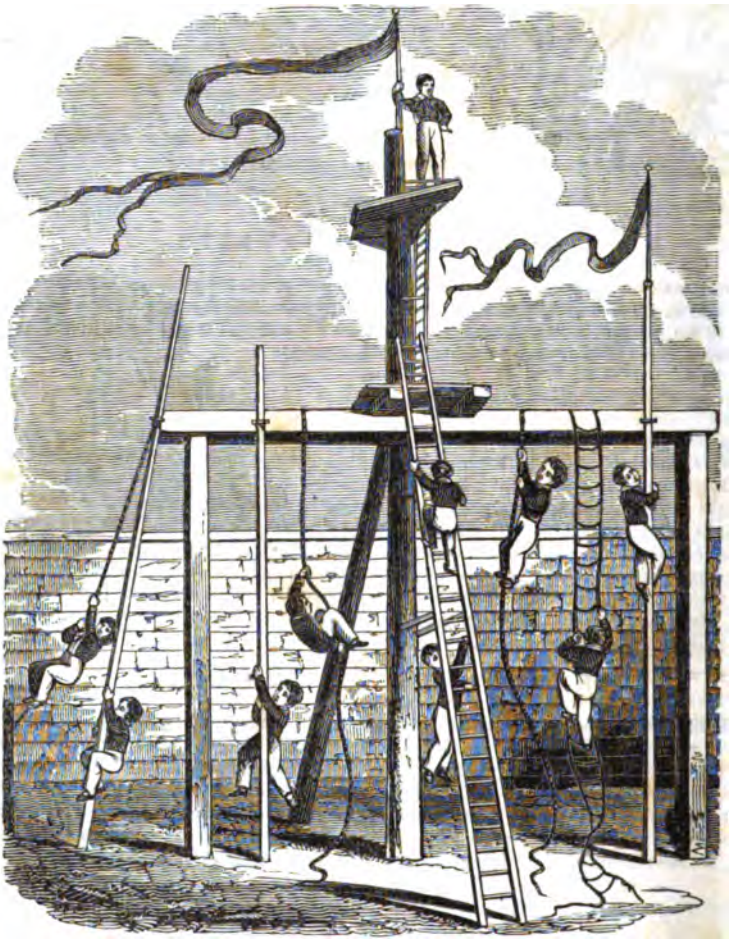
EXERCISE OF THE HANDS, LEGS, AND ARMS, BY SUSPENSION.

Two perpendicular posts are fixed in the ground, ten or twelve feet asunder, a cross horizontal beam is fixed at the top; on this beam the pupils hang by their hands; and even by their legs, sometimes by the hands and legs, and practise a number of evolutions, making the joints flexible, and strengthening the muscles.

But not the least important portion of the exercises of the Gymnasium is that connected with

CLIMBING AND MOUNTING.

All Gymnasia are furnished with Climbing-Stands. These are constructed in various manners—but our engraving, perhaps, represents the best kind in use.



In describing the exercises connected with the Stand it is necessary that we should frequently refer to this cut. To the crossbeam are attached the implements for climbing, namely, two poles, a rope ladder, and three ropes. The two standing places are intended for the exercises in mounting; a ladder leads to the lower one and is made fast to the mast, and another leads from the lower to the upper platform, which latter is principally intended for the purpose of accustoming the learners to look down from any height. Before the learner can go through the exercises on the Climbing-Stand, he must have practised some exercises for augmenting the muscular powers of the body and limbs, such as climbing, hanging by the arms, etc. When expert in these exercises the learners may commence the following ones:—

1. Beginners ascend and descend the ladder which is fixed to the Climbing-Stand, in the customary way, until they acquire expertness and courage.
2. They descend with the back turned towards the ladder.
3. They mount and descend in the usual way, but only with one hand; and, after a little practice carry something in the other. See the uppermost figure on the sloping ladder.
4. The learner goes up and down without using his hands. See the lowermost figure on the sloping ladder. The ascent is extremely easy; after which he uses his hands in turning round so

as to have his back towards the ladder when descending. In this part of the exercise, the teacher must always be ready to assist him.

5. Two learners meet upon the ladder and wish to pass each other. They either both remain on the front part of the ladder, and give way to each other as much as possible, or if one of them is sufficiently expert in the two following exercises, he swings himself round to the back part, in order to let his companion pass.

6. The exercises now commence on the back part of the ladder. The learner easily ascends from step to step by advancing his hands and feet, at the same time, higher and higher.

7. The learner mounts along the front part of the ladder as usual; then swings himself round to the back part, along which he descends.

8. The learner mounts and descends the ladder upon its back part, without making use of his feet. See the middle figure on the sloping ladder. This may be divided into two parts. The first consists in taking fast hold of the most convenient rundle with both hands, and raising the body forcibly upward. At this moment, one hand seizes the next highest rundle, and immediately afterwards, the other hand does the same. Both hands again raise the body as before, etc. In the second part of this exercise, the hands seize the rundles singly and alternately; which is much more difficult, and only accomplished by practised learners.

9. *Climbing either the upright or slant pole.*—The thickness of the upright pole to the right of the engraving is from two to two inches and a half, or more, according to the size of the learners. It must be perfectly smooth, and void of splinters. Its upper end is fastened by an iron ring to the beam. The slant pole to the left must be at least three inches thick. Neither of them is made very fast in the ground, but only sunk a little into it, in order that they may be easily replaced by poles of different sizes. The position of the climber is the same in both the upright and oblique pole, and is shown upon the latter. Nothing must touch the pole besides the feet, legs, knees, and hands. The climber, while he raises himself with both hands, draws his legs up the pole, then holds fast by them, and again places his hands higher up. He continues this alternate use of the legs and arms until he has reached the top. The descent is not at all difficult; it is not performed similar to the ascent, but merely by sliding quickly down with the legs, scarcely ever touching the pole at all with the hands, as shown in the upper figure on the upright pole. This exercise is more difficult upon the oblique pole, since the hands are more affected by the weight of the body. The learners should be made very perfect in this exercise, for every one ought at least to be sufficiently expert, to slide himself down along a smooth pole placed against the window of a second or third story.

10. *Climbing the mast* is more difficult than the last exercise, for even when made of a moderate size, it cannot be spanned round by the hands. It is fixed quite firm in the ground; is from six to eight inches thick at the bottom, and thirty feet high. The learners must not be allowed to climb the mast until they are very expert at climbing the poles mentioned in the last exercise, and are able to get from that, upon the beam. All climbing succeeds best in hot weather, but more particularly that of the mast. The position of the legs is the same as with the pole; boots are the best covering for the feet. Since the mast is too thick to be grasped by the hands, the climber must lay fast hold of his left arm with his right hand, and *vice versâ*. Learners climb with much more ease and security, with naked arms, for the skin does not slip near so easily as the clothes. A climber up th mast adheres to it with his whole body, as in the lower figure on the upright pole to the right, un he reaches the thinner part of it, as appears from the figure at the top of it.

11. *Climbing the rope ladder.*—The rope ladder should have three or four wooden rundles t spread it out, and ought to be made so as not to twist round and entangle when used; if it has this fault, it is unserviceable.

It is much more difficult to mount the rope ladder than the pole, the former hanging quite loose, and not at all fastened at the bottom. The muscles of the arms and hands are very much affected; for the latter must, when the learner is not sufficiently acquainted with this exercise, almost entirely support the body, which continually inclines backward. The manner of proceeding in this exercise is easy, for it is similar to ascending a wooden ladder; but as the rope ladder hangs perpendicularly, and is very flexible, the steps upon which the feet rest, are generally pushed forward by the unpractised, and the upper part of the body sinks out of the perpendicular position into a very oblique one; whereby the whole weight of the body becomes supported by the hands, and the exercise is rendered so difficult that the learner cannot ascend very high. To obviate this, he must always have a fast hold of the two main ropes, as shown in the rope ladder, and keep the body, as much as possible, stretched out upon the ladder and upright. If the ladder is sufficiently strong, the teacher allows two or three of his pupils to get up and down at the same time; by which means they learn to pass each other. One hangs by a main rope until the other has passed him.

12. *Climbing either the oblique or level rope.*—Let a rope be fastened from one post to another, or from the beam to an adjoining post, and in an oblique direction. The learner fixes himself to the rope as exhibited on the sloping rope, with the feet close to each other across it, and advances along the rope by moving his hands one before the other, and either sliding his feet or moving them alternately like the hands. In this manner a number of soldiers might cross a small river, with their arms and knapsacks when other means failed.

There are two ways of using the legs in this exercise; 1st, so that the feet, either in ascending or descending, move forward along the rope alternately; or one leg only may hang over the rope, and be made to slide along it; but in both cases the pressure is painful, particularly if the climber does not wear boots. The 2nd, which is the best method, is to place the sole of one foot, for instance, the right, flat *upon* the rope, and to lay the left leg across the instep of that foot; whereby the friction of the rope is removed.

13. *Climbing the upright rope.*—This exercise may be done in two different ways. It is very easy to those who are already expert at climbing the upright pole. The only difficulty lies in seizing the rope with the feet so as to obtain a firm support.

In the first method the knees and thighs have nothing to do; only the feet are employed. If the learner sit upon a chair, and cross his feet in the usual way, he will immediately perceive their proper position. The rope passes between them, and is held fast by pressing them moderately together, while the hands alternately grasp higher up the rope. Hereupon the climber, hanging by his hands, also draws his feet higher up, fixes them again to the rope, and proceeds as before.

In the second method, peculiar to sailors, the rope passes down from the hands of the climber, along one, generally the right thigh, not far above the knee; winds round the inner side of this thigh, along the knee-hollow and the calf, and then across the instep of the right foot, whence it hangs loose. If the climber only treads moderately upon that part of the rope where it crosses the other foot, he will, by means of the varied pressure, obtain a firm support. The exercise depends almost entirely upon holding the right leg and foot so that the rope may retain its proper winding, after being quitted by the left foot, when the hands have been raised for the purpose of drawing the body higher. This is easily acquired after a few trials. In descending, the hands must be lowered alternately, as they are raised in ascending, for if the hands slide down quickly, they will be injured.

14. *Resting upon the upright rope.*—This exercise not only excites a lengthened power of the muscles, but also tends to promote expertness in dangerous situations. The climber mounts to a moderate height, and then halts; swings the right foot three or four times round the rope, so that this winds roung the leg; he then entwines it, by means of the left foot, once or twice round the right one, which he bends so as to point the toes upwards, and now treads the left foot firmly upon this last winding. The pressure which thus arises between the rope and the feet, opposes the whole weight of the body. In this position he can rest a long time; but suppose he wishes to be still more at his ease. With this intention he lowers his hands a little along the rope, then holds fast with the right hand, stoops, and grasps with the left that part of the rope which hangs below the feet. He raises himself again, and entwines this part a few times round his shoulders, hips, and the rope itself, until he is firmly entangled.

Climbing by means of the arms only is one of the best exercises for strengthening all the muscles of the chest, the arms, and hands; it is a true criterion by which to judge the powers of those members, and it also augments them most effectually. We seldom find a boy who is able in his eighth or ninth year to raise himself a little way either up the rope or pole by his hands only. The age of fourteen is generally the time when the arms become sufficiently strong; therefore some attention must be paid to this point.

15. Climbing up the pole by the hands only is perhaps easier than up the ladder, for with this the body hangs quite free, but with the former one side of the body is close to the pole, which facilitates the learner a little. See the lower figure on the upright pole to the left. The feet hang loosely and remain perfectly steady. The climber must not be allowed to bend his knees, nor to stamp, as it were, in the air, nor to let the pole come between his thighs. There are two methods of employing the hands in this exercise. According to the *first*, which is the usual mode, both hands raise the body simultaneously; immediately after which, one quickly grasps the pole higher up, while the other supports the weight alone for a moment. The *second*, in which each hand alternately supports the body *alone*, and the other, quite free, seizes the pole higher up, in order to raise the body again, requires great practice and considerable strength in the arms.

16. Climbing the rope by the hands only should be first practised upon the slant rope, as with it, the continual grasping higher up is much easier. The position of the hands and of the body similar to that required in climbing the pole.

It should be observed that of the preceding exercises, all those which require more strength than agility must not be kept up too long. Strength increases gradually, its growth is not only combined with exercise, but also with the development of the corporeal system. For this reason, such exercises should be *frequent* but *not long*.

Exercises in mounting require neither particular strength nor agility; they are intended to produce fearlessness, and the power of looking down from high stations, and consequently to prevent weakness of nerves and giddiness.

The excellent Gymnasium of Mr. Barret, (in Walnut street) an engraving of which we gave in our last number, embraces many improvements upon the established system of Gymnastics—and a great variety of exercises are there practised, of which our limits have prevented us from taking notice.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Hyperion, a Romance. By the author of Outre-Mer. Two volumes. Samuel Colman, New York.

Were it possible to throw into a bag the lofty thought and manner of the "Pilgrims of the Rhine," together with the quirks and quibbles and true humor of "Tristram Shandy," not forgetting a few of the heartier drolleries of Rabelais, and one or two of the Phantasy Pieces of the Lorrainean Callôt, the whole, when well shaken up, and thrown out, would be a very tolerable imitation of "Hyperion." This may appear to be commendation, but we do not intend it as such. Works like this of Professor Longfellow, are the triumphs of Tom O'Bedlam, and the grief of all true criticism. They are potent in unsettling the popular faith in Art—a faith which, at no day more than the present, needed the support of men of letters. That such things succeed at all, is attributable to the sad fact that there exist men of genius who, now and then, unmindful of duty, indite them—that men of genius *ever* indite them is attributable to the fact that these are often the most indolent of human beings. A man of true talent who would demur at the great labor requisite for the stern demands of high art—at the unremitting toil and patient elaboration which, when soul-guided, result in the beauty of Unity, Totality, and Truth—men, we say, who would demur at such labor, make no scruple of scattering at random a profusion of rich thought in the pages of such farragos as "Hyperion." Here, indeed, there is little trouble—but even that little is most unprofitably lost. To the writers of these things we say—all Ethics lie, and all History lies, or the world shall forget ye and your *works*. We have no design of commenting, at any length, upon what Professor Longfellow has written. We are indignant that he too has been recreant to the good cause. We, therefore, dismiss his "Hyperion" in brief. We grant him high qualities, but deny him *the Future*. In the present instance, without design, without shape, without beginning, middle, or end, what earthly object has his book accomplished?—what definite impression has it left?

Travels in North America during the years 1834, 1835, *and* 1836. *Including a summer residence with the Pawnee Tribe of Indians, in the remote prairies of the Missouri, and a visit to Cuba and the Azore Islands. By the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray. Two Volumes. Harper and Brothers, New York.*

Reasons of a nature altogether domestic induced Mr. Murray to delay, until the present moment, the publication of his travelling journal, and, in some respects, this delay has been of advantage to himself and to the public. A thorough disgust with the twaddle of the Trollopes, and the flat falsehoods and miserable inanities of the Marryatts, has thrown him, by means of a proper caution, upon the better, although less beaten track, of candor, plain statements, and common sense. He has also now in his favor that public revulsion of feeling which these little scribbling wretches have brought about. We turn from folly with more sincere pleasure than we should have turned from good sense, to the candid, frank, and simply philosophical narrative of the gentleman in mind and manner—the gentleman whose station in society, as well as whose endowments through education, entitle him to our respect, and ensure for him our most earnest attention.

We do not mean to say, however, that our author has been brow-beaten into truth by the popular judgment upon falsehood. On the contrary, no one can look over the volumes before us without feeling at once aware that a direct and open simplicity is the leading feature of the mind of the writer. His speculations, never showily profound, are only so at all, by their thorough and unpretending naturalness, by the obviousness and simplicity with which they seem to be educed from the objects which have presented themselves to his understanding. For this reason, the plain narrative of his sea-disasters, in the beginning of his voyage, will rank with any composition within our knowledge, upon a similar subject. His observations strike the reader with all the vividness of originality, because, being absolutely such as natural thoughts suggest, they differ altogether from the *elaborated* reflections to which the romanticists have accustomed the popular mind.

His work is already in the hands of all classes of readers, and no comments now to be made upon it will have much influence upon the general decision. In common with all the world, we regard it

as positively the most entertaining book of travels in America put forth by a British writer. It abounds in *naïve* remarks, and shows a happy tact in the choice of subjects for disquisition. The chapters respecting his visit to the Pawnee Nation have about them a spice of open-hearted drollery and thorough good-humor, which will render them exceedingly popular. The "Pawnee dandy," we perceive, has been frequently copied into the daily prints, and it is indeed a laughable portraiture worthy of all praise.

In his delineations of Virginian habitudes and manners—a theme often attempted, but seldom with success—he has been particularly truthful. Virginians will recognize his sketchy picture as far more life-like than many an elaborate painting. We may here observe, by the way, that in his desire to do justice to the noble and lofty simplicity of Judge Marshall, he has been led into one little inaccuracy. "His house is small," he writes, "and more humble in appearance than those of the average of successful lawyers, or merchants." This is true, if at all, only as regards the average throughout the Union. In Richmond, Judge Marshall's is regarded as a very large and desirable house—indeed, it would be called a large house any where. In regard to Mr. Murray's "receiving attentions in Richmond more marked than he either expected or felt himself entitled to," we can assure him that he is precisely the kind of person whom Virginians *make a point* of treating with respect, and that throughout the whole State he could have entered at will into a society as absolutely aristocratical as any in Europe—a society, by the way, which would have either received the redoubtable Captain Marryatt as a monster to be tolerated, or kicked him out of doors as a matter of course.

The Poems of Ossian. Translated by James McPherson, Esq. To which are prefixed a Life of the Translator; A Preliminary Discourse or Review of the Controversy relative to the Authenticity of the Poems, and Dissertations on the Era and Poems of Ossian. Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

This edition of the "much debated" Ossian is a very beautiful one indeed. Of the Poems themselves it is scarcely necessary to speak. To-day, thanks to a thousand critical investigations, their great merits, as well as minor deficiencies, are matters sufficiently well understood. We think it desirable that the name of the writer should have been prefixed, in each case, to the Dissertations on the Era and Poems, as well as to the Life of McPherson. It must, indeed, have been omitted by an oversight. The Dissertations, we presume, are those of Dr. Blair—but there is nothing in the book to lead the reader to this opinion. Moreover, these treatises are all in favor of the authenticity of the Poems; it might have been as well, perhaps, to offer something on the other side of the question—especially as that other side is altogether the most tenable. Dr. Johnson's protest might have been well given; it is much to the purpose, and his hearty exacerbation is amusing, to say no more. The Objections of Malcolm Laing would have also proved interesting; or those of Wordsworth in the preface to an edition of his own poems; and the important observations of Gibbon should have been, at least, alluded to, in an edition like the present—observations which, with ourselves individually, had more force in engendering a conviction of the forgery than the more elaborate arguments of more verbose men.

The Gift. A Christmas and New Year's Present for 1840. *Edited by Miss Leslie. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.*

This, the fourth volume of the "Gift," is, in all respects, superior to its predecessors, and is a remarkably beautiful and excellent book. The plates, with a single exception, are engraved by American engravers, from original pictures by American painters. Indeed, most of these pictures may be said to have been painted expressly for the work, as they form a portion of the private collection of Mr. Carey. In thus looking at home for talent, the publishers have shown a patriotic and praiseworthy spirit which is not often evinced in cases such as this, where the patriotism is at the expense of the pocket.

In our present number, we have no room to speak at length of the book, as it deserves; we may take an opportunity of doing so hereafter. At present we may remark, in brief, that the "Don Quixotte," painted by Leslie, and engraved by Danforth, is noble and bold; that the "Ghost-Book," by Pease, from a picture by Comegys, is, in the same manner, capital; as also, again in the same manner, the "Isabella" of Sully, engraved by Cheney. The plate entitled "Childhood," by the same artists, (Sully and Cheney,) is a gem; and we particularly admire "A Portrait," beautifully done by Forrest, from a design, also, of Sully's. The embellishments, however, which will attract the most attention, are two vivid home pictures by W. E. Mount, engraved with great spirit by A. Lawson.

Of the literary contents, we can now scarcely say a word. Mr. Simms has a good story about a

"Lazy Crow;" Miss Leslie has an admirable sketch in her own always admirable manner; and a brief poem, by N. C. Brooks, of Baltimore, entitled "The Nyctanthes," is worthy of the highest commendation.

A System of Modern Geography, comprising a Description of the Present State of the World, and its Five Great Divisions, America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceanica, with their Several Empires, Kingdoms, States, Territories, etc. The whole Embellished by Numerous Engravings of Various Interesting Objects of Nature and Art; together with Representations of Remarkable and Noted Events. Simplified and Adapted to the Capacity of Youth. Illustrated by an Atlas of Sixteen Maps, Drawn and Engraved to Accompany the Work. By S. Augustus Mitchell. Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

Mr. Mitchell is very favorably known to the public by previous geographical labors. His present work does him infinite credit, and, owing to the obvious character of its superiority over *all* school-books upon the same subject, will not fail to make his fortune, by making its way, at once, into every respectable school in the Union. In such matters, teachers, who deserve the name, have no alternative—it is positively incumbent upon them to supply their pupils with the best (accessible) text-books in every department of knowledge. Apart from the positive *merit* of a work they are allowed, in honor, no consideration. In this view of the case we predict a rapid and extensive circulation of the Geography now before us. It is, beyond all question, *the best* school-book upon the subject now in existence.

We note a few of its leading features. The whole work is divided into short sections, such as are considered sufficient for one lesson, and these sections are marked, for the purpose of saving trouble to the teacher, and gradually enlarged, so as to keep pace with the increasing capacity of the pupil.

As far as prescribed limits would permit, we have a description of the various *political* divisions of the earth, according to the views exhibited in the latest and most authentic works on the subject. In the accomplishment of this portion of his design, Mr. Mitchell has evidently labored with diligence, and assuredly has displayed a more than ordinary tact.

The text of the book is remarkably accurate, not only in itself, but in its accordance with the Atlas—a point not always attended to. The Maps themselves are all from original drawings, especially adapted to the work, and are engraved with exceeding neatness and distinctness, as well as carefully colored. They also embody the location of remarkable historical events, of rail-roads and canals, and the distances from continent to continent—a decided and valuable improvement. We have maps, too, of Palestine and Liberia. The map of Oceanica is compiled with reference to the religious and moral changes which have occurred in its principal islands within the last twenty years. This has never been done before.

We should not neglect to speak of the pictorial designs which enliven and illustrate the book, and are all well engraved, chiefly from spirited original drawings. Some of these designs are of a national character, illustrating important incidents in the history of the country; the greater number, however, represent striking objects in nature or art, and are of a character well adapted to arrest the attention and excite the curiosity of the pupil.

The scrupulous accuracy of the text, (as far as positive accuracy is attainable in a science so constantly progressive,) and the perfect distinctness of the maps, are points which, alone, would insure for Mr. Mitchell's Geography a preference over all the similar books with which the country is flooded, and in most of which the grossest and silliest errors abound, while their Atlases are scarcely to be understood at all—but there are a great variety of other particulars (a far greater variety than we can attempt to discuss here) which render the work, as we have already said, the most desirable text-book extant upon the subject of which it treats. We heartily wish it all the success which its very high merits deserve.

Flora's Lexicon. An Interpretation of the Language and Sentiment of Flowers; with an Outline of Botany, and a Poetical Introduction. By Catharine H. Waterman. Herman Hooker, Philadelphia.

This little work will hold a high place, and deservedly so, among the numerous gift-books for 1840. It is an attempt to comprise within reasonable compass a full lexicon of the rich language of flowers, and the work is adorned with such quotations from the best poets of our language, both native and foreign, as have a direct and graceful reference either to the peculiarities of the flowers, or to the sentiments which they are imagined to express. An outline of Botany is appended—concise yet sufficient for its purpose. The botanical name of each flower commences with a fanciful ornamental

wood-cut by way of capital letter, and we have also illustrations of the Rose, Ivy, Myrtle, Scarlet Ipomœa, Laurustinus, Convolvulus, Jasmine, Strawberry, Tulip, Crown Imperial, Turk's Cap, Lily, and Lily of the Valley, all beautifully drawn on stone, and colored by James Ackerman. These, we say, are worthy of all praise; but the gem of the work—and what would be a gem in any work—is the Poetical Introduction, from the pen of the editress, Miss Waterman.

Opinions of Lord Brougham on Politics, Theology, Law, Science, Education, Literature, etc. etc. As Exhibited in his Parliamentary and Legal Speeches, and Miscellaneous Writings. Two volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

The object of this publication was not only to embody the most brilliant passages from the most celebrated speeches and writings of Lord Brougham, but also to develop, in a gradual manner, the particular mind and genius of the man. This design is well carried out, and we arise from the earnest perusal of the book with our opinion strengthened, if possible, in regard to the extraordinary character and exceeding vigor of the intellect discussed. Perhaps, however, the best portion of the work is embodied in the Prefatory Memoir, which contains more complete, accurate, and satisfactory information about his Lordship, both in his public and private life, than any thing of the kind hitherto published.

Fair Rosamond; or, The Days of King Harry II. An Historical Romance. By Thomas Miller, Author of "Royston Gower," "Beauties of the Country," "A Day in the Woods," etc. Two volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

"Royston Gower" will even yet be fresh in the memory of many of our readers. Its writer appears to us to be a man of true genius, but of a somewhat uncultivated intellect—of deficient education.

The subject he has chosen for the present novel is one of excellent *materiel*, and he has handled it well. The liberties taken with the historical character of Rosamond, in making her privately married to the King, and in many other respects, are fully justifiable upon the ground that we really know little about her, and that that little has no great weight of authenticity.

The Man About Town. By Cornelius Webbe, Author of "Glances at Life," etc. Two volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

Cornelius Webbe is one of the best of that numerous school of writers who sprang up upon the ruins of Lamb's intellect. He carries his harum-scarum, hyper-excursive mannerism to an extent which is sometimes fatiguing, but, upon the whole, is an author of merit, and possesses a dash of the "true and blissful Hippocrene." If a man is in a perfectly good humor with himself and all the world, he will find nothing to ruffle his temper in the "Man About Town." Some of these vagaries are capital, outrageously so, and all are very readable. "Punning made Easy," we reckon in the class outrageous. "Charley Stump, the Crossing Sweeper," is a humorous sketch, and the "Young Man at Ninety," will be sure to please every one who is at the trouble of reading it.

Hamilton King, or The Smuggler and the Dwarf. By the Old Sailor, author of "Tough Yarns," "Stories of Greenwich Hospital," etc. Two volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

The Old Sailor, whoever he is, is also the author of "The Naval Foundling," a sea-novel, in three volumes, republished, a short while ago, by Messieurs Lea and Blanchard. He is a writer of spirit in many respects. His sea-scenes are exceedingly vivid and life-like, and altogether his works are of that particular character which is sure to render a book popular, in the most usual, and in the most rigorous sense of the term.

BURTON'S

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1839.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

Illustrated by a Splendid Engraving on Steel.

This building was commenced in 1793 by Mr. Hallet as architect, who was succeeded by Mr. G. Hadfield and Mr. Hoban, who finished the north wing. The charge of the work was then given to Mr. Henry B. Latrobe, (architect) who directed the building of the south wing, and prepared the halls for the reception of Congress. Such portions of the building having been completed as were indispensably necessary for public use, farther proceedings were suspended during the embargo, non-intercourse, and war; at which time the interior of both wings was destroyed, in an incursion of the enemy. After the close of the war, Congress assembled, for several sessions, in a building patriotically raised by the citizens of Washington, for their accommodation. In 1815, Government determined to restore the Capitol. The work was commenced under B. H. Latrobe, who superintended it until December, 1817, when upon his resigning his charge, the farther proceedings were entrusted to C. Bulfinch, who proceeded to execute the designs already adopted for the Representatives' Hall and Senate Chamber, and to lay the foundation of the centre, comprising the Rotundo, Library, etc. These have been completed, with the accompanying terraces, gate-ways, lodges, etc. in the course of ten years. The building now exhibits an harmonious whole, imposing for its mass and commanding situation, and well adapted for the important uses for which it is intended. It may be described as follows:—

The Capitol of the United States is situated on an area enclosed by an iron railing, and including twenty-two and one half acres—the building stands on the western portion of this plat, and commands, by the sudden declivity of the ground, a beautiful and extensive view of the city, of the surrounding heights of Georgetown, etc. and of the windings of the Potomac as far as Alexandria.

The exterior exhibits a rusticated basement, of the height of the first story; the two others stories are comprised in a Corinthian elevation of pilasters and columns—the columns thirty feet in height, form a noble advancing portico, on the east, one hundred and sixty feet in extent—the centre of which is crowned with a pediment of eighty feet span: a receding loggia of one hundred feet extent, distinguishes the centre of the west front.

The building is surrounded by a balustrade of stone and covered with a lofty dome in the centre, and a flat dome on each wing.

Dimensions of the Capitol of the United States, and its Grounds.

The ground within the Iron Railing, twenty-two and one half acres. Length of Foot Walk, outside of Railing three-quarters of a mile and one hundred and eighty-five feet.

THE BUILDING IS AS FOLLOWS:

Length of Front,	352 feet 4 inches.
Depth of Wings,	121 do. 6 do.
East Projection and Steps,	65 do.
West do. do.	83 do.
Covering one and a half acres, and one thousand eight hundred and twenty feet.	
Height of Wings to top of Balustrade,	70 feet.
Height to top of Centre Dome,	145 do.
Representatives' Room, greatest length	95 do.
Representatives' Room, greatest height,	60 do.
Senate Chamber, greatest length	74 do.
Senate Chamber, greatest height	42 do.
Great Central Rotundo, ninety-six feet in diameter,	96 feet high.
The North Wing was commenced in 1793, and finished in 1800, cost	$480,262 57*
South Wing commenced in 1803, and finished 1808, cost	308,808 41
Centre Building commenced in 1818, and finished in 1827, cost	957,647 35
Cost of building the Capitol	$1,746,718 33

* Including all alterations to 1814.

The Representatives' room is in the second story of the south wing—is semicircular, in the form of the ancient Grecian theatre—the chord of the longest dimension is ninety-six feet—the height, to the highest point of the domical ceiling is sixty feet. This room is surrounded by twenty-four columns of variegated native marble, or *breccia*, from the banks of the Potomac, with capitals of white Italian marble, carved after a specimen of the Corinthian order, still remaining among the ruins of Athens; which stand on a base of freestone, and support a magnificent dome painted in a very rich and splendid style, to represent that of the Pantheon of Rome, and executed by an interesting young Italian artist, named Bonani, who died about twelve years ago. In the centre of this dome is erected, to admit the light from above, a handsome cupola, from which is suspended a massy bronze gilt chandelier, of immense weight, which reaches within ten feet of the floor of the chamber. The speaker's chair is elevated and canopied, and on a level with the loggia or promenade for the members, consisting of columns and pilasters of marble and stone. Above this, and under a sweeping arch near the dome, is placed the model of a colossal figure of Liberty, by Caucici, (in plaster,) on the entablature beneath is sculptured an American Eagle, (in stone) just ready to fly; copied from nature by an Italian sculptor of high reputation who has left but this single specimen of his talents in this country.

The artist, Segnior Valaperti, was but a short time in America, the most of which he spent in Washington. He was retiring in his habits, and of a melancholy temperament, associating with few persons, and with those but seldom. Soon after the completion of this *chef d'œuvre* he disappeared, in a mysterious manner, and has never been heard of since. About a month after his disappearance a body was found in the Potomac, which was thought from certain resemblances, to be his, (though this was never satisfactorily ascertained,) and hence it has been conjectured that in a fit of melancholy, he threw himself into the river, and thus put an end to his unhappy life. Such has often been the melancholy fate of genius.

In front of the chair, and immediately over the entrance, stands a beautiful statue in marble representing History, recording the events of the nation. She is placed on a winged car, which is in the act of rolling over the globe, on which is figured, in basso relievo, the signs of the Zodiac, and the wheel of the car is the face of the clock of the hall, finely designed and beautifully executed. The whole was done by Signior Franzoni, another meritorious Italian artist, who also died in this city. Between the columns is suspended fringed drapery of crimsoned marines, festooned near the gallery, to limit the sound and assist the hearing. A magnificent portrait of Lafayette, at full length, painted by a French artist, and a most admirable likeness of that patriot, decorates a panel on one side the loggia, and indicated to the legislative body to whom it has been presented, that the corresponding panel on the opposite side could not be more appropriately filled than by the portrait of *him* who achieved the liberties and secured the independence of his country. Between the columns, at their base, are placed sofas for the accommodation of those who are privileged to enter the hall, and within the bar, in a semi-circle fronting the speaker's chair, are seated the members of the house, each of whom is furnished with a mahogany desk, armed chair and writing materials.

The Senate Chamber in the north wing is of the same semi-circular form—seventy-five feet in

its greatest length and forty-five high—a screen of Ionic columns, with capitals, after those of the temple of Minerva Polias, support a gallery to the east, and form a loggia below—and a new gallery of iron pillars and railings of a light and elegant structure, projects from the circular walls—the dome ceiling is enriched with square caissons of Stucco.

The walls are covered with straw colored drapery, between small pilasters of marble in the wall. Columns of *breccia* or Potomac marble, support the eastern gallery.

The upper gallery on the east side was removed in 1828, and a light, airy, and beautiful one as mentioned above, erected along the semicircle fronting the President's chair, supported on small iron columns, handsomely bronzed, with a railing in front, of the same material and color. The removal of the dark and heavy mass of stone which formed the upper gallery has thrown into the chamber a proper degree of light, which it wanted before; and the new and tasteful gallery renders it more convenient to the members, by accommodating those who would otherwise be on the floor. The access, to it, however, is somewhat objectionable, as are most of the stair-cases in the building. They are rather confined and dark, for so spacious and magnificent an edifice as the Capitol. A stair-case is susceptible of great architectural beauty; and in the construction of such a building the opportunity to display that beauty should not have been neglected.

The Rotundo occupies the centre, and is ninety-six feet in diameter, and ninety-six high. This is the principal entrance from the east portico and west stair, and leads to the legislative halls and library. This room is divided in its circuit into panels, by lofty Grecian pilasters or antæ, which support a bold entablature, ornamented with wreaths of olive—a hemispherical dome rises above, filled with large plain caissons, like those of the Pantheon at Rome. The pannels of the circular walls are appropriated to paintings and bas relieves of historical subjects.

In the small Rotundo of the south wing, there are columns of the Tobacco, and, in the vestibule in front of the Hall of Representatives, of the Cotton order; because these staples have been selected as ornaments for their capitals, and are really not much inferior, in richness and beauty, to the Acanthus leaf of the Corinthian. It was the design of Mr. Latrobe, the former architect, to make this edifice national, and to render it so, as far as possible, by the introduction of architectural ornaments derived from the principal native productions of our country. He did intend, moreover, to support one of the galleries of the Senate Chamber with emblematic figures of the thirteen old states, decorated with their peculiar insignia, and the models were actually made by one of those fine Italian artists whom he had engaged to be sent to this country; but a neglect or refusal on the part of Congress to make the necessary appropriations, defeated his design.

THE LIBRARY.

Passing from the Rotundo, westerly, along the gallery of the principal stairs, the Library room door presents itself. This room is ninety-two feet long, thirty-four wide, and thirty-six high. It is divided into twelve arched alcoves, ornamented with fluted pilasters, copied from the pillars in the celebrated Octagon Tower at Athens. At the entrance, in the centre of the room, which is approached from the great central Rotundo, are two columns of stone, with capitals, corresponding with those of the pilasters, and immediately opposite and fronting the window which leads into the western colonnade, stand two similar columns of stone. These pillars, with alcoves, support two galleries, extending nearly the whole length of the room on both sides, and divided into the same number of shelved recesses as the lower apartment. From these recesses springs the arch which forms the ceiling, elegantly ornamented with rich stucco borders, pannels, and wreaths of flowers. On the roof, which is about ten feet above the ceiling, are three sky lights, the walls of which are beautifully decorated with stucco ornaments. The principal apartments, as well as the committee rooms, on the north, attached to it, are handsomely furnished with sofas, mahogany tables, desks, Brussels carpetting, etc.

The apartment for the accommodation of the Supreme Court, on the basement story of the north wing, immediately below the Senate room, is of a semicircular shape, with the windows to the east to admit the light, which enters awkwardly and feebly, at the backs of the judges, on the bench. The arches, in the ceiling diverge like the radii of a circle, from a point over the justice seat, to the circumference. On the wall is an emblem of justice holding her scales, in bold relief, and also a figure of Fame, crowned with the rising sun, and pointing to the Constitution of the United States. The members of the bar are conveniently accommodated with seats and desks in the body of the apartment; and the visiters are furnished with rows of benches on the right and left wings of the centre of the Court.

The Chief Justice sits in the centre of the six associate Justices—all clothed in black gowns or robes.

The want of a law library in the Court for immediate and convenient reference, for the use of the members of the Court, was certainly a defect. The room, though small in comparison to the principal apartments of the Capitol, is large enough for the business of the Court. There are, however, occasions when an interesting question or a popular orator, attracts a concourse of citizens, who in that case, may find some difficulty in procuring seats.

EAST FRONT—TYMPANUM.

The Genius of America occupies the centre of the group. Her figure, like that of all the others, is colossal, and fully, (perhaps too fully,) covered with drapery. She stands on a broad unadorned plinth, and her right hand holds a shield, inscribed in the centre with the letters U. S. A. surrounded with a glory. The shield, which is of an oval form, rests on a slender altar, on the front of which is an oaken wreath in bas relief, with the words "July 4, 1776," within it. Behind her rests a spear. Her head, crowned with a star, is turned over her left shoulder toward the figure of Hope, to whose animated address she seems to be listening with attention, but with calm self-possession. Hope is an enchanting, airy figure, full of fire. She gazes upon the Genius with smiles, lifts her right arm and hand into the air, as in an attitude of delighted anticipation, while she seems to be dwelling on the rising glories and all the halcyon prospects of the republic. Her left elbow rests on the stock of an anchor, and the left hand is bent upwards, grasping in her eagerness, a part of her drapery. But the Genius, to whom she speaks, instead of catching her enthusiasm, points with emphatic dignity to the object on her right. This is Justice: a cold chastened figure, with eyes raised toward heaven, holding in her right hand an unrolling scroll, on which the words "Constitution of the United States" appear in raised letters of gold. Her left arm is elevated, and bears the scales. She has neither bandage nor sword; for in our free and happy country Justice is clear sighted, and stands with open face, respecting and comparing the rights of all; and it is in this, rather than in her punitive energies, that she is the object of the veneration of freemen. The moral of the whole is just and striking. However Hope may flatter, America will regard only that prosperity which is founded on public right and the preservation of the Constitution. Such is the design: and the execution is worthy of it. The figures have grace and elevation: much of the "*mens divinior*" which is about the works of the ancients. The artist at first contemplated giving more of nudity; but he was warned that the public sentiment in this country would not admit of it, and in his caution, he has gone into the opposite extreme. The head of Justice is covered with a fold of her mantle, which projects in a graceful form, and which, could the sun reach these figures when at the necessary elevation, would cast a fine shadow on the upper part of the countenance. But it happens, unfortunately, that this can never take place: as, before he climbs to that angle, the pediment is either partially shaded by the cornice, or, together with the whole eastern front of the building, deserted by his rays altogether. The Eagle, which is at the feet of the Genius, and between her and the figure of Hope, is one of the most masterly features in the design. Not only is the general outline of the bird strikingly true to nature, but the finish of every part of it beautiful in the extreme. Its head is raised, and turned upward toward the countenance of America, while its wings are partially expanded, in act to rise, as if ready and eager to fly at her command.

To point out defects is an invidious task, and one of the least welcome duties of criticism. There is so much of excellence; the general idea, (which was suggested by Mr. Adams, after upwards of forty designs had been offered and rejected,) has been so fully and so happily expressed, that strictures on the drapery or on the execution of particular limbs in the figures have an ungracious bearing. We will mention but two faults which strike the eye. The arm of the Genius which rests upon the shield, is somewhat constrained; she seems to be holding the shield that it may be looked at, rather than reclining her arm upon it with unconscious ease. And the right arm of Hope, which is elevated, appears to be too wide at the wrist, a fault which impairs the lightness and delicacy that characterize the residue of the figure. But these slight defects are overlooked among the many beauties which surround them.

All the figures of the group are colossal, being about seven and a half feet in height. A perfect symmetry has been given to the form, and the attitudes are at once graceful and expressive. Viewed with the eye of an anatomist, the minuter parts of the human structure are developed with a distinctness and truth which, while it displays the labor which the artist has directed to the production of these details, exhibits also the extent and correctness of his scientific acquirements. In the draperies of the figures there is great felicity of execution; the fullness, the folds and flow of the mantle, exhibit surpassing excellence.

The eastern entrance to the Rotundo, from the floor of the Portico, is ornamented with two light and beautiful figures, in stone, in the act of crowning with laurel the bust of Washington, placed immediately above the door.

The rotundo is topped by a cupola and balustrade, accessible by means of a stair-case passing between the roof and ceiling. From this elevation the prospect which bursts upon the eye is splendid. Three cities are spread before you: the Potomac on one side, and the Eastern Branch on the other, running and rolling their waters to the ocean; a range of hills extending in a magnificent sweep around you, and displaying all the richness and verdure of woodland scenery, with here and there beautiful slopes in cultivation—the whole colored by the golden beams of the setting sun, burnishing the reposing clouds, and gilding the tops of the trees, or giving light and shade to the living landscape—form a scene which few portions of the earth can rival, and which none can surpass. The dome of the centre, though nearly a semicircle, does not please the eye of a stranger; it wants greater or less elevation to contrast agreeably with the domes of the wings.

Besides the principal rooms above mentioned, two others deserve notice, from the peculiarity of their architecture—the round apartments under the Rotundo, enclosing forty columns supporting groind arches, which form the floor of the Rotundo. This room is similar to the substructions of the European Cathedrals, and may take the name of Crypt from them: the other room is used by the Supreme Court of the United States—of the same style of architecture, with a bold and curiously arched ceiling, the columns of these rooms are of a massy Dorick imitated from the temples of Pæstum. Twenty-five other rooms, of various sizes are appropriated to the officers of the two houses of Congress and of the Supreme Court, and forty-five to the use of committees; they are all vaulted and floored with brick and stone. The three principal stair-cases are spacious and varied in their form; these, with the vestibules and numerous corridors or passages, it would be difficult to describe intelligibly: we will only say, that they are in conformity to the dignity of the building and style of the parts already named. The building having been situated originally on the declivity of a hill, occasioned the west front to show in its elevation one story of rooms below the general level of the east front and the ends; to remedy this defect, and to obtain safe deposites for the large quantities of fuel annually consumed, a range of *casemate* arches has been projected in a semicircular form to the west, and a paved terrace formed over them: this addition is of great utility and beauty, and at a short distance exhibits the building on one uniform level—this terrace is faced with a grass bank, or glacis, and at some distance below, another glacis with steps leads to the level of the west entrance of the Porter's Lodges—these, together with the piers to the gates at the several entrances of the square, are in the same massy style as the basement of the building; the whole area or square is surrounded with a lofty iron railing, planted and decorated with forest trees, shrubs—gravel walks and turf.

THE BIRD OF THE WEST.

The synod of Gods were assembled in state,
Convened in the regions above,
When Phœbus arsing, began the debate,
And thus he addressed father Jove:

"Oh! Father, as lately the coursers of day,
Descended the road in the West,
All faint, and exhausted, I paused in my way,
To give them refreshment and rest.

Looking down where the blue rolling ocean extends,
Where once lay the region of Night,
Lo! full on my view a large continent bends,
Ne'er seen by the beams of my light.

From hence mighty rivers and lakes I surveyed
The trees on their margins that grow,
And mountains projecting such grandeur of shade,
They frown on Olympus below.

My course was so rapid, I caught but a glance,
For had I delayed my career,
My steeds must have checked sister Dian's advance,
That season to mortals so dear."

The wing-footed Hermes the throne thus addressed:
"Oh, Father, now listen to me,—
This Eagle I found while exploring the West,
And here I present him to thee."

Jove said, while the bird on his sceptre had sprung,
"How noble, how stately his air!
Now fain would I try if an Eagle so young
In triumph my thunder can bear."

The Bird seized the bolt, and resplendent he flew,
While the Gods all beheld in amaze
How calmly he sailed through the regions of blue,
And bore in his talons the blaze.

"See, Neptune!" cries Jove, "how he flashes along
Now over thine empire he flies,—
From ocean is dashed a refulgence so strong
The lustre ascends to the skies.

He bears in his talons my thunder so well,
'Tis a present I cannot decline,
Henceforth let all those on Olympus who dwell,
Know the Bird of the West shall be mine."

Then blue-ey'd Minerva accosted the throne—
"Thy justice shall mortals arraign,
Thy herald is seen in thy thunders alone,
And man will indignant complain.

Let Mercy and Justice thine attributes prove,
And thus be their union expressed;—
The olive of Pallas and thunder of Jove,
Be borne by the Bird of the West!"

With brim-flowing nectar, these words they approve,
And this was the toast they express'd;
"The olive of Pallas and thunder of Jove,
And here's to the bird of the West!"

SWEEPINGS FROM A DRAWER.

BY W. LANDOR.

1. Mark how erect is he who treads the plain—how bent his figure who ascends the mountain, and you will learn that contentment, only, is uprightness, and that all ambition compels a stooping.

2. The political and social conditions in a nation, in respect of their relation and advancement, co-exist like the *pavé* and *trottoir* in a street; the former of which is the arena of the workingmen, and the latter the platform of the gentry. In the American constitution, nearly the whole street is *pavé*; in the English, too much is *trottoir*. In the one, the gentleman is muddied, and often endangered by the movements of the workingmen; in the other, the workingman is fettered and cramped by the privileges of the gentry.

3. Haughtiness is often the refuge of a weakness which is conscious that it cannot sustain itself in an equal encounter with its fellows.

4. An author's fame will often rest upon one work, and his greatness be sustained by another that is less popular. We might doubt the depth and sincerity of some of Byron's most finished pieces if it were not for the undeniable furious power of some that are less excellent. We might conjecture that the images of Childe Harold were but paintings in fresco, if we did not see the solid statues of Giaour and Corsair behind them.

5. Happiness consists in occupation of mind. Small minds require to be occupied by affairs. Great minds can occupy themselves.

6. Men-haters and men-despisers have been in action more successful, and in authorship more popular, than men-lovers. Witness, in the former, Cromwell, Napoleon, and Frederic; in the latter, Swift, Voltaire, and Byron.

7. The whole works of any great author, (I mean such parts as are peculiarly and exclusively his own,) are but the development of one idea. What is the soul but an idea, and thought, but the application of it to things in the world?

8. Hell-fire is not a lie. The passions are rightly called fires, even to the body.

9. Some school-masters seem to think of their pupils as the modern Greeks do of their olive-trees, that the more they are beaten the more they thrive.

10. Most of the sufferings, especially the mental pains, of men arise from their efforts to regard and understand the world as a serious scheme; whereas, in fact, it is all a joke.

11. Men worship most the man that worships least.

12. Religion is the homage which the intellect pays to the feelings.

13. The predominance of gloomy traits in the universal popular idea of God, proves that there is greater misery than happiness in the world.

14. Whenever you hear a person undervaluing another with some degree of earnestness, be sure that, in his inmost soul, he is afraid of him. Sincere contempt excites a compassion that is accompanied with tolerance.

15. It is a fatally frequent error in conduct, to consider a thing trifling and unimportant because it is common-place. In literature, thoughts are valueless in proportion as they are commonly observed; in action, they are important in the same ratio.

16. Wise men never make prophecies.

17. To the sensible and the great state yourself; to your intimates understate yourself; to the mob overstate yourself.

18. Never tell a severe, sensible person, an unlikely story, even though you know it to be true.

19. The exhibition of little peculiarities and oddities often promotes liking, but always diminishes respect.

20. Never let your feelings, with regard to persons, affect your perceptions with regard to things.

21. Never rest in first impressions, but still inquire and seek new views.

22. If you want to impress in conversation, introduce your own topics; if you want to please, let your companion.

23. The fate of thy discoveries, O man of genius! may be likened to thy experience when thou hast sailed up into some new country, on the bosom of a river; every thing that is near flies backward from thee, and thou goest unattended and alone. But look above thee, and look beyond, and the heavens, and the distant parts of the earth, are moving onward with thee.

THE PRIVATEER.

A TALE OF THE LATE AMERICAN WAR.

(Continued from page 196.)

CHAPTER VII.

NEW ORLEANS, AFTER THE BATTLE.

It was night, and the fairest city of the south was flashing with her millions of lights. The splendid illumination waved in spangled pillars to the skies, and flung a pavilion of living light over the gorgeous wilderness of squares, the suburbs, the bannered shipping, and the sleeping father of rivers. It was a festival of stars; the crowded streets, the shouts of the frantic populace, the clang of bells, the bursts of martial music, mingled uproariously with the thunder of cannon, and the eternal rattle of vehicles, announced a mighty event. It was the night after the immortal eighth of January, and the preserved city was one grand festive court. The conquerors were hailed with the grateful plaudits of their countrymen, and fair hands showered laurel wreaths on the warrior brows of the veteran and the youth, the bold hunter, and the fiery cit.

A glaring light streamed from the marble portico and richly curtained windows of an aristocratic mansion, in the most fashionable promenade. It lighted a crowd of glittering equipages, constantly coming and going, as they set down their richly attired inmates. Within, the brilliant saloon and columned halls sparkled in the array of elegance and wealth; sumptuous boards were spread with the choicest luxuries of that garden clime. There the sounds of revelry quickened the soul into the passionate flow of ecstacy—music was breathing its divinest power, and voices soft and rapturous warbled the witchery of song. The fairest flowers of the south were gathered there to blush at their own loveliness. There beauty careered in the pomp of dress and splendor of jewelry. It was a fête of gems. There floated the dark, magnificent Creole—the courtly, majestic Donna—the laughing belle Francaise, and there too was the fair-skinned lily of the north. The chivalry of the army and navy were there, and more than one foreign uniform and star brightened in the throng. Tall plumes nodded in the mazy dance, and bullion epaulettes glittered beside the orient necklaces of the fair.

An hour swept on; a gay group of military had gathered near the recess of a window—and an elegant one, in the tasteful dress of a French naval officer, was detailing some circumstance connected with the war, when his voice arrested a young midshipman of the American navy passing by.

"Charles Harman," he exclaimed, "by all that is sacred, have you risen from the dead?"

"Jenkins! I believe, my dear fellow," spoke lieutenant Harman, warmly extending his hand. "It is no ghost."

"Impossible! you have been on the dead list some six years or so. Where have you been?"

"At sea, like yourself, but under different colors," returned Charles, laughing.

The astonished Jenkins drew Harman's arm within his own, and they sauntered through the rooms. Charles briefly sketched his history, and made anxious inquiry of his home.

"What a surprise you will be, there," exclaimed his wondering friend; "I saw your father and sister ten months ago, when they were very well—but zounds! they have little idea that you are in existence. I have been on active duty ever since. Why, that hot-headed cousin of yours, Walter De Berrian, who used to be such a chivalric lad at school, cleared out just before the war, and has never been heard of since."

"Never!" said Harman, with anguish. "Jenkins, did you ever hear of a privateer Sea-Gull in your cruises?"

"Often, often, in '12 and '13, and a daring craft she was. She sailed from Baltimore, I believe. That fierce captain of hers was called the Black Boatswain on the salts. The Sea-Gull's flight was short and glorious. You knew her?"

Charles dared not ask the rest; he listened with an agony of interest as his friend continued; the story was short and awful. Sometime at night, in February, '13, the Sea-Gull dashed among a fleet of British merchantmen, off Cadiz, and cut out a splendid ship. The alarm was given, and a swift-sailing schooner of eleven guns started in pursuit. The Sea-Gull shortened sail till she came up, and they fought yard-arm and yard-arm for one tremendous hour. The slaughter was immense on both sides, yet victory perched on the flag of the Sea-Gull. Several of her officers fell, and the intrepid Parole himself was killed in the arms of victory. The conquerors leaped aboard their prize, and saw the gallant Sea-Gull go down before their eyes—a fitting sepulchre for the heroic dead she held. The captured schooner, being greatly cut up in the hull and rigging, was retaken at dawn by a frigate, and the Americans carried prisoners into Gibraltar.

"The names of the officers killed?" was the quick and painful inquiry of Charles.

"I never learned," said the other.

"Jenkins," gasped Charles, "he was there—Walter, your old schoolmate, was in the Sea-Gull."

For many minutes, Charles Harman remained leaning abstractedly on an elegant column, and the crimson fringe of the damask drapery half-concealed his features. Many a dark bright eye stole with soft and curious interest to the handsome stranger—for sympathy with those that mourn is woman's nature. The music, the bursts of laughter, and the tripping of the dancers' feet, fell unheard upon his ear, for Harman was tranced in memory's dream. The past, the vivid past, had lifted up its curtain, and away in the embowered vale of youth he was sporting with Catharine, that sister so capricious, so gifted, and so loved. Now, dark fancy painted her in the solitude of grief. Cruel were the hand that could shield the sunshine from a flower so fair; and conscience whispered "it was thine." Again he was a captive in the ocean storm, amid the blaze and thunder of a sea-fight, and his chivalric cousin held to him the charter of freedom, written in his own blood. Where was that cousin now? Stretched unknelled on ocean plains, or groaning in a foreign cell! A spirit waved his troubled dream to a bed of sickness and pain, and that spirit stood revealed in the sweet child Agnes. Her clinging kiss was on his lip—her warm tears gushed upon his cheek—her voice of fountain tones—he started; was it that same sweet voice, liquid and low as the echo of a lute, that now broke the spell of his reverie?

Young Harman looked up, and adored. A girl of surpassing loveliness, dressed in purest white, was leaning near on the arm of a naval officer, who led her out to dance. Her wonderful beauty was a delicious flattery to mortality. A figure was hers, of mould so light and exquisite that sylphs who had seen her would blush at the candor of their mirror. So young, so pure, and bright she was, that a Peri in green Oman's waters would kneel to her as the youngest Princess of Pearls. Her hair, her curls, clustering redundant and—where is the word that can picture their hue? The matter-of-fact have named it auburn—but it is not that; it has no name—language is sullen at its poverty. The brush, in hands that wrought for a seat among the stars, has sometimes dared to copy its radiance; but that fairer artist, nature, smiles at the presumption, and pities the failure. And her dove-like eyes of tremulous blue! Love would have chosen them for its lustrous throne—but, alas, the meagreness of description! Who that has *seen* the moon rise over a silent sea, can forbear a smile when he *reads* of it? That lovely girl was the star of the festival.

The music struck up—the dance swept on; the star floated amid the galaxy of lesser lights, bright as her sisters in heaven. Suddenly, the star was arrested in her graceful sphere; she had caught the adoring light of Charles Harman's eye. Joy, surprise, fear, and wildest inquiry, were written in her gaze; but instantly the bright creature blushed, and her eyes were hid under a pair of exquisite lashes. Harman was rivetted to the spot; for more than once, in the mazy whirl of the cotillion, he met a tell-tale glance from those same timid eyes.

"Ha! my noble foreigner," said Jenkins, coming up and tapping him on the shoulder, "doing homage to the beautiful Agnes? No wonder—she is the fairest rose where all are roses."

"Agnes, did you say?"

"Yes, Agnes Woodville—her father is a jolly old Virginian, who came to the city some ten years ago, and is now immensely rich. His daughter is just out, and already she is the Lily of New Orleans."

"Heavens! it is she!"

"Hallo—what is the fuss? You know her then?"

"I thought I had seen her before," returned Charles, with the blush of a schoolboy.

"Zounds! I think she has seen you before, if blushes tell. 'We met—'twas in a crowd,'" and the gay middy went humming along.

The dance was just over, and Agnes, mantling with exercise and beauty, was led to a seat amid an involuntary murmur of applause. A throng of admirers crowded around her, and among the youthful, more than one hero of silver hairs passed the homage of compliments that would befit the proudest court. Her partner had hurried for refreshments, when lieutenant Harman caught his arm and begged an introduction.

"*You*, Harman? no, you are too d——d good looking."

"Selfish!—if you would have my eternal gratitude, remember my name is not Harman. Don't ask questions—introduce me as Brown, Smith, Jones—any thing."

"Aha! come along, I will immolate self; but those are odd names for a Frenchman."

"De Melville, then," said Charles, laughing.

De Melville was introduced. At the name, Agnes looked up; there was something of disappointment in her eyes, yet she might well have been mistaken. It was six years since she saw the lover of her childhood, and six years bring many changes. Charles was taller now, dressed *en militaire*, and, in keeping with the profession of arms, he wore a superb moustache and whiskers; his complexion had a southron tint, his expression was saddened, and his manner the calm hauteur of one who has seen and observed the world. Embarrassed amid a profusion of compliments, the *naïve* Agnes' replies were confused, and Harman, with high-bred adroitness, sought her hand for the ensuing dance—it thrilled as he led her triumphantly to the floor. There was a curl on her lip of some inward delight; for she had heard his voice. What disguise can baffle the eyes of love, especially when those eyes belong to a woman?

Agnes Woodville was nearly seventeen—a half-blown rose, shrinking in its first timid glance on the beautiful world, yet smiling through its blushes. Alone with her, in the voluptuous dance, where their hands met so often, and her every smile and word were his, the happy Harman was inspired. The ease and brilliancy of his conversation astonished himself, and spell-bound his partner. Her girlish hesitation vanished at the magic of his elegant address, and her sweet low laugh was less often checked by a blush. Her whole soul seemed to revel in its first glad taste of a new delight, and unconsciously her tones were thrilling, and her looks wore a blissful tenderness fresh from an artless heart.

The hours fled on their lightest wings, and Charles and Agnes were walking in the spacious garden of the festal mansion. Many others had escaped from the heated room, and from every walk merry voices were ringing in chaste or broken French and Spanish. It was winter—if such a name can be given to the hazy slumber of the seasons in that sunny clime—the air was mild, and the rising moon shone as soft on the jewelled tresses of the belle and the lace of the military, as when pearling the orange blossoms.

Harman and his lovely charge were afloat on the wizard current of talk. They culled the choicest flowers that perfumed its banks, and wreathed each other's brows. They tasted the tempting fruit that overhung, and gathered the rarest gems on the fountain floor. It was "the feast of reason"—no not reason, that cool closet reason, that exact matter of rule and measure, of cause and effect—it was passion's feast and the flow of soul. O, there is a spell of deep deliciousness in the converse of kindred souls, more powerful far than heavenly music!

As yet no allusion had been made to their former delightful intimacy Now that they had drawn out each other's powers in the brilliant play of mind each feared that the other had forgotten. "It is time," thought Charles, and he quivered with dread lest the precious prize might escape.

"How strange," he began, with an air of sentiment, "is the harmony of names and natures! It was a beautiful idea to give language and poetry to flowers; music they had already. Who that hears the name of lily, does not associate it at once with music and loveliness? Agnes Woodville! there is a melody in those gentle syllables that has lingered on my ear for six long years; it has floated in my dreams, and in the moonlit watch I've caught its harmony from the sighing waves, and fancied a Peri was singing near. Was this not a lay of delight, sung by the minstrel Hope to the soul, when it was troubled at dark futurity? One of that worshipped name did once minister to my sickness; she was then a child—but how lovely she must be grown now, and very beautiful! We loved—and she promised to be my little wife."

The girl looked up. "Would you know her now?"

"Yes, among a thousand."

A wicked laugh rang on the air.

"Then," said Agnes, "I must presume that you cut my acquaintance."

"Oh, rapture! it is—you are my little wife!"

"How very well done!" wickedly exclaimed the girl; "and when did you get the name of De Melville, sir? Oh, that I had changed mine, too!"

"Forgive me, my lily; it was love that taught the fraud. You have not forgotten?"

"No—but you don't deserve it."

"Agnes, sweetest," he passionately spoke, "our promise shall be redeemed?"

That soft hand slightly returned the pressure of his, and Harman murmured "my little wife," as he printed love's hallowed seal on her lips.

"Let us go," whispered the blushing girl, and the lovers, silent and happy in the treasure of each other, sought the lighted halls again.

"Aggy, my puss, it is late, and I have been looking for you," said a rosy old gentleman, slightly bowing to Charles.

"Father," said the girl, "don't you know Mr. Harman?"

"Why, bless me—so it is! Hurrah, my young adventurer, I'm delighted to see you."

Young Harman warmly greeted his generous friend, and the happy old gentleman, thanks to champagne, rattled and asked a thousand questions.

"Come, come—go home with us this very night," he said, as Charles was reluctantly handing his own Agnes into the carriage.

"What, no!—then, to-morrow, at No. — St. ——; I am dying to hear your story."

"So am I," said the last look of his daughter.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WANDERER'S HOME.

Oh, weep not for the dead.
No more for them the blighting chill,
The thousand shades of earthly ill,
The thousand thorns we tread;
Weep for the life-charm early flown,
The spirit broken, bleeding, lone;
Weep for the death-pangs of the heart,
Ere being from its bosom part.
But never be a tear-drop given
For those that rest in yon blue heaven.
Miss Mary E. Brooks.

It was nearly three months after the incidents of the last chapter, that hectoring March, like some extravagant "blood" who reforms in his last days, woke up delighted one morning, and lavished his sweetest smile on the elegant family mansion of the Harmans. It was a morning of promise and mirth. Nature reposed voluptuously in her morning gown of sunshiny haze. The sky, the sea, and hills, were bathed in a flood of mysterious light which may well be called the atmosphere of poetry, the soft contagion of love and sentiment, the airy cradle of dreams that never redeem their promise, of changes that never change. It was a season when the future is fair as the enchanted distance, and elated man smiles at the lesson of the past. The mansion stood in the same delightful spot, yet it seemed smaller than when we left it three years ago. The carpet lawns, the leafless groves and avenues, and the pretty out-houses, had gathered, it seemed, into a smaller space. The blue hills in the back-ground had stolen nearer to the bay, which itself looked more river-like than of old, and its dim floating line beyond was no longer the limit of the world. Every thing around, however, was laughing in peace and sunshine, as if no longer fearing the rude visit of war. There was something of glee even in the smoke that wound so solemnly aloft on a calm spring morning, giving the idea of the fire's funeral train; for henceforth the myrtle and fragrant lilac usurp its place in the hearth. The merry robin piped a thankful note to find his last summer's nest safe in its tree-fork; the hermit sparrow, who had spent a grave winter, drawn up, philosopher-like, under a hawthorn shed of snow, now stretched himself out, and hopped a fandango to his own music among the naked shrubbery. Larks were singing in the fields; flocks of blackbirds chattered from the trees; and often the flute-like whistle of the partridge swelled from the distant hedge. The broad and tranquil bay was spangled with fragments of ice, on many of which sea-gulls were perched to devour their prey. Several sail were standing listlessly on the ample sheet; and away from the shore, at the long blue line of deep water, whole acres of wild fowl were gathered in council, preparatory to their annual migration. Nearer in, numerous flocks of dippers frolicked around the bank; the beautiful swans had long since gone, and now the wild geese were on the wing and their wild bugle notes floated to the sky.

On that balmy morning, Catharine Harman, the last of her name, and sole mistress of a splendid estate, the gifted belle and the bereaved orphan, the mirror of fortune's brightest smiles and darkest frowns, had wandered without attendants to her favorite grove, and reclined herself on a vine-sheltered seat by the shore. She was dressed in deepest mourning, and there was something of holy harmony in its contrast with her unearthly beauty. Just before the end of the war, her father had died of the gout, like a true gentleman as he was; and his last breath was a prayer for his proud nephew's return, and his daughter's happiness. The orphan clung to her father's grave, and felt that she was desolate. At the winter's eve she would linger there, and murmur with the chilling winds, "I am alone;" and then came the memory of her cousin, so proud, so wronged, and *now* so wildly loved! Often would she steal, on the cold moonlight nights, to the lonely shore, to pray for the absent, and wonder at his fate. And oh! could he have seen that face in tears for him, and heard the wild and melancholy blessing of his name, what then would have been the struggles of pride, the hopes of fame, to the priceless homage of such a heart—the prayer of a lip so pure?

Catharine had changed; for she was no more a coquette. Ah, when the heart has once felt the bitterness of unhappy love, its anguish is no more a mockery. From that fatal evening when the offended beauty had driven her injured cousin from her presence for ever, "a change came over the spirit of her dream." It was a first and bitter lesson in that unread tome of mysteries, the human heart. The wand was struck from the enchantress' hand, and she was poring over her own hidden couplets. She read them—they spoke of love for her noble cousin; deep, eternal, and breathing of worship, was that love.

Catharine had changed; for her exceeding loveliness was stripped of its scorn and hauteur. There was a lonely and tender sadness in her matchless features, more fatal to the heart than the blandest lines of the conscious beauty. Three years and accusing regret had wept from her eyes the fire of the morning sun, but left in its place the mournful poetry of the star. Sorrow might have stolen a rose from her cheek, but a softer lily slept in its stead. Before, she was the laughing wave of the ocean, singing with the summer wind, and splendid in its glee; now, she was that wave, exquisite in its weeping roll, when left by the wind that gave it life.

The orphan lady sat long and musingly by the shore. The soft influence of the season stole cheeringly over her soul. She smiled so like the Catharine of happier days, and there was a thought so fond and eloquent in that smile, as would lure cherubs down from their palaces of clouds.

"Surely," said the lady, as she flung back the crowding ringlets from her cheek, and her dark eye flashed, and her ripe lip curled with a meaning so like her former self; "surely that Power who gave this beautiful world its life, will not mark me for a cheerless pilgrimage through its singing vales. Have I not suffered enough—a mother, a brother, a father, and my cousin who always loved me! My thoughtless sin is bitterly atoned, and could he know all he would forgive—he did forgive me even when my curse was spoken! Oh, yes, he will come back and say, 'See, dearest, my life shall be a delightful task to make thee happy!' Oh, eternal hope, like the watch-light on the stormy coast, thou shinest the brighter for the darkness of the future. Has that future no bright spot for me?" and her eyes rested on a fleecy spot, away down on the scarce-defined bosom of the bay. Catharine watched it with a half attentive interest; and when, after an hour, it came up with the morning breeze, and emerged from the distance, a tall and splendid packet-brig, a wish, wild, thrilling, and tremulous, found utterance on her lips.

"That bark," she whispered, "is freighted with the destiny of many hearts—perhaps of mine!" Sweeping the curls from her eyes, she looked again, and the brig, like a stately swan just alighting, suddenly furled her snowy wings, and dropped anchor a half mile off, just opposite the grove. A boat was lowered—she saw it—it rowed towards her—she saw the silvery oars glancing in the sun, the glazed hats of the sailors, and the group of dark forms astern; she caught a glance of something like a female dress, and how strange that she should feel an instant pang—a dread she knew not of what! The boat came nearer—a tall form stood up in the stern, as if eager to spring to land, and she saw the gleam of naval buttons; but, suddenly, the boat had swept around a beautiful slope towards the landing, in a mimic bay, on the northern side of the mansion.

Trembling and agitated, she knew not why, Catharine Harman hurried towards the house. At the gate of the lawn, she met her favorite servant. The girl was almost out of breath.

"Mercy! what is the matter, Sarah?" asked Catharine.

"Oh, Miss Kitty, I'm so agitated—don't know who they are—it is a very pretty lady, almost as pretty as my mistress, and a gentleman favors poor dead Mas Charley, he's so handsome—but ah, poor young master!"

"Hush!"

Pale and faint, she leaned on the servant's arm, and they flew to the house.

"I showed 'em in the front parlor," said the girl, "but don't go in now, my dear mistress, you look so sick."

"Leave me," said Catharine, in a whisper; "I am well." Her cold hand was on the bolt—she stopped—then opened it with a shudder.

A girl whose almost infantile loveliness would shame the faintest plaything of the pencil bounded with out-stretched arms from a sofa, and stood a living, eager, beautiful statue of impulse. The mournful yet splendid beauty of the superb woman before her—her form of such elegant mould, and her features so finished—faultless, yet so like *his*—seemed to have overpowered the innocent creature in her haste. Catharine was rooted to the spot; and the girl sunk to the floor like a dying flower, and murmured gently—"Sister!"

"Sister!" burst wildly from Charles Harman, as he threw aside a folding door, and sprang to her side.

Catharine stood white and hushed as the chiselled inspiration of the sculptor.

"Speak to me, Catharine, my own sister," and the lady was strained convulsively to her brother's bosom.

"Sister," she slowly repeated, as if talking to spirits of air, "I am no sister!"

"Catharine! Catharine! I am your own brother Charles! Speak—oh, tell me that you know me!"

Reeling like an exquisite statue shaken from its base, she swooned on her brother's bosom. For many minutes of intensest interest, Catharine was stretched upon the sofa, in the embrace of the agonized Charles; her hair had showered in dancing masses around, in vivid contrast with the fearful white of her features. The lovely girl at her side was endeavoring with caresses to win her back to life.

"See, Agnes," said Charles, "she recovers."

"It was a sweet dream," heavily whispered Catharine; "oh, come back again!"

"Sister, it is no dream."

"That voice—Charles!"

"Catharine!"

A searching glance, a scream of delirious joy, and the frantic lady poured a flood of delicious tears on the neck of her long-mourned brother. When she looked up again, an arm as soft and fair as her own stole around her neck, and the weeping Agnes drew their lips together. Charles Harman placed her lily hand in that of the bewildered Catharine, and fondly said—"My wife."

And a happy day was that. The strange news of young Harman's life and return flew over the estate like a prairie fire. The wondering negroes capered and flew to the "great house," to see the dead alive. Those only who have witnessed the return of a travelling "young master," can form any idea of the outbreak. Every soul, young and old, man, woman, child, set into dancing as if for life. With a negro, dancing is the out-pouring of the soul; it is his religion and poetry. Never was there such a scene of jollity since the prime days of their fox-hunting "old master." A month passed amid the wonder and congratulations of friends.

(To be Continued.

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY GEORGE L. CURRY.

LIFE.

How transient! yet how wearisome it seems!
  In infancy, like flower of early spring,
  It struggles on, as weak and frail a thing;
Then youth, and with it pass those golden dreams
That have the inner temple of the heart
  Illum'd with joy above the worldly kind,
  But, ah! too transitory—too refined!
Then comes mid-age, most prone to guilt and art,
Avarice, exulting in his baneful power,
  Impelling onward to inglorious ends,
Till in old age is wept the bitter hour
  Of birth, and penitence at last befriends,
Or in despair, when all with ill seems fraught,
Death as a speedy antidote is sought.

DEATH.

How dreadful 'tis to some—by others thought
  A peaceful, though a dark and lonesome sleep;
  And they who solemn vigils strictly keep,
And worship Heaven in truth, have wished for nought
Less terrible more earnestly than this;
  Ye tired pilgrims journeying here below,
  Weary and heart-sick of a world of wo,
Longing for immortality and bliss—
Ye world-adoring mortals! then prepare,
  Make pure your hearts, that God may enter in,
  For it is terrible to die in sin;
The dread Hereafter foolishly to dare,
To have your spirits, wingless, doomed to dwell
Forever in Corruption's loathsome cell.

Boston.

THE MAGIC FIDDLE.

A FORECASTLE YARN.

TALK o' music—you should a' heared my old messmate Jack Splice, or "King Jack," as we afterwards called him, play on the wi-o-lin: it would have done your hearts good. Ah! Jack did with his fiddle what our *guffees* never did with their baggonets ashore; he saved the lives of a boat's crew; and more nor that, married a gov'nor's daughter, and was made King of the Island, and all along cause of his being sich a rare hand on the fiddle. Ah! you may snigger, my hearties, and think I'm running my chaffing ta'kle out, and coming Tom Pepper over ye, as was kicked out down below cause of his pitching it too strong; but I'm blessed! if the yarn isn't as true as that I'm capt'n o' the foretop o' this Her Maj'sty's ship B——. But you shall hear the sarcumstances jist for all the world as they happened.

Ye see, my boys, when I was a young 'un I first of all tried my hand in the marchant sarvice, and having a straight-for'ard kindly sort o' a skipper, I took a trip or two in a trader to the West Ingees. The "William," as she was called, was a long wall-sided craft, with sich a sheer as ye never seed. Well, for the matter o' that she was decent enough for a marchantm'n, and if her decks war'n't holy-stoned as this here is, why there was some'ut less to do. In them 'ere days there was none o' your must'rings and 'spections, piping up and piping away, and exercises at great guns and small arms, as one sees and feels a-board a king's ship, and that too when an honest man might be taking his quid in peace, and be never the worse seaman; but I must belay my jaw-tacks, or mayhap the off'sir o' the watch mayn't like my 'pinion o' these here matters—not but all on ye knows I'll stick by the sarvice as long as my old timbers can lay out on a yard. Well, it was my third trip in the ship William, and we started with a fair wind from the Thames in the spring o' the year for Cuba. We carried out with us, besides our cargo, a lot o' pass'ngers. There was a young madam, the sweetest cretur ye ever knowed, a daughter o' a gov'nor o' one of the West Ingee islands, with an old lady and two sarvants to wait on her; and then there was a couple o' planter chaps, as yellow as a quar'ntine flag, together with a young sodger off'sir. But the best man o' the ship, for'ard or aft, was Jack Splice! He was a pictur o' a seaman to look on, and though more of a youngster than an oldster, he could hand a sail or box the compass with e'er a blue jacket as ever sailed. The gals ashore said as how he was the prettiest lad they ever clapped eyes on, while the oldest on the crew 'knowledged he was the smartest hand they ever seed aloft, and so Jack was—I never knowed his like. But Lord bless ye! this valeys as nothing to Jack's playing on the fiddle: it was sweeter nor any thing you ever heared. Jack was the boy to make ye dance: give me six-water grog! if there was ever a man as could well keep his legs steady when he struck up "Jack's Alive," or the "C'lege Hornpipe." Ah! I've seed Jack play and foot it at the same time—coming the double shuffle and toe and heel touch, as never a player-m'n a-port could.

Well, as long as the fair weather lasted, the watches went pleasant, as we had Jack's fiddle, and now and then may-be a can o' grog from the pass'ngers. We had been running afore the wind for three weeks, when, after chopping about for a matter o' two days, it shifted, and a reg'lar lot o' heavy gales from the nor'-west set in. Well, we were 'bliged to shorten sail, and stand to the south'rd, but it wouldn't do, there were so many hands at the bellows we were forced to scud for it for three days, a dead loss on the log, as the first mate said. On the fourth day the wind went down a bit, and shifted a few pints round to the west, though it still continued to blow fresh. I had just turned out with the second mate and six hands for the morning watch, and the ship was buckling-to agin under courses and reefed to'sels on the starboard tack, when all ot once a hand for'ard sings out "breakers a-head!" The skipper as was on deck had just time to pipe all hands, that the ship might be put about, when she ran dead on to a coral reef, the formast smashing off by the board, and ev'ry man being pitched off his legs. Well, there the ship stuck, as fast as if she had been on the stocks, a long heavy sea making clean breaches over her groaning timbers as she lay cast over to leward. Well, what with the screeching o' the poor young madam and her women—the cries o' the other pass'ngers, and the roaring o' the breakers as dashed over the decks, it was enough to have

shook the stoutest heart. Ye see it wasn't a time for thinking, but doing, and all hands were soon hard at work cutting away the wreck o' the foremast, and heaving over the cargo as could be got at to lighten the ship. The mizen was cut away and then she righted a bit, but we all soon seed there was never a chance of getting her off, as the tide was leaving her fast, and it was too rough to have carried out the best bower to have hove upon; and to make matters worse nor ever, the long boat was stove in, agin the larboard bul'ark by the second sea, as washed over the ship when she'd struck. Fort'nately the tide as it went down left us nigh high and dry, and then we seed as how the old barkey was struck hard between two rocks, with part o' her bottom and counter rig'larly smashed, so as she'd never a' floated together in deep water. Though the skipper had a stout heart, he said the next tide would finish her and all aboard if Prov'dence didn't send a sail that way. Part o' the crew were put to keep two short nine-pounders we had aboard firing by turns, while the other hands were keeping a bright look-out for a sail, or getting up provisions. Well, it was a black look-out as you may think my lads, as there seemed a pretty sartainty of our being all sent to Davy Jones. Some o' the crew had managed to get at a puncheon o' rum, and swearing they would die jolly, had got "three sheets in the wind," and were tumbling about the deck, and oaths and curses was mixed 'long with cries and pray'rs o' the pass'ngers. Well, the tide as was to break up the poor old barkey had turned, and the breakers, as white as milk, had just come rolling round the ship, pitching the spray on our decks, when Jack sung out—

"A sail! a sail!" And sure enough there was a sail as could jist be diskivered, which set most of us nigh mad with joy.

Our guns were kept blazing away; and for fear she should not see us, though we had our main-mast with our buntin revarsed in the wind, Jack sets to—he could turn his hand to any thing—and makes what he called a "smoke devil" of tar and powder, which he claps in a stone jar. Taking this up aloft, he makes it taut to the topmast, and setting it a-fire, a thick black smoke shot up into the sky. The stranger, we soon saw, seed it, as she put about and came scudding like a gull afore the wind, while all, as could, gave a cheer o' joy. We soon made her out to be a schooner, a riglar looking clipper, of about ninety ton, with a yellow streak just above her water-mark, and her decks filled with men. Giving the helm a sheer port, she brought up within half cable o' the reef, when a bluff-looking chap, in a red cap, hailed—

"What wreck is that?"

"The William from London, bound to Cuba," replied the skipper, "for God's sake send your boat, as we have but one left."

The poor young madam and the other pass'ngers were giving thanks to Prov'dence, and the sober hands were feeling light at heart, getting the little jolly-boat ready in the davit ta'kles to lower. But the schooner's crew, 'sted o' manning their boat away, began jabbering among themselves for a minute or two, when the same voice as hailed afore sung out—

"We're sorry, but we can't bear a hand, as we're closely stowed already," and clapping her helm hard down the schooner luffed up in the wind and bore away.

If you'd a-heared the screams and cries of all the poor creturs aboard our bark when the schooner, like a cursed craft as she was, left us, as we all thought, to feed the maws of the fishes—you'd never a-forgot it—it would a touched the heart of a savage. We were now as it were worser off nor ever—the men refused to 'bey the skipper and mates, and it was every one for himself and God for us all. The first and second mates said as how it warn't any use to stay by the wreck, and they'd try the boat with the men as would go with 'em. Well, the skipper, third mate, and Jack, told 'em they'd be sure to be swamped; but it was never no use, and they'd have a try to reach land, as they couldn't well be far from some o' the islands in the Carribee Sea. After putting a quarter cask o' water, and some wine and junk as they'd got up from the ship's 'tween-decks, they were lowered away from the leward side, there being three men and the two mates in the bit o' a jolly. Off she put, and we seed her clear the breakers and get into a long and heavy sea, which carried her aloft as though a walnut-shell, and then stowed her from our sight. Presently a sea pooped her, we heard a cry come down on the wind, and then seed the galley floating keel up'ards, but never a hand holding on by her; her crew had become meat for the shirks about that black reef. Well, all thought now there was never a chance of living to see land again. The breakers came washing higher over the wreck, every sea making the ship's timbers groan agin, when Jack, as was a tuying to comfort the young madam—for along of his music ye see he was a bit o' a fav'rite with the young missus—when all at once he jumps up and sings out—

"Come, my hearties, never say die, I've knowed a raft live where never a boat could."

"Ay, ay, a raft! a raft!" sung out some o' the hands.

Though the carpenter was laying dead drunk, like a lubber as he was, Jack set-to, along with me and two others, like a good one. The skipper shook his head, along with the third mate, as though it was never no good, but when they seed how knowingly and strong Jack lashed some spare spars and quarter-casks together, making a flush deck along with the ship's planks, my eyes! they all on 'em began to think o' Jack's hand-craft as offering a chance. After the float was made Jack, splitting up some o' the bul'ark o' the ship, makes a sort o' hand-rail round the raft. All hands then—there warn't but eight—had a hard matter to get the raft over. My eyes! it floated like a cork; and putting

a couple o' lads in her, with two o' the long-boat's oars to keep the float from being foul o' the wreck, Jack, who was the life now aboard, set about getting up some victuals from the hold, that by this time, ye see, had a matter of six foot water. What with diving and rummaging about, Jack managed to loosen some o' the casks o' junk and water, and this, with a few bottles o' wine as he fished up, was handed down into the raft. By this time the sea was coming, tearing around and breaking over the wreck, carrying over two of the drunken hands, and making the others hold hard on the lee side o' the wreck close where the raft floated, the poor barkey all the while groaning as though she knowed her time was come.

Well, pass'ngers, and what there was left o' the crew, were now anxious enough to get on the raft, as sea after sea came 'pon us, lifting the wreck, and striking her heavily on the reef; but Jack was 'gaged in getting a bit of a sail for the jury-mast of the raft. Well, we hands this over, with a lot o' ratlin for lashing the cargo well together, and then Jack shoves over his fiddle in a box, which he had stowed away in an old sail when the ship first struck, saying as how he'd live to play many a tune yet; and so he did, as how my hearties you shall all soon hear. All being ready, and the cargo made tant on the raft, we were all about to get the ladies and pass'ngers in, when the skipper sung out to hold hard, as a heavy sea was a-coming. We turned and seed it as big as a mountain—Lord, what a minute for us poor souls!—it took the water-logged old bark up like a stick, and then smashed her down further up on the reef into a thousand pieces. But one loud sing out, in which the stoutest hearts joined, and we were all in among the wreck and the breakers. Luckily I came up close agin the raft, and was hauled a-board by the two men in no time. Though we kept a bright look-out to pick up any hands, few o' them rose after their first duck, cause o' the floating timbers which smashed against 'em, so that we could only manage at first to pick up the skipper, and the sodger off'sir, and a man. Presently I caught a sight o' poor Jack a couple o' boats' length off a-making for the raft, and holding up the young missus. He was just spent, poor fellow, when I heaved over the end o' an oar, which he laid hold on, and we hauled them both on to the raft. Well, for a time we were all feared o' being smashed by some o' the wreck as floated around us, as well, ye see, as being washed off the raft, which had got low in the water. Howsomdever, by making a few stretches o' ratlin across the spars we managed to hold on and get clear o' the reef. Well, the first thing Jack and the skipper did, was to pour a little rum down the young madam's throat, which brought her to a bit, and then a *glass* was served round in an old tin pot as I had thrown on the raft.

Well, there were eight on us drifting away on a bit o' a raft on a strong sea, as came over us nigh every minute. Fort'nately Jack's work held on strong, and the skipper had hopes of falling in with some o' the islands as he said laid about them latitudes. Well, the wind went down with the tide, and the night—sich a night may I never see again!—passed, and we found ourselves in the morning's light cold, wet, and hungry, with never a land or sail in sight. Give me nine-water grog, if it warn't a blue look-out; and, to make matters worse, a bag o' biscuit as we had kivered with a sail, was quite salt with the water, so that the little served out by the skipper only made us want to drink more, and each of us was only 'lowed a quarter pint a day. Well, in this miserable sitivation one—two—three days past, the wine all gone, and our fresh water nigh out, and we all mad for drink. But I aint going to spin ye a yarn o' the terrible feelings and doings on that raft, where there wasn't one that didn't wish he'd gone to Davy with the wreck. On the fifth day the water was all gone—no sail, no land—the wind had gone down, and the sun was shining hotly upon our blistered bodies as though it would bake us. Bill Stayling, one o' the hands as had charge o' the raft when the ship broke up, was lying dead, and we too weak to heave him overboard; the poor old skipper was fast going, he did nothing but talk o' "land," but it was a better land nor we could see where he was soon to go. Poor Jack, as had tried to cheer us up to the last, could hardly speak, still he held up the poor young madam in his arms. Ah! poor Jack had nursed her as a father would his child, and even made her take part o' his share o' the 'lowance o' water while it lasted, and that too when he was nigh crazy for the want o' it himself. Well, the sea was as smooth as glass as we drifted along, while a lot o' shovel-nosed sharks were frisking about the raft, as though the cursed creturs knowed there was a feed for them aboard. Well, there were but seven of us now left, the skipper, the young sodger off'sir, three hands beside myself, and the young madam. Well, one or two began to look quite wild and fierce, and there was a sort o' whisper or two in which the sodger off'sir was consarned, and then the terrible truth on it come out—which man was to die that the others might live a bit longer, in chance of being picked up. The poor skipper shook his head, and poor Jack tried to argufy against it, but he was too weak, and the poor young madam, as lay with her head agin his arm and her eyes staring, only gripped his shoulder, which she had hold on, harder. But the sodger off'sir and others said it was better one should die than all. Howsomdever he said they'd wait another day. Well, I'd as lieve died as not; but half a hour after this, looking ahead, I screeched out for joy—oh it was joy I felt sich as I had never felt afore, though it nigh choked me, and it was more nor a minute afore I could say "land ahead!" Poor Jack and the others seemed to doubt, as there had been so many cries afore of land, but looking ahead there was a blue streak as grew darker and darker nigh every minute. "It is—it is land!" cried Jack "God be praised!"

"Amen!" says the poor skipper, quite solemn-like, with a heavy sigh. I looked on him—he had jist gone to that ere land, where there's never no sorrow or care, as the chaplain says.

Well, we drifted and drifted each minute closer to the shore, which we made out to be an island, and it seemed as if the varmint o' shirks, splashing their tails about the raft, seemed to think we should 'scape their maws. One of 'em, turning up his white belly, got hold on the arm o' poor Stayling, as it half hung over the water, and gripped it off at the elbow, and tried hard to pull the body over the raft—the ravenous cretur!

The current had carried us within a stone's cast o' the island, which riz high from the sea, and shewed a fine sandy bay, for which we were fast making; when presently we seed a lot o' naked savages come running down to the beach and launch their canoes, which they paddled towards us. Presently they came alongside; we could only hold our hands up, as though axing them to bear a hand with a little help, but, my eyes! they hung back a-feared at our atomy looks, and held their spears as though they'd a mind to finish us. Next minute howsomdever a big fellow, with sich a pair of fierce black blinkers as I never seed afore—he was a chief, as we afterwards found out—stopped 'em. Giving the savages in his canoe some o' his Indee lingo, they took our raft in tow, and carrying us into a little creek in the bay, lifted us one after t' other out o' the raft on to the shore, 'mong a hundred or two savages who had come down to see us. They then 'gan breaking and stripping the iron out o' the wood o' the raft, and after taking our jackets and some other things away, the big chief ordered some o' his people to carry us to a hut he pointed out, on a bit of a hill as looked over the bay. Some o' the savages, taking us up like so many children, and we didn't weigh no more, soon took us up to the hut which was kivered over with plantain leaves. They were then a-going to leave us, when those as could, put their hands to their mouths to show them we wanted drink, and some o' the young savages running out came in with calabashes o' water. Lord-a-mercy! I never knowed the real pleasures o' drinking till then, and though the young sodger off'sir, after he had taken a strong pull at a calabash, said we should kill ourselves if we drank too much, yet I'm blessed if we didn't swill like good'uns. Oh! that water was sweeter nor ye can think, my hearties. After getting a few yams to eat, the savages left us for the night, though they drawed a sort o' a hurdle afore the hole as served for a door, so as we mightn't escape.

Well, the savages came at daylight in the morning, and gave us some yams and fish, and seemed precious kind, patting us on the back, although they would't let us go above a yard or two outside the hut. As we had never a bench to sit on, Jack made a kind o' chair for the young madam out o' some sticks, and with a little ratlin as had escaped the savages. As I said afore, they'd taken our jackets and shoes, and would a' taken our breeches but that they warn't worth the trouble. But howsomdever they gave us plenty o' yams and fish, as they cooked for us in holes in the ground, which they made hot with burning stones, so that in three or four days we were getting quite round, all but the sodger off'sir, and as he would pick a piece o' poor Jack Stayling, and drink salt water on the raft, he got worse and worse and died, and was carried out by the Inffees. About a week after we had been ashore, and when we had larnt to understand a few words o' their lingo, we were sitting together wondering what the Indees meant by not allowing us to go out, when a lot o' young savages, boys and girls, comes sky-larking around us in the crib. Well, presently I notices a young shaver as he was a chewing a piece o' fresh pork seemingly, which he held in his fist, and I mentioned the sarcumstance to Jack. "Pork!" says Jack, as he snatched the bit from the boy's hand, "may I never see a Christian shore agin if it aint a piece of a man's hand and arm half biled." And sure enough so it was, and we all felt as queer as a first voy'ge pass'nger, the poor young madam nigh fainting. All at once it came over us we were being fattened to be killed by the varmint cannibals o' savages, as cared more for man's flesh nor that of a beast. Oh! my limbs! the raft was as nothing to this here—there was no standing it. The same day in comes a lot o' the men with their clubs and spears, looking on us, we thought, as the alderman chaps in London does upon so many turtles. The beggars begins feeling our arms and bodies, as the cook aboard might the pigs and fowls, while we—Jack and all—half dead with fear, were a wishing we'd been swallowed by the sea 'sted o' the savages as seemed a thinking o' it.

After a bit the savages sits down in the circle, all of us mortally afeard, while poor young madam begins crying bitterly. We were all of us, ye see, as we expected soon to be with the can'bals—*down in the mouth*. After a bit in comes *Mattee Waboo*, the chief as saved us from being killed on the raft, along with a boy carrying Jack's fiddle-case, which he puts on the ground, when the Mattee pointed to it and wanted us to tell him the use on't—for fortinately, as we larnt afterwards, it had been shoved aside as being of no valey, until the chief had overhauled it again, and now brought it afore us.

Honest Jack's face brightened up a bit as he laid hold on his old friend, and as the savages had carried off his keys, why he breaks open the case, and takes out his wi-o-lin, as fresh as when he'd last put it by, with a long store o' fiddle-strings. When Jack, after ros'ning his bow, began to tune a bit, it would have done your hearts good jist to see how the Indees jumped up and got round him. But when Jack struck up the "Sailors' Hornpipe," the savages began shouting with pleasure, and dancing like mad. Well, the news flew like wildfire, as we a'terwards larnt, that among the strangers there was a mighty *geolee waukum*, or "great spirit." Well, Jack seeing how the wind

lay, and knowing the ways o' the Indees, wouldn't play without they gave him plenty o' sea room, as they got crowding too close agin him. The chiefs soon kept the others off, and Jack began a sort o' die away, "Wapping Old Stairs," if I 'member rightly, as made the savages as soft as child's milk, until all o' a sudden he strikes up "Off she goes." Talk of that chap *Off-horse*, as our book-larned bow'son's mate talks o', as made every body follow his music!—why three years pay to a glass o' grog, it warnt any thing like Jack's power over the savages with his wi-o-lin!

Well, the chiefs o' the savages, ye see, would never a' been tired o' hearing Jack, but after playing a couple o' hours, Jack put on a bouncible look, and said as how he'd play no more that day. Well, the savages seemed to think Jack a real spirit; they throwed themselves down on the ground and kissed his feet, giving on us to know they'd come on the morrow. After the savages had all cleared away, we spent a happy night. We had plenty o' yams and fish and cocoa-nuts sent us, and Jack, as he knowed the ways o' the Indees, said there was never a fear of our getting good treatment now all along of the fiddle, and if so be we minded our eye, we might get aboard some ship as hove in sight.

Next morning the chiefs and people o' the island came swarming round the hut, all mad to hear Jack's fiddle, and when Jack struck up some o' his merry jigs, my eyes! the creturs seemed half wild with the music, as they beat time with their hands and feet. But Jack's great fear was, they'd break the fiddle, as many o' them not only put their ears agin it, but wanted to handle it. At last a young beggar, for'arder nor the others, puts his finger on a string, when Jack, slyly giving the peg a sudden hard turn, the boy cried out, as it took the skin off his finger; at the same minute Jack made the violin give a screech, as though it were alive and wouldn't be meddled with; a'ter that they larned to keep their paws off.

Well, as I've said, my hearties, the savages had all larned to think Jack a great spirit that was come to bless the island, and 'sted o' eating on us, ye see, which the varmints had 'tended, they couldn't do too much for us. Now you must know, my hearties, that the king o' the island, as was an old man, had been bad for a long time, and died after we'd been on the island about a month, and Jack—the chiefs and the people would have it—was made king o' the island. He had a large wigwam, what they thought a palace, all set round with skulls, to live in, and as how the three other hands 'sides myself were made chiefs. Lord! the crownation was sich a sight!—there was Jack playing the fiddle, and all the chiefs and people following, while the *Mattaboos*, or priests, six old chaps, moved a-head. Well Jack, as king, had given him a sort o' breastplate made o' human creturs teeth, and a cloak all made o' feathers; and cause as how by the laws o' the island he must marry, why he took young madam to be his queen, and they was married after the Indee fashion, and so they became man and wife.

The island, ye see, as we was on was well found in wood and water, and we all thought it must have been one o' the Carribees as clustered a lot of them together—for we heard from the savages, whose lingo by this time we knowed some'ut of, that there were ten or a dozen o' islands about a day's sail off, and that they were at war with the people and fout 'em when they met at sea, killing and eating the pris'ners as they took, and the other savages doing the like. We larnt also as how *Mattee doolees*, or "great ships," were seed at times by the savages out at sea, and that three small craft had put in there the last two moons to get water, the *luckee beloes*, or "white strangers," giving the natives some glass beads, several rows o' which we seed round the necks o' the women. Well, ye see, my hearties, if it hadn't been for Jack's wi-o-lin, and his wife as was a real sensible queen, he'd a never been able to manage the 'fairs o' state. There was the *doole dooes*, or "wise men," sort o' couns'lor chaps as advises the king—they were all jealous o' each other, and all for diff'rent laws—one wanted a chief dead, because as how he liked one o' his wives, and he would't give her up—and then another wanted to sail agin another island, and bring home plenty o' pris'ners to eat. Jack found it a difficult matter to stop 'em. Well, they soon began to grumble when Jack gave all the chiefs for to know he'd have no more human flesh eat, and though he told 'em the "great spirit" was angry at sich meat being eaten, and that it warn't good, the varmints patted their bellies, and said as how it was *shokee gammee*, "sweet food." Well, as Jack had made me admiral o' the fleet, I had a matter o' twenty canoes under me. I told him if he tried it on, there would be a mutiny; but he would, and I'm blessed if there warn't a rev'lution brought about by that varmint, *Mattee Wayboo*, the chief as had saved us to get us fattened for eating; and the people having got used by this time to the fiddle, didn't care so much about it, and nigh half on 'em, we heard say, were for killing Jack and the stranger chiefs, as they called us, and shoving others in our places. Well, Jack and all on us managed to weather the storm for a bit, while we kept a sharp look-out for a sail at sea.

Luckily for us there was one savage, a pictur o' a cretur for honesty, called *Natty Goo*; he was a rig'lar warrior, could jump like a monkey, and run like a deer, and never missed with the bow and arrow. Natty had managed, being a handy savage, to make some capital spear-heads out o' some old iron he'd got, and one o' the "wise men" as were sort o' judges, mind ye, in the island, went into his hut one day and tried to prig a couple o' spear-tops. Natty seed him, and axed him to give 'em up. The wise man, as was a fool, struck him, and Natty knocked him down. The *doole doo* had him brought before him, and was going to have poor Natty skivered, when King Jack, who had larn't the rights of it, wouldn't let him be touched; ever since which sarcumstance poor Natty,

wos a *poong wong*, or little chief, did all he could to sarve us, and told us o' the mut'ny going for'ard. Howsomdever King Jack, as had a taste for gov'nment like, kept it off by making the chiefs quarrel with one another, which you must know, my hearties, is the way we keeps out a war in old England. That night we larn't they were a-hatching a plot.

Luckily for us, in the morning, a sarcumstance happened as turned out most fort'nate for us all. King Jack, I, and the three hands, as had escaped with us from the wreck, had turned out at daylight along with Natty and three or four chiefs as was staunch, when on getting to the side o' the hill looking over the bay, I'm blessed if we didn't see a small schooner at anchor 'bout half-a-mile from the land. As soon as we clapped eyes on the clipper, my limbs! we knowed her in a minute from her sharp cut, tap'ring spars, as well as from the broad yellow streak just above her water-mark, for the rascally craft as had looked on and then left us on the wreck to the mercy o' the fishes. Ye see we were taken all aback at first, and our hearts beat with the thoughts o' leaving the cannibals; but ye see we had our doubts as to the ch'racter o' the schooner; she was under Spanish colors, and her decks as we had seed her last, was full o' people, while Jack, as seed unkimmonly far, said he thought she had some'ut like a long tom amidship. Presently we seed some o' the hands busy in shoving some things into the boat astarn, when about a dozen of her crew jumped into her and pulled for the bay. They were coming ashore, and Jack, ord'ring our three men to keep out o' sight in Natty's crib, close to the p'lace, takes me down with him to see what we could make out o' the strangers, telling me to say nothing about our wreck, or having seed the schooner afore, but do jist as he did.

When we'd got down to the bay we seed a lot o' the savages as had come down to swop with the strangers. They were the wildest looking set o' bloody cut-throats I ever seed as they stepped ashore—whites and creoles, their beard growing all over their faces, and wearing red silk caps, while many o' their slops was bedizened with gold and silver lace; then, beside the cutlash each man carried 'longside, there were a matter o' two or three brace o' pistols hanging by so many lanyards round 'em, and to these there were one or two murd'rous long knives stuck in a red sash as they all wore. In a minute King Jack and I knowed 'em to be shirks o' pirates, so he minded to keep our weather-eye open. "If we could only capture the schooner, what a thing it would be," says Jack. "Aye," says I, "it would indeed." "We'll try for it," says he.

As soon as the savages seed King Jack, they all made way; and the pirates as was giving away a few nails and sich like 'mong the savages, as soon as they seed Jack, took him for a great chief, and a big fellow with an old cutlash-slash across his ugly mug that had given one eye a squint, and who seemed the skipper, was beginning to make signs to King Jack that he wanted fresh water, pointing to a couple o' casks in the boat.

"Hurrah! my hearties, you're welcome as much as ye like," sung out Jack.

"Hallo!" says the pirates together in a breath, "how's this?—English on a savage island!" as they drew back quite 'stonished to hear Jack's lingo, while one or two put their hands on their pistols.

"All fair above board, my hearties," says Jack; "I'm English like most o' ye, and with this here messmate we're the only two as 'scaped out of a South Merikee brig, as was stove on some rocks to nor'ard o' the island, and now I've got to be king o' this island—only tell me how I can sarve ye, that's all."

"Well, may I be run up with the yellow flag flying, if you arn't a good'un to say it. The truth is, we're in want o' water, and may-be a little prog, as we've had a *banyan* time of it lately, and it arn't convenient to put into every port with the flag we carry at times." And the pirate skipper, sich he turned out to be, gave a knowing leer, while the other hands, with a blasp'mous oath or two, said he was jist right. "Besides," says the squinny-eyed skipper, "we wanted to c'reen and clean out the schooner a bit, if as how you could keep the savages quiet; and as for a few shiners, or a bag o' them, only say the word and they're yours, 'long with a passage, if you should want sich a thing, to any South 'Merikee port."

Jack thanked him, and told them they might consider the island belonged to 'em, when they seemed mighty pleased, and King Jack, to show his power, ordered the whole o' the savages away, as the pirates seemed wary o' them. But as soon as they seed them all fly at Jack's lingo, they 'greed to walk up to Jack's palace, by the way axing us about our ship as was wrecked, Jack spinning them a yarn not quite so true as this here my hearties. Besides this, Jack as much as told the pirate he considered a *free* trader as a likely craft, and would like to have a berth aboard the schooner. When the skipper heard Jack say this, he gripped his fin, told him of a lot o' prizes they'd took, and as how they'd murdered all hands, that the schooner was half filled with silver, and what a jolly life they had of it.

As soon as they got up to King Jack's p'lace, ye see, the pirates were half afeard when they seed the white skulls all round the crib; but Jack soon told 'em they'd belonged to prisoners afore his time. Well, Jack takes 'em into the largest cabin in the house, where he leaves them a minute along with me, while he goes to tell his wife what might chance to turn up for all hands.

Back Jack comes, and as the pirates had brought plenty o' rum, they all began lushing like good'uns, and Jack and I was a hoping they'd get three sheets in the wind, when we might a mastered them with a few hands afore they could a got at their pistols: but it seemed as though the squinney-eyed

skipper seemed afeard o' his men getting too much grog aboard, for he got up and axed Jack to give them a spell over the island. So taking some o' the chiefs 'long with us for fear o' letting them know we intended to cut and run, we made a cruise about the Island, the pirate skipper agreeing to take dinner with Jack, and sending off the boat for more grog and some junk and biscuit as to help to our mess. As Jack gave me to know he wanted to make it night afore he mastered the pirates. Well, we kept cruising about the Island, and going into some o' the cribs, where we had enough to do to keep the varmints o' pirates from getting into a skrimmage with the people, along of their pulling the women about. Well, we managed to make it nigh sun-down afore we got back to Jack's crib, and there we found a lot o' victuals all ready spread. After the things were cleared by the savages, Jack brings in his fiddle, and the pirates begins singing, dancing, and drinking, like mad creturs. Jack's music went to their hearts at once. All the while, ye see, I and Natty, as had been up to it, was a-handing the liquor well about, but though the pirates drunk like fishes, it was a long time afore they staggered under the liquor, and then they began swearing, horr'ble to hear, and saying they'd murder all on the island and have it to themselves.

When Jack saw how matters went, and that the pirates could scarce manage to stand, he axes 'em all to join in a health to the black flag. This was the signal, ye see, for our other hands, as were thought so many savages, to close round and stand ready.

"Ay, ay, the black flag for ever! a heavy cargo and a bloody deck to tell no tales;" says the pirate skipper, and along with his eight men they fills their glasses.

"Are ye all ready?" says Jack.

"Ay, primed and loaded;" says the pirates, as they stood up, most on 'em holding on by the bench.

"Then here's the toast, to—' the True Blue!" sings out Jack, and in a minute the arms of every pirate was pinioned by a Indee and tied behind him, helped by our men. In the twinkling o' a handspike, we took all their arms, and swore we'd shoot 'em if they stirred, or attempted to sing out.

"Now tell me, you pirate rascal," says Jack, putting a pistol to the skipper's head, "how many hands have you aboard?"

The pirate captain, like the others, seemed sobered as it were at once, and begged for marcy, and we soon larn't there were but twelve more.

Jack then tells the skipper he must do as he bids, and come down to the beach with him and us English hands, and hail the schooner to send the boat ashore.

Untying the pirate skipper's hands, and leaving the pris'ners under Natty's charge along with the savages, we took the skipper down to the bay, and made him hail the schooner, which by her binnacle glim we could see lay about a cable's length off shore, with her anchor a-peak, all ready for a start. The schooner heard and answered the skipper's hail to send her boat, and presently we seed it making for the creek where we stood. Keeping the skipper for'ard, and swearing we'd blow his brains out if he gave the 'larm, the boat had no sooner touched the sand, than two or three of us put our pistols to the breasts of the two pirates, and swore we'd shoot 'em if they offered to cry. So they thought it better to allow us to take their arms and gag them, when we sent them up pris'ners long with the others, still keeping the skipper. They had still ten hands aboard the pirate, and there were but four of us, so taking two or three o' our savages, as Jack made lie down in the boat, we shoved off, Jack keeping the skipper facing him, with his fins tied in the starn-sheets. When a couple o' boats off the low schooner, some o' her watch hailed, and the skipper, with Jack's barker at his head, answered. The boat was shoved alongside under her taffrail, and a hand was just bringing a glim aft, which showed the pirates lying long the deck, when Jack, followed by us all, in a twinkling jumped aboard. The 'larm was given, but afore they could fire more nor one or two shots, as did no damage, they all struck in a jiffy, when we spliced their fins aft, and, with the skipper, lowered the beggars into the schooner's hold, while we sent off the boat for King Jack's Queen and the pris'ners, which soon came back with 'em.

Putting the pris'ners all together, and leaving two of our hands to guard 'em, we found the schooner loaded with silver, and gold, and valeybles, and giving three cheers, we weighed anchor, and started off—Natty and two o' the savages going along with us, while all the other savages ashore were howling like mad, and some on 'em, jumping into their canoes, tried to come up with us. What it is to have Prov'dence along with you! That very night, jist after Jack's wife got aboard, a whole lot o' the varmints had gone to kill King Jack and us all; and when they found as how we'd 'scaped, they were like mad. All this Jack had larn't afore, though he said "nothing to nobody;" and now, ye see, through Jack's knowledge and one o' the pirates, as knowed some'ut o' navigation, in less nor a week, we ran into Kingston harbor, Jamakee, little as we were, the richest craft in the port. Well, the captain o' the bloody "yellow pirate," as was well known thereabouts, made a rig'lar stir—the schooner, her cargo, and the pris'ners, were given up to the 'thorities, as they calls 'em ashore, and Jack and all on us got pensions for life, as were giv'n us by the merchants and the gov'ment—Jack getting a hundred pounds a-year, and the others twenty, which I gets to these here day. Well, to bring up, you must know, Jack was regularly married to the gov'nor's daughter—got a sitivation in the Custom-house, through his wife's dad the gov'nor, and now, ye see, has got a matter of four or five chips-o'-the-block about him; and if their music arn't as sweet as Jack's, or Mr. Splice, as they calls him, now, mayhap, they mayn't ever want it so badly, I'm thinking, as their father did 'mong the cannibals.

H. J. M.

THE OUPHE'S LOVE

BY J H M'ILVAINE, DEL

I.

Soul of my joys, Eueda, come away:
In the cool breath of evening's dewy sighs,
The parting sun hath steeped his ardent ray,
The crescent moon high rules the eastern skies:
Yet cold and pale her beams till thou arise,
Star of my life, and shine with living light.
Th' invisible things unveil their starry eyes,
That dwell on high ineffable and bright,
Radiant of peace and love to bless the glowing night.

II.

Here linger we upon the hill awhile,
And mark the last sad tint of evening fade
From yon light cloud, that as a fairy isle
Floats peacefully above the silent glade.
And see, below, the cypress grove arrayed
In deeper gloom of closing twilight hour,
And yon fair tiny bay to slumber laid,
As a bright infant in its mother's bower,
While guardian genii stern the hills around it lower.

III.

And ocean's deeper voice is hushed away,
All save his muttered chidings on the shore
That cannot cease, tho' with declining day
Sinks into seeming rest th' eternal roar.
The plangent deep, shorn of his crested hoar,
Slow weltering mourns above the sailor's grave.
Yon bark, a sheeted spectre silvered o'er,
Seems a calm spirit ruling o'er the wave;
While each wild ocean fiend hath sought his prison cave.

IV.

Descend we now, Eueda, to the stream
Winding unguided thro' the lonely dell,
Whose dimpled smiles now court the young moonbeam
Down stealing thro' the jealous shade to tell
The sportive fountain nymph he loves her well;
While o'er their joys the insect choirs of night
Symphonious now, and now responsive, swell
In ecstasy of musical delight,
Untaught of future ill, and winter's coming blight.

V.

Now rest we here, where pours the tribute stream
Upon the bosom of the little bay;
And sit, Eueda; this curved trunk may seem
A seat for lovers formed. The rising spray
Glances around the rainbow's various ray,
While the soft murmur of the falling rill
Now gently swells, now seems to die away.
Throbs there a soulless breast so void and chill
That here at such an hour could feel no rapturous thrill?

VI.

Conscious of her high nature, swells the soul
Forth reaching thro' illimitable space;
Scorning to dwell beneath the clay's control,
She claims companionship with nature's grace
And glory—folding in her wide embrace
Mountains and rivers, lakes, and seas, and skies;
Owning in yon bright host a kindred race,
While fast within the struggling bosom rise
Thoughts vainly seeking words where all expression dies.

VII.

By hand unseen the mystic veil withdrawn
Seems to reveal the shadowy world of fears;
Upon the spirit wondrous visions dawn,
And greetings chill are whispered in the ears,
Filling the eye with nameless passion's tears.
Here gentlest things that shun the flaring day
Have dwelt, perchance, for unremembered years,
Sporting amid the moonbeam's populous ray,
And hold these haunted seats till nature's self decay.

VIII.

And here old age hath strangest lore I ween,
And well believed even yet the goblin tale;
Strange deeds were done, and stranger forms were seen
Along this haunted shore and fairy vale.
Loud shouts of laughter and the voice of wail,
Mingled with ditties wild but sad to hear,
At midnight floated oft adown the gale,
What time our sires for all they held most dear,
Stood 'gainst their British foes, in peril stern and drear.

IX.

Such wond'rous tale oft sped the flying hour
O'er my first childhood, rousing joy and fear,
When night began in wintry gloom to lower,
And nature sighed for the departing year;
When howl'd the tempest-spirit loud and drear,
While broad and high the faggots flung their blaze,
In hearts around awaking nightly cheer,
Till one loved face would fix the circle's gaze,
As on his tale we hung in wonder and amaze.

X.

For here, 'tis said, a lonely spirit wooed
A child of clay with words of witching power;
Full oft the maid, to this deep solitude
Soft stealing from her sleeping sister's bower,
Would listen, spell-bound, through the midnight hour.
A prince exiled from some bright star on high,
Now blight and withered as a stricken flower,
For crime he scarce might tell of deepest dye,
Here told of his lost joys with many a hopeless sigh.

XI.

But listen thou, Eueda; such the night
As this, perchance, and such the chosen scene,
When that lost Ouphe, in guise of heavenly light,
Less fallen than man, yet fallen far, I ween,
Told his sad tale of wo and deadly sin.
And gentlest, if the lay may teach thee well,
How such may view th' atonement made between
God and the human world, 'twere joy to tell
How from his starry height the erring spirit fell.

XII.

Oh! sweet thy dreams, divinest poesy,
Thy spiritual fountains pure, exhaustless flowing;
Thy potent spells deep-fraught of mystery,
Thy soul-felt joys ecstatic, ever growing,
Breathe on my soul, thy smile with raptures glowing.
Oh! veil not from thy trembling worshipper!
As erst by Chebar's flood, dark mysteries showing,
The True One led his prophet-minister,
Clear thou my visual ray, dispel my spirit's fear.

I.

The storm is fled,
The winds are dead,
Heaves ocean still a chastened moan;
The moon is bright
At deep midnight,
On foam-wreaths by the billows strown.
The wavelets, o'er the shallow bar,
Roll up the narrow inlet far,
Till gently as a maiden's breast
In peace of guiltless beauty's rest,
Within the little bay serene,
They noiseless swell and fall unseen.
Hushed are the breakers on the shore,
Tho' oft they seem with angry roar
Striving as fiends to burst away
The guardian shallows of the bay,
Its tranquil beauties all to blast,
As erst their spell on Eden past:
Tho' scarce perchance ere woman's lightness
Had sullied primal nature's brightness
Were Eden's moonlight streams and groves
So fair a scene for human loves.

II.

In fancy's dream
The whole may seem
Abode of spirits pure and fair;
Not more serene
A fairy scene,
Nor decked with more of beauty's care.
With rude toil spent upon the deep
The wearied tempest here may sleep,
Caressed by drooping vines that lave
Their tresses in the swelling wave,
And soothed by sighings of the breeze
In dalliance with the whispering trees.
Guarded from noonday's sultry beam,
There opes a lovely Indian stream
Mid ancient cedars, sapling pines,
Cool cypresses and wild-grape vines:
Where oft perchance some lone Chactas
Hath mourned for his lost Atala.
Swift stooping to these waters fair
The wearied passage birds repair
To rest from their unguided flight,
'Mid scenes so more than human bright
They well may deem them strangely new
To ruthless man's destructive view.
In other years at summer dawn
Steered from the brake the peerless swan,
And seemed a water-queen to ride
Majestic o'er the conscious tide.
Fearless of lurking hunters' aim
The tall stag and the dun roe came,
Well pleased to bathe at noontide hour,
And crop the whortle's dainty flower.
But those have fled, for man has trode
Too oft of late their calm abode.

III.

In gloom above
The silent grove
Looks down upon the mimic sea
With deepening groans
The sea-drum moans,
The owl hoots back maliciously:
While rippling o'er the placid lake
Is seen the diving otter's wake.
Well known the foe of malice shrewd,
The prudent wild duck warns her brood,
And shadowed in the silver tides,
Her fairy fleet away she guides.
A gay wisp-bearer down the glade,
Comes gleaming from his piny shade:

A merry goblin sprite, I ween,
And often in his antics seen,
Now dancing light his frolic round
Above the dank and fenny ground;
Now wreathing wildfire sportively
Thro' bare roots of yon cedar tree.
The fitful night wind murmuring
Thro' bent-grass wreathed in wild witch-ring
Sighs round his home yon rushy spring;
Where hangs above the sea-conch's shell,
Fit cup to drink of haunted well.
The hour is come, and this the grove,
The Ouphe shall meet his mortal love;
Here he hath wooed her oft alone,
And he hath won her for his own.
O'er her young heart a spell is cast,
His power upon her soul hath past.

IV.

O'er sky and flood,
O'er hill and wood,
From lattice looks she sad of cheer;
With deep-drawn sigh
Her tearful eye
Now turns on one loved sleeper near,
Naught dreaming how that sleepless one
Hath stolen from her arms and gone.
For peace to that lorn maiden's breast
Hath been a transitory guest,
Yet hap what may, yon gleam afar
She knows her spirit's meteor car,
And tho' portentous lowering drear
Her future with unearthly fear;
And tho' of late her wayward life
Hath been but wildest passion's strife,
Yet she to-night shall prove anew,
Joy! joy! her spirit-lover true.
That flushing cheek and glowing eye,
Speak they of hope, of rapture nigh?
Perchance of more; a nameless thought
Within her soul to-night hath wrought,
And whispered inarticulate
Low warnings of her changing fate.
Upon her life's untrodden way
Hath gleamed one momentary ray,
Revealing—but she may not brook
Upon its darksome wilds to look,
For pity! it were sad to see
The ways of spell-wrought phantasy.

V.

A rising star
May seem afar
Yon gleam upon the ocean wave,
That fain would steep
In the southern deep
Its brow the billows swell to lave.
I know not if the tale be true,
'Tis said that wond'rous meteor threw
On wave and wood, on hill and stream,
O'er nature round so wild a gleam,
That startled sleepers woke to gaze
Upon its orb in dread amaze,
And deemed the day of final doom
For man's apostate race had come.
Deep glowed the spectre—near, more near;
The very brook grew hush with fear.
The wild duck greeted loud the day,
The prowling musk-rat dived away,
The whip-poor-will's half-uttered note
Died in the scared night-warbler's throat.
The timid roe forgot her fawn
And fled from such a lurid dawn.
One moment o'er the lake it stood,
Pouring its beams o'er wave and wood;
Then as the lightning's jagged form
Evanishes amid the storm,
Night sunk around upon the scene,
And the wan moon looked forth again.

VI.

Nor aught afraid
Yon timid maid;
Her eye hath caught a wilder gleam;
The spectre light
That gilds the night
Should quail before its ardent beam.
Her spirit's love-notes deep and clear—
Have they not reached her wakeful ear?
Vain thought! Can spring forget her flowers,
Or plants not crave their summer showers?
Bid spectres leave their native glooms;
Life, beauty, health, usurp the tombs.
Let withering frost the rose-bud swell,
And night and day together dwell;
But bid not woman smile or sleep
When love hath bid her watch or weep.
She hears, and to her thought they seem
The music of a blissful dream.

VII.

"At the mystical streams
Of Nilus afar,
I rose on the beams
Of a meteor star.
Thro' night's habitations
Careering I blazed;
I paled the dark nations,
They trembled amazed.
The sailor looked forth
On the fire of my train;
From the south to the north,
It enkindled the main.
The viewless of earth,
The spirits of night,
From sorrow or mirth,
All ceased at my flight.
Fair mortal, the stars
Have veiled their pure sheen;
Their silvery cars
Are rolling unseen.
The high moon is keeping
Night-watch in her tower;
Bright dews are beweeping
Each delicate flower.

Come forth to thy lover,
Fear naught the lone hour;
Each goblin night rover
Hath fled from my power."

VIII.

Oh! pale for fear
Were men to hear
That voice in many a distant dwelling;
The life-blood froze,
As wild it rose,
Afar up thro' the still night swelling.
At first they deemed that it might be
The plover from the sedgy lea;
Or lone curlew's despairing cry,
Left bleeding on the shore to die.
And some—the thought was banished soon—
Might hold it note of water-loon.
But soon they knew—prolonged and shrill,
Arousing terror's deepest thrill—
'Twas naught of nature's common birth,
Nor uttered by a child of earth:
And cowering in his lonely bed,
Each listener veiled his trembling head.

IX.

Why lingers there
That maiden fair,
With heaving breast and tearful eye?
On yon bay shore
She oft before
Hath eager met love's signal cry.
'Tis strange it will not from her brain,
The thought she may not meet again
Her, free of passion's stormy power,
Who knows not sleepless midnight hour.
One kiss—another—can she leave
Her thus to wake alone and grieve?
Their budding loves in childhood growing,
Affection's streams together flowing,
Their spirits breathing still in one—
Oh! can she leave her now alone?
The mingled prayer at evening hour
Low uttered in their peaceful bower,
Her sweet good-night, her last caress,
So full of love and gentleness—
And who shall cheer her loneliness?
Upon the sleeper's cheek there fell
One tear-drop, passion's mute farewell,
And woke th' unconscious murmured sighs—
Noiseless away the maiden hies.

X.

O'er moss and stone
She flies alone,
'Mid silence of the deep midnight;
Thro' glancing shade
Is seen the maid,
A spirit of the pale moonlight.
The hill, the woodland stream is past,
And she hath won the grove at last,
And stills her heart's quick throb to hear.
The falling rill low murmurs near.
Hath some false meteor gleamed above?
Hath some wood-note beguiled her love?
Or spirit of some unknown race
For ill to her sought that lone place?
Away the thought! his thrilling voice
Again hath bid her heart rejoice;
That eye's full orb so deep and bright,
Hath beamed on her its starry light.
And what to thee, lost maid, are worth
All hopes, all soulless joys of earth?

XI.

The conscious trees
Without a breeze
Waved sighing o'er the maiden's head;
The waters wailed,
The sad moon paled,
The stars looked forth all wan with dread.
Age after age of fleeting time,
Replete with loves and woes and crime,
Torn from the future's pregnant vast,
Had slumbered with the dreamless past.
And sad those dewy orbs had seen,
Their sister-planet's faded sheen.
But never since from native heaven
Those wayward ones to ruin given,
By mortal maid's enchantment held.
Wrought strange new sin in days of eld,
Had moon or stars or ancient sun
Such loves of beauty looked upon.
All vainly may the artist try
To catch the light of woman's eye,
Ev'n when untouched of love serene
She moves in grace a conscious queen.
Yet mark, when first those orbs express
The light of passion's tenderness,
The hand forgets its wonted skill,
The trembling heart but knows to feel.
And scarce that spirit dares to prove
How strong the spell of woman's love.
And he—no human guise he wears,
It is no human form he bears,
Such as in manly grace arrayed
May court the dreams of blushing maid;
But all ineffable, so bright,
He looks a child of sinless light.

XII.

But sad his brow
And gloomy now,
Deep fraught with restlessness of wo;
Where mildness grew
A wildness new
Is in that eye's dilated glow.
Unknowr, the maiden's heart to bless,
He came in seeming gentleness;
But dreams she not that by her side
A fierce fiend woos her for his bride?
And is there nought of fearfulness
In that wild spirit-thing's caress?

Ah! well she knows her all his own;
Her spirit to his love hath grown;
And were he of the outcast crew
To their Creator erst untrue,
So deep the spell—whate'er await
Her love, she may not shun her fate.
Yet hath she often paused to dare
The meeting with her unknown there,
And sometimes vowed no more to try
The gaze of his deep fearful eye;
But now it turns so mild on her,
So gentle—nay, she cannot fear.
Tho' swelling fast, she knows not why,
Swift tears are glancing from her eye,
While pours that spirit-voice scarce heard
Faint musical each breathing word,
As thro' the nerves and quickened sense
Flows summer eve's sweet influence,
She feels his kindling thoughts that roll
Ecstatic thro' her passive soul.

XIII.

"Mortal of birth,
Fair child of earth,
I would not stay thy passion's tears,
If boded ill
Thy bosom chill
With future sorrow's herald fears.
Weep, thou that can'st; you mortals say
Tears take wo's keenest stings away.
It may be so, for I have seen
The young bough crushed when full and green
Weep some few drops, then as it grew
At first swell out with life anew;
But dry leaves torn to swift decay
Are borne by wanton winds away.
Not vainly, maiden, o'er thy heart
This sadness comes—to-night, we part.
Nay—hear—my tale, untold before,
Tho' long in act shall soon be o'er,
For night wanes on, and I must be
Ere dawn beyond the Indian sea.

XIV.

"Maiden, afar,
Above yon star
That paly gleams upon the night,
Long ere this earth
Found happy birth,
We held ethereal worlds of light:
All withered now, and dark and drear,
Yet still, my native orb, still dear,
Tho' faded from thy joyous light,
Dry with sin's curse and hopeless blight,
To see thee ev'n in thy lost state
Would soothe my own unhappy fate.
The comet wild careering on
By many an orb and central sun,
Should see innumerous in the skies,
System on system beaming rise,
For ages as ye count them here,
Ere he could reach our darkened sphere,
Once fresh with life and happiness—
Nor dreamed we they could e'er be less

XV.

"In sinless joy
Of blest employ
Secure we long in peace abode;
Our chief delight
To do aright
His high commands and worship God.
Free of the universe to trace
The wonders of extended space;
Wide thro' creation's empire vast,
From world to distant world we passed;
Grew intimate with things on high;
The spirit-realms of mystery;
Scanned their deep policies of state,
And read each ancient system's date:
Skirted the bounds of night afar,
Where glimmers many a lonely star.
Pale centinels they stand on guard,
And keep o'er Chaos ceaseless ward.
An age were scarce enough to tell
What things in yonder regions dwell
Of wondrous beauty pure and true,
Unswerving from allegiance due,
Serene of joy they still adore
In forms as fair as erst we bore.

XVI.

"From star to star
In sounding car
Glad rumor tireless long had sped,
That worlds of life
And beauty rife
Should rise in space untenanted,
And from their distant spheres of light,
Where brooded first creative might,
Long time had poured thro' realms of air,
The countless spirit-nations there.
With other tribes to see, adore,
Thither our curious legions bore;
Wo to the hour! and sin's black weed
Veil up that day's unhappy deed.
When all untouched of crime and woes,
From Chaos first your planets rose;
When upward from th' abysm whirled
Your sun with each attendant world
Rolled out and took his central stand
In middle space by new command;
When first in joy each young orb sped,
In light prolific on it shed,
And youthful order's reign began,
Strange wonder thro' the heavens ran.
And full and far when first rung out
From that assembled host the shout,
With those who share our penal woes
My seeming joyous voice arose.
Free burst the hymn of praise we sang,
Free thro' the listening heavens it rang;
Reverberate from star to star
It shook their mighty arches far,

Till he, the High One, veiled in fear,
Bent from his awful throne to hear.

XVII.

"Earth's human lord
In peace adored
Of nature in descending grades,
Immortal then
The sire of men
I saw in lovely Eden's shades.
Unconscious of his future crime,
Tho' child of clay he stood sublime,
With one pure creature fair as thou—
In thee I see her, maiden, now—
Complete in bliss and formed to prove
The highest ecstasies of love;
Of intellect serene and high,
With form of grace and symmetry,
Wrought strangely into harmony.
Ye hold the clay-formed body naught
But clog of happiness and thought;
And such it is with ill now blent,
Perverted from its first intent
To raise vile passions in the soul;
Yet blindly scorn her right control:
Not always thus; sad change hath been
Upon it wrought, the change of sin.
Rich source of good, refined of sense,
The soul confessed its excellence,
And found in its renewed employ
Unfailing fruitfulness of joy.

XVIII.

"In marvel strange
Your sophists range
If man be linked in fate's decree;
Or free of will
He chose the ill,
Or whether both at once may be—
Dark riddles! they shall plain be read
Ere full the age of earth be sped.
Of import high, and darker still,
The sad mysterious birth of ill.
Whence it could come, or how arise
To blight us in our native skies;
And whence its awful power could be
To tear from ancient fealty
The innumerous high archangel host
Now in the pit of darkness lost;
And why it last should enter here
To desolate this happy sphere—
Why suffered in His works to dwell,
I know not, mortal—none can tell.
Thus much; as from their native heaven
In maddening rout and ruin driven,
That host fled downwards in despair,
They passed our seats of upper air,
And, leagued with them, our rebel powers
Were driven from their peaceful bowers.

XIX.

"With soul of fire
And angel lyre,
That pealed thro' nature's general hall,
While on his tongue
The still spheres hung,
Your sightless bard hath sung their fall:
'Twere long for me and vain to tell
Why with the fiends we dared rebel;
Upon us all destruction vast,
Ruin and desolation past.
A cloud sunk down upon my brain,
Nor yet hath left it clear again.
Thus much—the blackest guilt they bore
Who raised in heaven fierce angel-war;
And outcast from their seats of bliss,
Were deepest plunged in death's abyss.
But we a numerous spirit-world,
From our high thrones of empire hurled,
Banned from our bright and happy sphere,
To dwell in wretched exile here,
Grieve fruitless while your earth we roam
For memory of our starry home.

XX.

"Wo to the spirit
Of highest merit,
To prince and power of essence free,
Wo unknown
To angel and throne
That slight the Just One's majesty.
We claim no promises of good,
Sealed to us by another's blood;
We wait no change till your earth tried,
From deep pollution purified,
Symphonious with her sister-choir
Again shall tune her broken lyre;
And her glad voice, discordant long,
In highest strains renew the song;
Till fixed in life and purity,
She stand regenerate and free.
Ye have not seen yon starry spheres
That long have wept condoling tears,
But as they now, bedimmed with wo,
In heaven's wide arches faintly glow,
Then shall ye see their radiant light
Ineffable illume the night,
As dewy eve still soft and tender,
Yet strong as uncreated splendor;
Till men, if judgment then could stray
Should deem old night were done away;
And then new banishment must come
To us, even from our exile-home,
But if to place of darker wo,
I know not, mortal—none can know.

XXI.

"Yet rancorous ill
Tho' ravining still
Dark child of mysterious birth,
Death to thy power,
In happiest hour,
Shall life give anew to this earth;
And mortals shall see,
In pure ecstasy,

Revive from its ancient decay,
Now darksome and drear,
This sin-blighted sphere,
Already they wait for the day.
Sorrow shall cease,
Purity, peace,
Joy, happiness, flourishing rise;
Religion and truth
Immortal of youth,
Dwell native as in their own skies.
Children of earth
In soul as in birth
All kindred together shall raise,
Echoing free,
In deep harmony,
One anthem to His highest praise.
With heart and with voice
Sing, mortals, rejoice,
Awake your regenerate powers;
But the Ouphe must sigh on
For his innocence gone,
Nor return to his heavenly bowers.

XXII.

"Yes, time shall see
Earth's dwellers free
From tyranny of sin, their foe;
But latest age
Can ne'er assuage
The guilty Ouphe's increasing wo.
No ransom for his freedom paid,
For him no blest atonement made.
His own the power fall or stand,
Swayed by no tyrannous command,
The penal threat'nings known full well,
Tempted in evil hour he fell;
And he must hold his fallen state,
And bear his own unchanging fate.
Why, mortal, to your erring race
Is offered free that wond'rous grace
Of rescue from the blighting stroke
That erst your primal raptures broke;
Why to your race alone is given
New hope of holiness and heaven,
And we passed by in hopeless night,
Without one ray its gloom to light,
When we, as you, in freedom fell,
I know not, mortal—none can tell.
We disobeyed his high commands;
We suffer what the law demands.
To us comes nought of injury;
To you is mercy granted free.
And strange! oh, mystery deep and high!
Ye reckless pass the offer by.
Oh! think, if to our race could come
The faintest hope of our lost home,
How it our wretchedness would cheer
While age on age we languish here!
But ne'er may pass the cloud that lowers
Dark, lurid, over us and ours.

XXIII.

"When first yon spheres
To count the years
Of time their mystic flight began,
From hosts around
The pealing sound
Of joy and wonder thrilling ran:
But when in veil of flesh HE tried
Temptation's power yet sinless died,
Bearing the guilt and anguish due
From the affronted law to you,
To ope with blood and righteousnes
From man to God a new access;
From heaven's high battlements amazed,
Fain-breathing stillness mutely gazed.
Jehovah's greatness all had known;
His works th' Omnipotent had shown;
His holy justice well they knew;
Had seen him to his threatenings true,
When in the dark abyss of hell,
The astonished fiends were doomed to dwell;
But mercy to the sinful given
Had ne'er before been named in heaven.
Unknown to wisest cherubim,
None dreamed that that could dwell with him,
For which they deepest anthems raise,
Now chiefest theme of highest praise.

XXIV.

"Yon beacon paler
Greets the sailor
Watching still its glimmering ray;
From th' orient portals,
Joy to mortals,
Comes the harbinger of day.
The fresh air from the western grove
Is breathing on thy cheek, my love;
And I must leave thee—nay, at best,
My being nought can know of rest.
And thou—so rich a heart is thine,
I would not link its fate with mine.
'Tis true, I wander here alone,
Nor kindred in my race have known:
Nor sought, as men do in distress,
Companionship of wretchedness;
Nor fiend-like plotted to destroy
The vestiges of human joy.
No—if the blight, the curse of ill,
Have been for ages, shall be still,
Upon my being cold and drear,
In barrenness of hope and fear.
Fallen I am not yet so far
As joy another's peace to mar.
Till memory of that bliss divine,
Once felt, that can no more be mine,
Fade out and new transgressions press
Me down to sin's worst loathsomeness,
I cannot lure, or smile to see
Aught lured to guilt and misery.

XXV.

"May sorrow never,
Rich joys ever,
Gentlest mortal, with thee dwell;
Thy memory blot
The changeless lot
Of that lost Ouphe who loved thee well:

Who dreamed not till thy beauty on
His loneliness of sorrow shone
That aught so fair as thou to see
In his dark banishment could be.
I heard thy spirit ask for one
To love and to be loved alone;
To share affection's deepest thrill,
And thy large depths of soul to fill.
We met; thy sweetest words to hear,
To feel thy love, to know thee near—
To see thy heart's pure gorgeousness,
But most thy gentleness to bless,
Have been some respite of my wo;
That little dream fled by, I go
Alone that thou may'st cease to be
Companion of my misery,
Nor prove how blight the curse within,
My life, the withering curse of sin."

XXVI.

"Thine only ever,
Nought shall sever
My soul from thee, whate'er thou art;
Thine, only thine,
Thy woes be mine,
Light hast thou deemed of woman's heart;
I know not of thy guilty state,
I reck not of thy hopeless fate,
Nor shrink I with my woman's dread
From storms of wrath upon thy head.
Three summer moons not yet have flown
Since nought of passion I had known;
And tho' at times a passing sadness
Came o'er my bosom's wonted gladness,
Joy sped the winged hours along,
That warbled with my blissful song.
As others then a timid maid,
I feared to tread the twilight glade.
Deep change hath passed upon me now,
And I can meet as firm as thou
Thy strongest wo, thy worst of fate,
Nor bare my soul all desolate.
For I will hope; none, none could see
When fell our human parent free,
And closed the doom of sin's despair,
How beam of hope could enter there.
Yet rescue came; and ceaseless free
My prayers shall be to HIM for thee,
Till Mercy find new means of grace
For thee and thy repentant race;
And to his native joys restore
The Ouphe, to sin and fall no more."

XXVII.

In sable shroud
Of stormy cloud
Deep veiled the moon her waning light;
While fierce and fast
Rode on the blast,
The storm-king thro' his realms of night.
The thunder roared as a fiend in pain,
The startled waves rose from the main.
Deep bayed the wolf-hound long and drear,
The red fox couched him down in fear;
Out screamed the heron from the marsh,
The big horn-owl laughed loud and harsh.
The storm is fled,
The winds are dead,
Bright comes the red dawn o'er the deep;
With terror pale
And voice of wail
The lost maid's kindred wake to weep.

I.

Hushed is the lay; its failing echo dies;
Fades on my sight the vision's fleeting ray;
Dissolved the spell that charmed my raptured eyes
With thy dear presence, while my little lay
I poured to thee, Eueda, far away.
And was it then the phantom of a dream,
Bright as a spirit of celestial day,
That traced with me the dell and moonlight stream
With listening smile and eyes of strong but kindly beam?

II.

Yes it was all a dream; as most I feared
When most it seemed divine. As comes the dawn
To shipwrecked mariner, its light appeared—
When horrors of the lingering night are gone—
Radiant of hope, till sterner reason shone
O'er the drear, trackless waste of wintry years.
Oh! could it but remain—could I dream on
For ever, light were earthly hopes and fears,
Scarce worth an infant's smiles or transitory tears.

III.

Weary and sad amid my native bowers,
With no kind heart to beat reply to mine,
I did but seek to drive the lagging hours
With minstrel-rhyme, when to my thought divine,
Tho' scarce its heavenly grace might equal thine,
The fair phantasma came: less lonely grew
My spirit while its beauty seemed to shine;
In perspective my errant fancy drew
Transporting joys of hope—all faded from my view.

IV.

These skies are fair, they say: the moon is bright.
The brook's low-murmuring minstrelsy is stealing
Thro' nature's senses blandly, and the night
And stars their deep symphonious voices pealing,
Strong gushing fountains of the heart unsealing.
To other eyes they seem all loveliness,
To other hearts deep-fraught of rapturous feeling.
The spell dissolved that gave them power to bless,
To me they bring but sense of deeper loneliness.

THE HEAVENS.

Wealth and splendor, pomp and pride,
I've beheld you laid aside;
Love and hate forgot;
Fame, ambition, glory, power,
You I've seen enjoy your hour,
Beauty, withering, as a flower,
While I altered not!

When I've been from age to age,
Questioned by the lettered sage,
What a star might be,
I've answered not; for soon, I knew,
He'd have a clearer, nobler view,
And look the world of mysteries through,
In vast eternity!

The Star—by Miss Gould.

MUTABILITY and decay are written upon all earthly objects. The physical world around us is doomed to inevitable change. The productions of nature—the deeply rooted and widely spreading forest tree, and the tender rose-leaf that yields to the soft breath of the zephyr, alike must wither and commingle with their mother earth. The creations of art—the statue to which the sculptor has imparted all but life, the towering monuments with which architecture would hand down to posterity fondly cherished names, must follow in the wake of all that earth owns. The car of time, as it has come rumbling down the pathway of the past, has swept over the enchanting garden of Eden, and crushed the beautiful flowers that regaled, with their loveliness and perfume, the first inhabitants of that blissful spot. Its wheels have rubbed against the pyramids themselves, and the mason-work of those proud structures must fall into the embrace of the vulgar soil around it. Old father Time, with his ivy wand, has pointed to the mighty fabrics upon which ETERNAL has been written, as though to mock his power, and Desolation, following in his train, has subscribed—*mine!*

Not only does the world around us hasten to its consummation, but we find that our own bodies, too,—these pampered, cherished frames of ours,—must lie in the dust, and satiate the appetite of the filthy worm. We see our fellow men around us daily dying; at every vibration of the clock's pendulum, one life is extinguished, one soul departs. We have become so familiar with death in all its forms, that we follow a fellow being to his last, long home, with almost as little sensation as we dispose of a blasted tree, or lay a child to sleep in its cradle. Indeed, it is considered an affected sentimentality that sighs over the decay of human grandeur and the shortness of human life.

But although there is no certain stay to the things of this world, yet there are objects in creation to which time imparts no perceptible decay. When the human eye becomes tired with looking upon the mutable things of this world, it can direct its gaze to those orbs of enduring brilliance which glitter in the diadem of night. It can wing its way through the great inane to those mighty orbs that float in grandeur through the immeasurable sea of space, and follow in the concatenation of planets, and suns, and systems, that lead to the throne of their unoriginated Creator. It is a glorious thought that He whose word spake the universe into existence, is the author of our being—that He whose power sustains the mighty vault, whose wisdom points out the pathway of the myriads of seen and unseen worlds that throng the heavens, and regulates the unbroken music of those eternal spheres, is the God from whose munificent hands we receive all the blessings which we enjoy!

And *they* never change! The same unstained sisterhood that gathered around the cradle of our new-born earth, and in their heavenly minstrelsy chaunted her natal song, still hold their untired vigils around her. When "our first sire in Eden woke to life," and his eyes were unsealed to behold the lovely face of nature wreathed with the smiles of her infant existence, and the sight of the glorious flames that burn upon the dome of Nature's palace, burst on his enraptured vision, he was greeted by the same rays that will fall upon his posterity to the latest generation. When the immense cloud that curtained the heavens for forty days and forty nights, from whose unfailing sources issued the mighty rains that purged a polluted world, and from whose dark bosom leaped the thunderbolts of an indignant God, was rolled away,—when Noah from his prison-house looked out upon the face of heaven, and the bright stars looked still brighter from their temporary concealment, he saw the same luminaries which nightly salute our eyes in undiminished glory.

Not only are they worthy of consideration in themselves, but associations of the most interesting

kind cast their charms around them. How many a tearful, sorrowful eye has bent its gaze upward to the starry expanse, and seemed to draw from its hallowed gentleness a consolation for the broken spirit! Grief—deep, intense, corroding grief—cannot be allayed by the multiplication of words. But when the cloud of sorrow lowers darkly on the heart, let it survey the boundless creation of omnipotent energy, and know that the sustainer of the universe delights to do his creatures good. Have you met with a being, in your intercourse with your fellow creatures, whom you supposed to be the personification of perfection—whose heart you thought was the very shrine of purity? And have you found that the supposed perfection was the deceitful garb of hypocrisy—that the supposed purity was hidden guile—and that your confidence was betrayed? Then pour forth your complaints to the silent stars—*they* are not fickle; *they* smile not one moment, and frown the next! You have loved, perhaps,—certainly you have, for to love is to live,—not with that youthful, impetuous passion, which, in the words of the poet, "blinds the eye and rules the heart," but with that steady stream of affectionate friendship which is "sweeter than life, and stronger than death." And perhaps you have seen the object of your fondest solicitude pine away under the influence of disease—the eyes that beamed sentiments which the tongue never can express, have become dim in death, and in return for the last, warm kiss of love, the chilliness of the inanimate lips has sent the keen pang of cold despair to your heart. How soothing then to look upon the stars, and think that the idol of your affections may be traversing the plains of a particular orb whose exceeding brilliancy attracts your attention.

For myself—I cannot subscribe to the doctrine which teaches that the whole universe will be annihilated by the catastrophe which displaces this almost insignificant globula from its orbit. I cannot persuade myself that when this atom shall be dashed from the majestic temple of creation, that the mighty pillars which support the stupendous fabric will crumble, and leave it a dismantled ruin in the desolate desert of space; nor do I believe that the thunder which shall rend and disjoin the foundations of the earth, will shake another gem from the crown of omnipotent glory. I would not wish to believe that destruction will ever overtake the cheerful companions of many a tedious hour of sickness, whose beams have struggled through the casement, and beguiled my weary midnight moments, when sleep had taken possession of my affectionate attendant, and Disease kept her untiring vigils by my bed-side; while flushed Fever glared fearfully upon me with her bloodshot eyes, and Death hovered with his scythe about the most lovely and blooming hopes of my heart. Oh, no!—if ever I be so happy as to out-ride the billows of Life's tempestuous ocean—to come unscared out of the fire of scorn and contumely, and hatred and calumny—I hope to spend my eternity in visiting the troops of stars that stand like sentinels around the august palace of Jehovah. And when I shall have heard all that may be known of His power, and wisdom, and goodness, and glory—when my unfettered mind shall swell with the immensity of its own conceptions—to be let into the immediate presence of the Godhead's dazzling splendor, and plunge into the unfathomed ocean of infinite mind.

C. M. F. D.

HYPOCHONDRIAC RHYMINGS.

BY JAMES F. OTIS, N. Y.

The breezes fan my brow,
And softly round me play;
They're pathless and unchained—
Would I were free as they!

The waters at my feet
Go murmuring along—
Oh, would my life could glide
In such untroubled song!

And o'er my aching head
The fleecy cloudlets float;
And, as they flit along,
My vanished joys denote;

Light, as the breast that felt them—
False, as the love *she* gave—
Changing, as heart of woman—
And fleeting as the wave!

Far on yon mountain-top
There is a wreath of snow;
And on its breast the sun
Pours forth his crimson glow;

But all in vain his rays
With torrid lustre dart—
So fall the pleasures of this world
Upon my frozen heart!

THE FAIR MAID OF FALAISE.

A SKETCH FROM HISTORY.

BY E. G. M.

Day was flinging from his wearied pinions the last and loveliest rays of light ere he left the woods and vales of Normandy for a time to darkness, as a gallant party of mounted hunters swept through the streets of Falaise towards the castle of the duke. The trampling of their steeds, the ringing of stirrup and bit, the loud echo of the laugh and the jest startled into attention the silent street. The child stopped in its gambollings—the old man, the matron, and the maiden forsook their avocations to gaze at the stirring sight. The array swept on, and was lost behind the wooded undulations that separated the castle from the town.

When the sound of the last hoof-stroke had died away, and the last glimpse had been caught of the dancing caps and waving scarfs, the little urchin got astride of his stick, and pranced and curvetted in joyful anticipation of the day when he should draw the rein and wield the sword in the train of some lordly master;—the old man returned to the instrument of husbandry he had been rudely fashioning, the matron to her household occupation; the one to tell, and the other to listen to exploits of years when hairs, now silvered with age, curled dark as the raven's crest, and nerves, now tremulous and unfaithful, were strong and true as steel:—the maiden came back with a deepened color on her cheek, and a brighter glance in her laughing eye, for she had caught a look, perchance a smile, from one of those bold servitors that may feed her fancy until the next stolen meeting beneath the waving grove, or by the vineyard's side.

But there was one who still lingered at her cottage door, leaning over the arbor-like trellis work, her form half-hidden by the clustering vine. Her eye followed not the path the cavalcade had taken, but was shaded by the long drooping lash, while the curl of her beautiful lip, the petulant stamp of her little foot, and the rending to the very fibres of the vine-leaf in her hands, told of some disappointment that was but illy borne. Thus entranced in the magic of her own all-absorbing thoughts, she heeded not that the sun's last glance had smiled and faded on the castle's highest tower, and that the broad full moon was flooding earth and sky with her softened radiance, while the "golden torch of sea-born Venus," as Bion styled that loveliest and purest of heaven's orbs, was gleaming like a diamond on the brow of night. Many a leaf and twining tendril had been plucked from its parent stem to fall in shreds at her feet, while its place was supplied by another and still another to suffer the same unheeded fate, when the sound of a step upon the very threshhold caused her to start from her trance and bound gaily forward from her leafy screen; but how gladly would she have sought its covert again to hide the burning blushes that glowed upon her throbbing brow, had not her trembling limbs forbidden the contemplated flight, while her faithless tongue scarce allowed her to falter forth—

"I had hoped it was my father, returning from his labor in the valley."

The intruder hesitated not to spring lightly to the maiden's side, and clasping one hand within his own to place his other arm around her slender waist, as half-fearful of her vanishing, or half playfully to support her.

"Had hoped, Louise," he exclaimed reproachfully—"am I then unwelcome as unexpected? Methinks, after the toil I have undergone to bask me once more in the light of those eyes, so cold a reception is undeserved. Nay, coy one," he added, as Louise quietly disengaged her form from his encircling arm, "you do not entirely escape me," and he tightened with a gentle pressure his grasp upon her hand.

But Louise had recovered from the momentary embarrassment occasioned by surprise mingled with some wilder emotions, and there was a playfulness in her tones as evading a reply to the reproach implied in his question, she said—

"I looked for you among the duke's hunters as they galloped by here about sunset, but your steed led them not as was wont—your eye glanced not as usual from the front of the gallant array, and my busy fancy whispered me that Robert had forgotten his cottage bird and was bowing at the foot-stool of some high-born lady at the French or English court."

blissful day dreams that cheered her loneliness, while, mingled with every thought, came the vision of that mild old man, whose voice never met her ear save in tones of kindness, whose eye dimmed with labor and fatigue grew bright and smiled at her affectionate caresses—that voice alas! now hushed, and that eye closed in death. She bowed her head to shut out the scene from her view, and that tear-drop driven from its resting place by a dozen others, fell upon the face of a lovely infant, that was slumbering softly at her feet. The little sleeper opened its eyes and laughed; in a moment the mother reigned supreme in her soul, drowning, in the full swell of its emotions, every other feeling and passion. It was a busy night throughout the castle. The vassals hastened to and fro in the court and the antechambers, some with viands for the banquet, others with goblets of the grape's ruddy juice, while here and there was a group preparing spear and sword, burnishing the armor, and conversing upon the strange occurrence of their lord's departure. In the grand hall was the glare of lights, the noise of revelry, the clank of the wine flagon, the chorussed song, and the applauded jest;—there Robert, the magnificent, or, as he was sometimes called, the devil, feasted high with his retainers, for the morrow's sun he had vowed should see him on his pilgrimage towards the Holy Land. As these mingled sounds rose faintly to Louise's ear she clasped her child to her bosom, whom, struggling to escape the tears that fell fast and burning on his cheek, she soothed with a low and plaintive song, which floated round that turret chamber, soft yet melancholy as the silvery dip of the oar, when it breaks with a regular cadence the moonlit wave.

"Hush, my babe, hush—dost thou hear not the neigh
Of steed that impatient awaiteth the day?
See'st not yon barque that rides idly the foam
Chiding the pilgrim who loiters at home?
That steed and that barque are bound for the land
Where the scimitar gleams in each pagan hand,
Where pale crescents shine from dark folds that wave
O'er infidel Emir and treacherous slave.

Who shall at daybreak that chafing steed ride?
What pilgrim doth yon idle vessel abide?
His foot in the stirrup, his grasp on the rein,
And wind-shod they sweep over valley and plain;
His step on the deck, his voice in command,
And the sails of that barque like pinions expand,
The slender masts bend, thro' billows they plough—
Heaven shield that brave pilgrim—he's lost to us now.

My heart feels—and oh! how that feeling doth burn!
The barque of that pilgrim will never return,
His brow will be blanched by the desert wind's breath,
Or plague spots declare the dread angel of death,
And my soul will droop helpless, crush'd, withered, and broke,
Like tender vine torn from the stem of the oak,
Which its heart-strings embraced—but thou, my babe, thou
Above all shall be honored—for thus did he vow."

"And he comes at this moment to fulfil that vow"—she started at the well known voice, brushed away the remaining tears, and smiled, though faintly and sadly. The duke had entered unperceived, and now stood by her side, his face flushed, his eye wildly bright, and his whole demeanor betraying far more of the reckless reveller than of the humble pilgrim.

"Again in tears, Louise;—why will you entertain these sorrowful forbodings? Believe me, it is the solitude of the life you lead that lends this sadness to your thoughts. Trust that a few short months will see me again in thine arms, dearest—I do not doubt it will be so. I must leave you now, or my guests will grow impatient at my delay. I have a surprise in store for them they wot not of. But you, young sir," he continued, holding out his arms to the infant, who crowed and leapt gladly into them, "you must away, away with me!. I will secure to thee some acquaintances before I go to pay my devoirs to the infidel who lords it at the holy tomb."

"Robert! what mean you?"—she was too late. They had disappeared; but guided by the echo of his heavy tread, she stole softly after them in the direction of the banquet-hall. The loud shout which hailed their entrance bursting along the corridors, quickened her steps. She gained the door and listened; again a shout, louder than before, proclaimed that tender infant the acknowledged successor to the dukedom. Holding as mere trifles the sacred ties of marriage, and careless as their northern fore fathers of the distinction between wedlock and concubinage, with acclamations they swore the oath of fealty to the offspring of unwedded love. Louise listened, every limb trembling with joy, then sought her chamber, to indulge in a flood of tears, of mingled sorrow and gladness.

"Cruel! thou knowest well each lowest note of his cottage bird is dearer to Robert than the warmest smile or spoken praise of the noblest lady whose satined foot e'er trod a palace-hall or whose flowing curls were bound by the diamond-sprinkled fillet."

He paused for a moment to gaze fondly in her face, and when he again resumed, his voice was softened into tenderness, and had lost a portion of that reckless intonation which peculiarly characterized it.

"Dost remember, fairest, the night when every window and portal of yonder tower streamed through the foliage that half-curtains it a joyous light far over the bosom of darkness, and every breeze that swept over the town was burdened with the sound of revelry—that night when every retainer, from the bearer of lance and shield to the meanest serf, quaffed loud and deep to the noble sister of Canute, the duke's English bride. It was upon this spot that one whose presence was missed in the banquet hall, who fled from the tumult of mirth which for once he could not enjoy, found you, Louise, pensive and alone. It was here, with that same sky bending above, scarce fairer or more pure than thine own thoughts, and yon same bright orb to witness and to smile approval, as it seemeth even now to do, he pledged to you the homage of a heart which had long been a temple filled but with the presence of thine image, and listened with rapture to the avowal that Robert, the duke's chief huntsman, was far from indifferent in the eyes of the fairest maiden in Falaise."

Again he paused, and Louise murmured as half-unconscious of what she was saying—

"The peasants in the vineyard and the cottage are loud in their praises of the beauty of the noble English lady."

Her companion drew himself quickly back, as if to hide the expression which he felt was quivering in the muscles of his lip, and flashing from his eye; a moonbeam stealing through the leaves, fell that instant upon his bold and handsome countenance as it was half-upturned, showing each well-formed feature at the same time that it revealed the traces of a scarce governable passion, and of a wildness of mood which had gained for their possessor the *sobriquet* of *Le Diable*. The night-breeze rustled the leaves, and that beam was again intercepted, but scarce less quickly had his features assumed their composure and his voice its winning tenderness.

"Hush, Louise, you must not speak her praises to the duke. Start not—you have of late truly surmised that the almost unknown hunter who has won thy youthful love—and that he has won it each leaf around us and each star above is a silent witness—bears a title he would not exchange for any other less than king. That title he may not share with you—a cursed policy has already given it to another—but he here offers you all that he still can call his own, his heart and his protection:—be but his, and here, where first he whispered his vows, he swears by every thing that is pure and holy—by thyself and by the love he bears thee—by his honor and by the sword of his father—that thou and thine shall be honored and esteemed above all others within his wide domain. I read in thine eye, gentle one, what thou art about to say:—thy father, I would not sadden thee, but thy father is advanced in years. A short time, a very short time, and the valley sod may rest lightly on his breast; then, oh! why not before then, give thyself to one who can and will cherish and protect thee."

But why follow the arguments of a tongue well skilled in pleading to gentle woman's heart—the persuasions of a spirit that seldom bent itself to win a maiden's confidence in vain. The moon rode higher in the heavens—the leaves bent and trembled in the increasing breeze, as if the tiny feet of a thousand fairies were twirling in rapid dance through the verdant mazes that shaded those lovers, yet still did those noble lips breathe burning words into the artless maiden's ear; his arm unchecked, had sought again her waist, and her glowing cheek was resting in affectionate confidence upon his shoulder.

A hasty step, however, heard far in the stillnes, broke their dream of rapture. A whispered sentence—"by the brook's green side"—a parting kiss, and Louise watched her lover's form bound over the green and vanish in the shade, ere she turned to meet her father, who gently chid her for allowing the cool-night air to chill the color from her cheek, then smiled to see how that color rushed again to her very temples at his playful chiding.

It was moonlight again on Falaise. At the casement of one of the apartments of the castle sat a lady gazing in earnest and thoughtful silence at the spot where an opening in the underwood allowed a glimpse of one of the prettiest vine-sheltered cottages of the town. Her brow rested lightly on her hand, and a tear-drop trembled on one of her long eye-lashes, for a thousand sadly tender recollections were stealing through her bosom with the noiseless rapidity of the flowing wave. It was Louise, the duke's favorite, as she was gently styled, and though years had flown by since she received his plighted love in the shade of that cottage-bower, yet time had swept with his wing nothing of the bloom from her cheek, nor had chilled with his touch any thing of the spring whose warm gush was felt in each heart's throb. She thought of her girlhood's days, when, the village-pride, she led her companions in the evening dance, then of those intoxicating hours of stolen love, and of the

Years rolled rapidly on, pregnant with important events. A monument at Nice, told of a noble pilgrim—the fourth lineal descendant of Rollo—who died on his return from Palestine. The valley flowers bloomed and faded on the sod beneath which lay the mouldering frame of one whose beauty was the theme of many a song, whose modest goodness was the burthen of many a fireside tale for leagues around the castle. But that infant, the son of the humble maid of Falaise, became William, duke of Normandy, and afterwards conqueror of England.

August, 1839.

SONNETS.

BY THOMAS R. HOPLAND, PHILAD.

TO M. C.

I LOVE thee! not because thy high clear brow
Outvies the marble in its pearly whiteness,
Nor for the beaming eye's soul speaking brightness,
Neither because thy voice, so sweet and low,
The wind harp's rarest tone doth emulate,
Nor yet because upon thy soft cheek glows
A color stol'n from the lily and rose;
For these are gifts, alas! which envious Fate,
With all their charms, hath destined to decay;
But those for which I chiefly prize thee—sense,
Virtue, sincerity, intelligence—
These, my beloved, shall not pass away;
For when from Earth their holy beauty flies,
'Tis but to shine more brightly in the skies.

FIRST LOVE.

TO THE SAME.

OH give to me the lowliest forest flower
Which mine own hand, fresh from its virgin stem,
Hath plucked, before the brightest fairest gem
That ever graced the garden or the bower,
If it hath bloomed upon another's breast!
So with the heart of woman!—I could see
No charm in e'en an angel's witchery
If by another she had been caressed.
Oh give to me some simple village maid,
The pure endearments of whose artless love
I first may waken, and alone may prove;
Who ne'er hath been, or hath herself betrayed
Give me with her, remote from cities rude,
To live and die in sylvan solitude.

MORELLA.

A TALE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

[*Extracted, by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Lea and Blanchard, from forthcoming "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque."*]

Αυτο καθ' αυτο μεθ' αυτου, μεθ' αυτου, μονοειδες αει ον.
Itself, alone by itself, eternally *one*, and single.
Plato. Sympos.

With a feeling of deep yet most singular affection I regarded my friend Morella. Thrown by accident into her society many years ago, my soul, from our first meeting, burned with fires it had never before known; but the fires were not of Eros; and bitter and tormenting to my spirit was the gradual conviction that I could in no manner define their unusual meaning, or regulate their vague intensity. Yet we met; and Fate bound us together at the altar; and I never spoke of passion, nor thought of love. She, however, shunned society, and, attaching herself to me alone, rendered me happy. It is a happiness to wonder. It is a happiness to dream.

Morella's erudition was profound. As I hope to live, her talents were of no common order—her powers of mind were gigantic. I felt this, and, in many matters, became her pupil. I soon, however, found that, perhaps on account of her Presburg education, she placed before me a number of those mystical writings which are usually considered the mere dross of the early German literature. These, for what reasons I could not imagine, were her favorite and constant study—and that in process of time they became my own should be attributed to the simple but effectual influence of habit and example.

In all this, if I err not, my reason had little to do. My convictions, or I forget myself, were in no manner acted upon by the ideal, nor was any tincture of the mysticism which I read, to be discovered, unless I am greatly mistaken, either in my deeds or in my thoughts. Feeling deeply persuaded of this, I abandoned myself implicitly to the guidance of my wife, and entered with an unflinching heart into the intricacies of her studies. And then—then, when, poring over forbidden pages, I felt a forbidden spirit enkindling within me—would Morella place her cold hand upon my own, and rake up from the ashes of a dead philosophy some low singular words whose strange meaning burned themselves in upon my memory—and then, hour after hour, would I linger by her side and dwell upon the music of her voice—until, at length, its melody was tainted with terror—and fell like a shadow upon my soul—and I grew pale, and shuddered inwardly at those too unearthly tones. And thus Joy suddenly faded into Horror, and the most beautiful became the most hideous, as Hinnon became Ge-Henna.

It is unnecessary to state the exact character of those disquisitions, which, growing out of the volumes I have mentioned, formed, for so long a time, almost the sole conversation of Morella and myself. By the learned in what might be termed theological morality they will be readily conceived, and by the unlearned they would, at all events, be little understood. The wild Pantheism of Fichte; the modified Παλιγγενεσια of the Pythagoreans; and, above all, the doctrines of *Identity* as urged by Schelling, were generally the points of discussion presenting the most of beauty to the imaginative Morella. That Identity which is termed personal Mr. Locke, I think, truly defines to consist in the sameness of a rational being. And since by person we understand an intelligent essence having reason, and since there is a consciousness which always accompanies thinking, it is this which makes us all to be that which we call *ourselves*—thereby distinguishing us from other beings that think, and giving us our personal identity. But the *Principium Individuationis*—the notion of that Identity *which at death is or is not lost forever*, was to me, at all times, a consideration of intense interest, not more from the mystical and exciting nature of its consequences, than from the marked and agitated manner in which Morella mentioned them.

But, indeed, the time had now arrived when the mystery of my wife's manner oppressed me as a spell. I could no longer bear the touch of her wan fingers, nor the low tone of her musical language, nor the lustre of her melancholy eyes. And she knew all this but did not upbraid—she seemed conscious of my weakness or my folly, and, smiling, called it Fate. She seemed, also, conscious of a cause, to me unknown, for the gradual alienation of my regard; but she gave me no hint or token of its nature. Yet was she woman, and pined away daily. In time, the crimson spot settled steadily upon the cheek, and the blue veins upon the pale forehead became prominent; and, one instant, my nature melted into pity, but, in the next, I met the glance of her meaning eyes, and then my soul sickened and became giddy with the giddiness of one who gazes downward into some dreary and unfathomable abyss.

Shall I then say that I longed with an earnest and consuming desire for the moment of Morella's decease. I did; but the fragile spirit clung to its tenement of clay for many days—for many weeks and irksome months—until my tortured nerves obtained the mastery over my mind, and I grew furious through delay, and, with the heart of a fiend, cursed the days, and the hours, and the bitter moments, which seemed to lengthen and lengthen as her gentle life declined—like shadows in the dying of the day.

But one autumnal evening, when the winds lay still in heaven, Morella called me to her side. There was a dim mist over all the earth, and a warm glow upon the waters, and, amid the rich October leaves of the forest, a rainbow from the firmament had surely fallen. As I came she was murmuring in a low undertone, which trembled with fervor, the words of a Catholic hymn.

Sancta Maria! turn thine eyes
Upon a sinner's sacrifice
Of fervent prayer and humble love
From thy holy throne above.

At morn, at noon, at twilight dim,
Maria! thou hast heard my hymn;
In joy and wo, in good and ill,
Mother of God! be with me still.

When my hours flew gently by,
And no storms were in the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy love did guide to thine and thee.

Now, when clouds of Fate o'ercast
All my Present and my Past,
Let my Future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine.

"It is a day of days"—said Morella—"a day of all days either to live or die. It is a fair day for the sons of Earth and Life—ah! more fair for the daughters of Heaven and Death."

I turned towards her, and she continued—

"I am dying—yet shall I live. Therefore for me, Morella, thy wife, hath the charnel house no terrors—mark me!—not even the terrors of *the worm*. The days have never been when thou could'st love me; but her whom in life thou didst abhor, in death thou shalt adore."

"Morella!"

"I repeat that I am dying. But within me is a pledge of that affection—ah, how little!—which you felt for me, Morella. And when my spirit departs shall the child live—thy child and mine, Morella's. But thy days shall be days of sorrow—that sorrow which is the most lasting of impressions, as the cypress is the most enduring of trees. For the hours of thy happiness are over; and Joy is not gathered twice in a life, as the roses of Pœstum twice in a year. Thou shalt no longer, then, play the Teian with Time, but, being ignorant of the myrtle and the vine, thou shalt bear about with thee thy shroud on earth, as do the Moslemin at Mecca."

"Morella!"—I cried—"Morella! how knowest thou this?"—but she turned away her face upon the pillow, and, a slight tremor coming over her limbs, she thus died, and I heard her voice no more.

Yet, as she had foretold, her child—to which in dying she had given birth, and which breathed not until the mother breathed no more—her child, a daughter, lived. And she grew strangely in stature and intellect, and was the perfect resemblance of her who had departed, and I loved her with a love more fervent and more intense than I had believed it possible to feel for any denizen of earth.

But, ere long, the Heaven of this pure affection became disturbed, and Gloom and Horror and Grief swept over it in clouds. I said the child grew strangely in stature and intelligence. Strange indeed was her rapid increase in bodily size—but terrible, oh! terrible were the tumultuous thoughts which crowded upon me while watching the development of her mental being. Could it be other-

wise when I daily discovered in the conceptions of the child the adult powers and faculties of the woman?—when the lessons of experience fell from the lips of infancy? and when the wisdom or the passions of maturity I found hourly gleaning from its full and speculative eye? When, I say, all this became evident to my appalled senses—when I could no longer hide it from my soul, nor throw it off from those perceptions which trembled to receive it—is it to be wondered at that suspicions of a nature fearful and exciting crept in upon my spirit, or that my thoughts fell back aghast upon the wild tales and thrilling theories of the entombed Morella? I snatched from the scrutiny of the world a being whom Destiny compelled me to adore, and, in the vigorous seclusion of my old ancestral home, watched with an agonizing anxiety over all which concerned the beloved.

And, as years rolled away, and I gazed, day after day, upon her holy and mild and eloquent face, and pored over her maturing form, day after day did I discover new points of resemblance in the child, to her mother the melancholy and the dead. And, hourly, grew darker these shadows of similitude, and more full, and more definite, and more perplexing, and more hideously terrible in their aspect. For that her smile was like her mother's I could bear; but then I shuddered at its too perfect *identity*—that her eyes were like Morella's I could endure; but then they too often looked down into the depths of my soul with Morella's own intense and bewildering meaning. And in the contour of the high forehead, and in the ringlets of the silken hair, and in the wan fingers which buried themselves therein, and in the sad musical tones of her speech, and above all—oh, above all—in the phrases and expressions of the dead on the lips of the loved and the living, I found food for consuming thought and horror—for a worm that *would* not die.

Thus passed away two lustrums of her life, but my daughter remained nameless upon the earth. "My child" and "my love" were the designations usually prompted by a father's affection, and the rigid seclusion of her days precluded all other intercourse. Morella's name died with her at her death. Of the mother I had never spoken to the daughter—it was impossible to speak. Indeed, during the brief period of her existence the latter had received no impressions from the outward world but such as might have been afforded by the narrow limits of her privacy. But at length the ceremony of baptism presented to my mind, in its unnerved and agitated condition, a present deliverance from the terrors of my destiny. And at the baptismal font I hesitated for a name. And many titles of the wise and beautiful, of old and modern times, of my own and foreign lands, came thronging to my lips—and many, many fair titles of the gentle, and the happy, and the good. What prompted me then to disturb the memory of the buried dead? What demon urged me to breathe that sound, which, in its very recollection, was wont to make ebb the purple blood in torrents from the temples to the heart? What fiend spoke from the recesses of my soul, when, amid those dim aisles, and in the silence of the night, I shrieked within the ears of the holy man the syllables—Morella! What more than fiend convulsed the features of my child, and overspread them with the hues of death, as, starting at that sound, she turned her glassy eyes from the Earth to Heaven, and, falling prostrate on the black slabs of our ancestral vault, responded—"I am here!"

Distinct, coldly, calmly distinct—like a knell of death—horrible, horrible death—sank the eternal sounds within my soul. Years—years may roll away, but the memory of that epoch—never! Now was I indeed ignorant of the flowers and the vine—but the hemlock and the cypress overshadowed me night and day. And I kept no reckoning of time or place, and the stars of my Fate faded from Heaven, and, therefore, the Earth grew dark, and its figures passed by me like flitting shadows, and among them all I beheld only—Morella. The winds of the firmament breathed but one sound within my ears, and the ripples upon the sea murmured evermore—Morella. But she died; and with my own hands I bore her to the tomb; and I laughed with a long and bitter laugh as I found no traces of the first, in the charnel where I laid the second—Morella.

CONSOLATION.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

All are not taken! there are left behind
Living Beloveds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a blessed thing,
And tender voices, to make soft the wind.
But if it were not so—if I could find
No love in all the world to answer me,
Nor any pathway but rang hollowly,
Where "dust to dust" the love from life disjoined—
And if with parchèd lips, as in a dearth
Of water-springs the very deserts claim,
I uttered to those sepulchres unmoving
The bitter cry, "Where are ye, O my loving!"
I know a Voice would sound "Daughter, I am!
Can I suffice for Heaven, and not for *earth*?"

THOUGHTS ON THE LITERARY PROSPECTS OF AMERICA.

AN ESSAY.

BY J. BEAUCHAMP JONES, PHILAD.

The problem that all men are born with equal rights, has been settled by America in the face of the world—but that the Americans are endowed with all the intellectual attributes of the most favored of nature, time must discover, and conjectures for the future can only be based on the present condition of the people and the history of the past.

If distinct races are differently gifted, and various climates peculiarly characterized in a mental point of view, the Americans may claim all the advantages resulting from either, inasmuch as they derive their origin from the most cultivated nations, and the extent of their territory embraces every variety of climate.

But it cannot be denied that the European countries possess many advantages over our republic in the pursuit of letters. They have their ancient institutions of learning, wherein the wisdom of ages is collected; their professed authors, whose lives are devoted to literature; and their gentlemen of leisure, whose fortunes are acquired by inheritance, who naturally engage in the pursuit of literature and the elegant arts. These combine to maintain their enlightened position, and to facilitate their future advances. They have a "long start" of the Americans in the great race for national glory, and could mensuration as correctly set forth the destiny of states from premises palpable to all, as may be told the future revolutions of planets, calculated from the same infallible data which has invariably proved correct—then the prize would inevitably be to the strong and experienced, and the new fledged aspirants of our young confederacy would doubtless be "distanced."

There are also other causes which might seem to indicate our present incompetency to contend with Europeans for the glories of literature. We are not only destitute of an ancient and romantic history, but also indisposed to cherish legends of the past. The great mass of Americans have their thoughts only on the future, and their struggles are for money rather than for fame. Originally destitute and discontented, and driven by persecution to a new world, they have hitherto been employed in the acquisition of those bodily comforts which the abode in a wilderness rendered so essential, and in framing a liberal mode of government to obviate all the evils endured in the country from which they fled. There still remain for the thrifty innumerable channels for the attainment of wealth in our vast uncultivated regions of productive land. Our commerce is also far from its acme, and thousands are reaping the profits of mercantile enterprise.

Thus, then, are we situated: With no classic institutions of former generations, no aristocratic classes possessing wealth and leisure, and but few who would barter their opportunities of accumulating riches for the precarious and often miserable occupation of an author. But the most powerful and withering cause which has operated against the chances of our country in the competition for literary honors, has been the piratical course pursued by our publishers, in reprinting the productions of foreign pens, because they could be procured without expense. This has not only been the means of disheartening many a native writer, but it has also promulgated European fancies and European sentiments, until many citizens of the republic have imbibed a partiality for foreign customs, and readily adopt the fashions of gorgeous courts. The periodical press was long indebted to the same sources for its matter, and whilst American contributors were neglected and discouraged, the fame of some British scribbler was either acquired or consummated on this side of the Atlantic.

Yet, notwithstanding all that may be said in favor of other countries, and to the disadvantage of America in the pursuit of literary renown, there is still a hope entertained by the Americans—a real or fancied star observed presiding over their destiny, in which they have implicit faith, and they continue to cherish the expectation, nay, *determination*, to rival in greatness all that is recorded of the most glorious nations. And the miraculous triumphs they have accomplished seem to warrant their most extravagant expectations. Weak in numbers, oppressed and reviled, America threw back the scorns, and redressed the injuries heaped upon her by the most powerful and haughty empire of the earth. She opposed her infant strength to the giant arm of a mighty kingdom which had crushed its foes for centuries, and trusting to the justice of that Being, who endowed all mankind with

equal rights and immortal aspirations, she triumphed even in her inauspicious condition, and established a noble and happy form of government, despite the obstacles interposed by old and grasping monarchies, the absence of celebrated law-givers, and her apparent destitution of national resources. The penetration of statesmen and the experience of sages had asserted the impossibility of success; and yet the grand object of a diminutive, but determined band of men, was accomplished.

This era in the revolutions of the earth, serves to prove that the magnitude and power of the human mind, cannot be measured by mathematical calculation. The sea of intellect has not yet been fathomed—for each generation continues to usher into existence hitherto undiscovered regions. Neither are the mariners of the illimitable mental ocean confined to the highborn. The worldly poor and the worldly degraded, possessing the divine gift of mind, not unfrequently mount higher in the flowery fields of imagination, and penetrate farther in the intricacies of science, than those who have been reared amongst the ponderous tomes of time honored colleges.

When the mysterious and immortal ray of genius is implanted in the breast by the hand of the high priest of Nature, all other requisitions—the titles of inheritance, the academic lessons of learned masters, and even the smiles of cheering friends, are but secondary considerations to the predestined fortune of the recipient. Where was the line of kings from which Napoleon descended? Would it not have provoked a smile, had the plodding youth when but a humble subordinate, whispered his secret hopes and aspirations? And yet the spark which then but feebly flickered in his ambitious heart, ere long blazed forth the brightest sun in the military world. No circumstances can defeat the destiny of mind: chains cannot fetter it, nor can any power short of prescience prescribe its limits. The inspired bard of our father-land had no teacher on his loved banks of Avon but Nature, and yet his works have become the precepts of all learned doctors. Who can see the career of gifted minds? Who can say to our young republic, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

The history of America is before her. The account of her birth, and the vigor of her growth in the nursery, are yet only inscribed on the tablets of her history. What may be written in future, who can tell? That she is peculiarly favored of heaven, her herculean act of strangling the serpent of tyranny at her birth is conclusive evidence. What greater work of the intellect can be conceived, than the establishment of a novel and perfect system of government, embracing an immense continent and administering to the wants of many millions of people? And if America has excelled in arms, triumphed in legislation, and linked her commerce with every fruitful land, is it to be supposed that she will long remain indifferent to the glories of literature? She boasts her philosophers, her orators, and artists, whose names have reached beyond the confines of their country—and truly, but some half dozen authors—and thus there is a woful discrepancy in her literary reputation.

The Americans have hitherto been accustomed to look to England for literary aliment, and however pernicious the viands might prove which were set before them by the industrious caterers for public taste, yet they became fashionable, and their use almost universal. The American publisher could obtain every new work free of expense, and the prejudice once existing against the mother country gradually subsiding as our blessing increased, his shelves were relieved of their volumes by greedy purchasers, and thus his profits were made enormous, because no expenditure was required to keep his press in motion. Native authors could get neither smiles nor money for their labors. Foreign writers were lauded by mercenary critics, and read by the community, whilst American aspirants languished in neglect, until habit had nearly riveted the mental yoke of British bondage imperceptibly on the same people, who once rose in their power and defied the embattled hosts of the most warlike nation of the earth. Legislators feared to make enactments protecting our writers, under the impression, that the facilities of disseminating knowledge among the people, would be "too suddenly curtailed," by arresting the piratical traffic in the productions of mind. So long had we luxuriated on the rich cargoes of free traders without the expense of freight or duty, and so long been accustomed to look in vain for a rivalry in similar wares amongst ourselves, that a senator from Pennsylvania openly avowed his fears, that should the authors of other countries be privileged to enjoy the exclusive advantages of their own property on this side of the ocean, and the rising generation be compelled to look to their own scholars for erudition, a dearth of intellect might ensue, which would be ruinous to our future welfare. In this manner did tories and old women argue, when it was proposed to destroy the tea in Boston. A slight sacrifice, and a resolute struggle, and the shackles of mind will be removed, as were the chains of oppression when we determined to be free! Although the law for the protection of American authors was doubtful in its origin, sluggish in its progress, and is still pending, yet its passage must now be inevitable, for the *people* have taken it under consideration, and their decision may be indicated by the recent change of the estimation in which Americans writers were held. The fiat of the nation will be for the encouragement of native authors, and before this generation shall have passed away, the complexion of our literature will be changed; genius will soar beyond the taunts of bloated sycophants, and not only receive its ample reward in worldly emoluments, but authorship will be considered, as it justly merits to be, the most exalted pursuit of man.

The change is now in operation. American authors, and American books, even now, are no longer the objects of ridicule abroad. Their merit is at length acknowledged in those countries most

famed for talent, and American works are beginning to be re-printed and extensively circulated amongst those who have hitherto affected to jeer our impotence.

At home, we perceive a numerous and intelligent class of readers evincing a determination to foster native talent. Having in vain anticipated the passage of a law of protection, with a commendable public virtue which should be honored through all time, they have resolved to test the efficacy of the American mind, and consequently, the interminable tales of German ghosts, and the nauseous productions of English epicures, have been almost simultaneously banished from our periodical press, and the rage for original contributions substituted in their place. The periodicals which persisted in furnishing their readers exclusively with stale re-publications, are now, (with one or two exceptions, and these are supported by resident foreigners,) amongst the forgotten things of the past, and those most successful are entirely composed of original matter. This is a change in our literary prospects of no ordinary import: it forms an era in the literature of America. From the great number of elegant magazines springing into existence, it is proven that we are a reading community; and from the decided favor now bestowed on native talent, it is seen that the sovereign people have espoused the cause of their own authors, despite the dilatory proceedings of their servants in congress. The voice of the nation will be for national writers, and the spread of republican principles; and those representatives who may persist in thwarting their desires will reap a nation's censure.

The present is the most auspicious period for America to commence her literary career. Whilst the wounds of self-infliction, caused by the neglect to form a just copy-right law, are yet rankling and ere time shall make our habit of submission to Europeans in the grand efforts of mind a portion of our nature, the corner-stone of a noble structure might be laid, which the genius of the people should rear in future far higher than any has yet been done by the most cultivated nations. Conscious power will strain every fibre to prevent defeat by the artifices of the feeble. American writers, though laboring under continued poverty and neglect, have continued to struggle on. They have finally succeeded in winning the meed of admiration even from their rivals. And now, when the tide of popular prejudice, and the laxity of the laws which opposed them are being removed, and the mind indignant with the wrongs it has endured, and its energies roused to triumph over every obstacle, is the most fitting time for our authors to assert their claims for celebrity. They will have retribution for the injuries they have sustained; for the removal of the clouds which so long obscured them, will serve to display their light with ten-fold brilliance.

The time is approaching when the labor of the mind will as readily command its reward as the labor of the hands. Pens that have long remained idle, will be in requisition, and genius will cast its rags to be arrayed in robes. In the most prosperous states of antiquity, true greatness consisted in exalted wisdom and unblemished virtue. One giant intellect exercised more influence than a thousand stalwart men of ordinary faculties. Such will be the case in our country, and already has one president set an example for future rulers. Whatever may be the trusts reposed in the hands of literary men, by the president or the people, its safe keeping, and the faithful discharge of the duties appertaining, may be confidently relied upon. History mentions but few (if any) instances, wherein the meritorious aspirants for literary fame have proved wanting in manly integrity. The fruits of dishonesty can only be enjoyed by the recipient during his sojourn on earth. The true child of genius anticipates an eternity of enjoyment, and would not barter his interest in a future age for an empire gained by injustice, and maintained in blood, wherein his name would be buried in his grave, or only remembered to be execrated. The man of gifted mind finds no interest in the fleeting sweets of the earth, but soars heavenward in glorious thought, cleaves the ethereal air beyond the eagle's flight, scans with feelings of unmingled delight, the stupendous works of nature in the eternal cloud capped hills, the roar of the unfathomed ocean, or the revolutions of innumerable worlds, and bows in unfeigned adoration to the great AUTHOR of all.

Neither the glittering ingots of gold so much worshipped by the grasping, nor the flitting reward of intrigue and deception so much idolized by the politician, have any charms for the man of genius; for he possesses a world within himself of which no misfortune can bereave him, and which perishes not with the body. When his eye rests furtively on surrounding objects, and men pass by unnoticed, and sounds vibrate through the air unheard, the pallid brow is not the record of remorse, nor the fixed abstraction the trance of stupor. The mind is busy with meditations unknown to the multitude, and the soul is exulting in the consciousness of immortality. He feels the link that binds him to another state of existence, where the prizes which men toil for on earth are unknown and valueless, save a good name, and he scorns the gauds that would tempt the short-sighted to leap beyond the bounds of honor. There is every reason for America to exalt her men of genius. They can neither stoop to peculation with a thirst for gain, nor be swayed by intimidation from the path of rectitude. Such alone are the pillars which must support our institutions through future ages.

America has not yet had a fair field, in the competition for literary laurels: but the consequence will be instead of defeat and despondency, a redoubled vigilance and an unswerving determination to excel. Had we contended on equal grounds, we should have submitted openly, had defeat been possible to Americans. But this has not been the case. What success could even an Irving, a Cooper or a Paulding expect, (to say nothing of those possessing extraordinary merit, but who from

the suicidal course pursued in regard to a national literature, are without "a habitation and a name,") when the works of a Goldsmith, a Scott and a Bulwer, were offered to the reader at the booksellers' counter, for one third of the amount demanded for American books!

Yet foreign critics, not content with the vantage ground they possessed, (when driven from the assumption that "no one reads an American book,") have directed their thunders against those amongst us who, from factitious circumstances, have obtained an ephemeral notoriety. After having in vain attempted to transfix the eagle with their malignant shafts, they would fain vent their enmity on the innocent butterfly. That an abundance of game may be found amongst us for their employment, there cannot exist a doubt: but that their efforts to destroy the gilded vermin, will be attended with injury to the country, is not in the most remote degree to be apprehended. Genius soars the higher, when the object of pointed scrutiny. But it cannot be denied that amongst us, as in all nations, the weak and the vain are to be found. A rich man may acquire more popularity from the perpetration of a few jingling stanzas, than a despised son of the garret shall obtain from volumes, containing the gems of divine thought. But the praise of the one ceases at the grave, whilst the name of the other lives after him.

It is a reliance on an unerring future, which inspires the child of genius to toil in obscurity. He relinquishes the prospects of immediate gain, in a total abandonment of every enjoyment, for some all-absorbing desire of the soul. Every power of the mind and body is exerted for the accomplishment of his grand object. Nor is his life, however degraded in the estimation of those more fortunate in the possession of wordly goods, bereft of every pleasure. The blurred walls of his wretched hovel sink before his sparkling eye, and his fruitive imagination calls into existence porphyry palaces of splendor, and his teeming fancy peoples them with appreciating beings who bow in reverence to his power. Ideal virgins crown him with rich chaplets, and a million voices salute him as the great master spirit. Thus it is why the author retires to commune with himself. Unfit to strive with the thrifty for gold, and finding no companionship in those who indulge not in inspired revery, he locks himself within his gloomy closet, and although hooted by the idle populace, yet is he enabled to unroll the scroll of the future, and enjoy in anticipation, the fame of his mighty works. Should his hopes never be realized, his pleasure is none the less: but there must be some secret assurance of reward, which induces a mortal to devote his life to the cause of letters, to neglect the smiles of fortune and endure the evils of poverty.

The oft repeated remark that "poets are always poor," has become a proverb; and the profession of authorship, if connected with poverty, in the estimation of the money making community, is a disgraceful calling. The works of mind branded with disgrace! But it may be accounted for in the continued neglect of genius on the part of those who should patronize it, and its own unobtrusive character and unconquerable pride which revolts at the thought of solicitation. Authors are poor, and poverty a reproach. It remains for America to amend the evil. But a small portion of the money expended by the public for corrupt political purposes, would rescue every scribbler in the universe from starvation. Meritorious writers should be fostered: they cannot be exalted too high; nor will they repay the favors of their country with ingratitude.

The nature of a people is in some degree assimilated with the character of the country and clime they inhabit. America, with her territory fifteen hundred miles square, and her latitude varying from the soft gales of Arcadia, to the rude blasts of Russia, may boast a broader field for intellectual enterprise than any nation of the earth. Accustomed to viewing immense cities in every direction; beholding vast lakes and unfathomed bays; rivers, whose length surpasses any in the world; and interminable plains, whose dimensions the compass and the chain have not yet marked—the mind is naturally more expansive, than when confined within the limits of a narrow state or island, where the eye takes in at one glance nearly the whole penfold of a monarch's clustering subjects.

Each citizen of America is one of the supreme lords of the land. He journeys for days and weeks, and whithersoever he places his foot, he may exclaim, "This is my country." No tyrant dare confront him, and he proudly feels the blessings of liberty. Every one then, enjoys an interest in the confederacy. Whilst the aristocrats who have their titles and wealth at stake in Europe, constitute the only class willing to exert themselves for the perpetuity of established institutions, and the accession of governmental power, in America, every individual exults in the glory of his country, and would freely die to maintain its honor. The whole nation is desirous of national renown, and every man is willing to contribute to its acquisition. Thus, whilst but a select few may hope to win military or literary laurels in regal governments, our republic opens the lists for every man. Nor is it without a possibility of success that the humblest and most obscure join in the competition for literary fame, as well as for martial glory. An inscrutable Providence makes no distinction in the gifts of mind: nor is the wealth of intellect inherited like kingdoms. If the laborer's son is deserving, he is born to the privilege of being a president. We have no distinctions but those of the heart and mind. The man, and not his occupation, is the standard of respectability. The prospects of all are equal, and the efforts of each enhance the prospects of the nation.

There is not a lyceum in this fair city, but performs a service to the country. The poorest mechanic may shed lustre on his native land. He may command armies, preside over councils, or confer benefits on future generations by the blessings of wisdom. It matters not what may be his

trade, nor what the condition of his purse: if heaven has touched his heart with one glimmer of genius, he may surmount every obstacle. The want of academic tutors, and the absence of the ten thousand gilded volumes unread in the rich man's library, need not deter him. Nature "is mighty and *can* prevail." Even in the land where rank and wealth combined to crush the hopes of honest poverty, the genius of a Burns inscribed his name in living letters, which will be read until the language expires. But in this land the meritorious need not look to the beneficence of the great for reward; they have the bestowal of honors and emoluments in their own hands, and the highest in office is dependent on their favor. The poor form a majority in all countries, and where the multitude is ignorant and debased, the supremacy of the laws can only be maintained by the sword. Thus citizens sink to slaves. But when the humbler classes are impressed with the value of knowledge, and often meet to make interchange of thought, to sally together up the delightful heights of science, or gather perenne roses in the inexhaustible fields of poetry; men rise almost to gods, and neither traitors nor tyrants will ever attempt to enslave them.

The ancients would never have degenerated, had such men as Socrates and Cicero been cherished. But in that evil hour, when the best friends of the state were doomed to death, the curse of ignorance, and its attendant despotism, seized upon the people. The poison which passed the lips of Socrates penetrated the vitals of Greece, and the axe that fell upon the neck of Cicero, severed the head of Rome.

The superiority of mind over every other possession of man, is sufficiently proven by the endurance of its works, after every other vestige of his being is swallowed up in the yawning gulph of oblivion. The crumbling columns of the Pantheon speak the skill, but not the names of the artisans who wrought them. Mighty heroes have risen, and after brandishing their gory swords a few brief years, have returned to dust, to be no more remembered forever, whilst Cicero's fearless accusation of Catiline in the senate, and even the gentle Pliny's account of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, are still the subjects of universal admiration.

THE LETTER OVER SEA.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

We've seen the blooming buds and flowers
Of six bright spring-times greet the day,
And deem'd that each with scented hours,
Would speed thee on thy homeward way.
They past—and when the smiling sky
Took the deep tint of summer's blue,
We fondly thought thou would'st be nigh,
To watch the roses as they grew;
Thou earnest not—but swift to me,
There sped a letter over sea.

The flowers drooped upon the bough,
Their sunny hues were bright, and brief,
And sadness gather'd on my brow,
As fell the Autumn's yellow leaf;
They thickly peopled all the ground,
And winter spread her mantle drear,
And mourning winds were heard around,
Yet the loved wanderer was not here;
And all that came to tell of thee,
Was that dear letter, over sea.

Time stole the brightness from the eye,
And chill'd the bosom's sunniest glow,
And taught his icy touch to lie
Upon the heart-stream's gentle flow,
Had shaded all the happy days,
That we together fondly knew,
And dimm'd the brightness of those rays
That made our skies for ever blue;
But still it brought unchangingly,
That one loved letter over sea.

Now what a cloud hath dimm'd those skies,
And what dark shadows compass all!
What stormy tempests did arise,
To shroud our hopes with such a pall!
Thou'st found the Lethean draught, and there
Bath'd in its stream thy heart and brow,
And they who love thee lonely share
Each sad remembrance of thee now.
Thou hast forgotten—and to me,
Comes no loved letter over sea.

SKETCHES FROM

THE LOG OF OLD IRONSIDES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD IRONSIDES OFF A LEE SHORE."

Your glorious standard launch again,
To meet another foe!—*Camp.*

THE THREE BATTLES.

SECOND.—RUNNING DOWN THE TRADES; OR THE CAPTURE OF THE JAVA.

"Gun and gun together meet,
Fire and sword each other greet."

THE victorious frigate now departed from Boston under a new commander—commodore William Bainbridge—and after missing the Essex, captain Porter, and leaving the Hornet, captain Lawrence, blockading a British sloop of war at St. Salvador, she ran down the coast of Brazil, and when within ten leagues of the land, made two strange sail in shore and to windward. Captain Hull, covered with the palm of glory, had generously left the lucky frigate to Bainbridge, and it will be seen in the sequel that he could not have left her in better hands.

The writer of this sketch was once the intimate friend, and a confidential officer of that illustrious man; and though time and disease had at that period borne heavily upon his manly form, and tipped with silver his raven locks, Bainbridge was still a noble specimen of the stern old fire-eaters of the Tripolitan war, and possessed a vivid recollection of the scenes which transpired

"When the Java lowered her lion flag,
And victory crowned the free."

He was a man of sterling integrity, of haughty mien, and of generous impulses. He possessed great courage, a lofty enthusiasm, a quick temper, and a sharp tongue. No man ever saw him twice who forgot him; and no man ever knew him to be his enemy twice who did not wish him to forget him. With an eagle eye, he read men like books, and, like a skilful critic, he laid those carefully upon the shelf who were not suited to the purpose for which they were sent forth.

As we said before, the Constitution made two sail to windward, one of whom continued to stand in, while the other, which was much the largest, altered her course in the direction of the American frigate, which had tacked close to her. The day was beautiful, the sea smooth as an inland lake, and the wind a catspaw from E. N. E. At 11, A. M., commodore Bainbridge, who sate in the mizzen top, glass in hand, being satisfied that the strange sail was an enemy's frigate, tacked again to the southward and eastward, to draw her off the land, which was near at hand. The frigate now set her royals, and boarded maintack to effect this object. At 12, M., the Constitution showed the stars and stripes, and shortly after, St. George's cross floated at the peak-halliards of the stranger,—Signals were now made by both ships, but there are none so blind as those who can't, or won't read. At twenty minutes past 1, commodore Bainbridge, being satisfied with the offing he had made, handed his royals, triced up his mainsail, and tacked towards the enemy. Soon after, both ships had their heads to the southward and eastward, the English being a mile to windward, on the Constitution's quarter. The enemy had now hauled down his ensign, though he kept a jack flying; and commodore Bainbridge, like himself alone, ordered a shot fired ahead of him, to induce him to show his colors anew. This order settled the quavering, and at 2, P, M., a furious cannonading took place, which can only be described by those who listened to it.

As the enemy could make the most of a light wind, he soon forged ahead of Old Ironsides, but

was foiled by the latter ship's waring, which brought the two belligerents head and head to the westward. In manœuvering, the enemy steered free, and Old Ironsides luffed—the vessels got within pistol shot, when the first repeated the same attempt—the ships waring together—bringing their heads easterly, as at first.

The English frigate now tacked, to preserve the weather-gage, but missing stays, she was obliged to ware—a manœuvre that the Constitution had executed before her, to prevent being raked, for her wheel had been shot away, and it was difficult to watch the vessel with the helm as closely as was desirable. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, the Constitution was the first in coming to the wind on the other tack; and an efficient raking fire told his Britannic majesty's frigate when she came about. Both vessels now ran off free with the wind on the quarter, the English ship still to windward, when the latter, having received much damage, made an attempt to close.

At fifty-five minutes past two, the enemy ran down upon the Constitution's quarter; but running her jib-boom afoul of the Constitution's mizzen-rigging, she suffered severely, without being able to effect her purpose. Her bowsprit cap was soon shot away, and in a few minutes, her foremast, with a thundering crash, came by the board.

The Constitution now shot ahead, to avoid being raked, and in separating, the stump of the enemy's bowsprit swept the American frigate's taffrail.

The two ships now brought the wind abeam, again with their heads to the eastward. The Constitution fore-reaching, in consequence of her surplus sail, wore, passed her antagonist; luffed up under his quarter, pitched into him a ton or two of cold iron, and wore again. The Englishman, not being fond of those pills which were through not only by daylight, but which made the daylight pass through him, kept away. The Constitution, however, soon had him again; and for a short time, the vessels lay broadside and broadside—yard-arm and yard-arm—while the surrounding atmosphere was filled with rolling clouds of sulphurous smoke, and the gentle billows of the ocean blushed in blood.

In a few moments, away went the mizzenmast, with the banner of the haughty Briton, leaving nothing but the yardless mainmast standing—black with smoke, and smeared with gore.

As the enemy's fire had ceased, the Constitution hauled her tacks aboard, and luffed athwart her antagonist's bow; passing out of the combat to windward, at five minutes past four, with her topsails, courses, spanker, and jib set. In executing this manœuvre, commodore Bainbridge was under the impression that the enemy had struck—the ensign which had floated from his main rigging being down, his ship a wreck, and his fire silenced.

The Constitution having repaired damages, and secured her masts, perceiving an ensign still floating on board the enemy, wore round, and stood directly across the enemy's fore-foot. The English vessel anticipated the frigate's broadside by striking. At this moment, the enemy's mainmast went by the board, and the dark hull lay shattered and bleeding upon the waters.

A boat now was sent on board the enemy, under the charge of Mr. Parker, the first lieutenant. The prize proved to be the British frigate Java, of thirty-eight guns, captain Lambert, commander, bound to the East Indies. She had on board lieutenant general Hislop and staff, several supernumerary sea officers, and a considerable number of men, intended for other ships.

After removing the prisoners, and lying by the Java two days, commodore Bainbridge ordered her to be set on fire, and from the flaming wreck took his departure for St. Salvador.

In this action, the Constitution had but nine killed, and twenty-five wounded—among the latter, were commodore Bainbridge and lieutenant Alwyn. The last died of his injuries shortly after the huzza of victory had wakened the echoes of the deep. Commodore Bainbridge was wounded in the hip with a musket ball, early in the action, and the shot that carried away the wheel of his vessel drove a copper bolt into his thigh, inflicting a severe and dangerous wound. He kept the deck, notwithstanding, until midnight. The Constitution came out of this action scatheless, with a few slight exceptions.

Not so with the Java. She lost her masts—her hull wat greatly injured—and her number of killed and wounded was unusually large. According to commodore Bainbridge, there were sixty of the former, and one hundred and one of the latter. According to the British published accounts, there were but twenty-two of the former, and one hundred and two of the latter. Commodore Bainbridge was undoubtedly correct.

Many anecdotes of personal bravery have been recorded as having occurred during this conflict. Where all were brave, no invidious distinctions need be made. This action proved—as did that of the Guerriere—that in naval gunnery the Americans were superior to the world. And all this talk about weight of metal *is all in my eye.* If John Bull could not hit our vessels with a twenty-four pound shot, what evidence is there that he would have hit them with a thirty-two pound shot? The difference in size between the two could not have exceeded two inches in diameter. So much for weight of metal and English naval flummery, to offset the effects of American navel gunnery.

Throughout this whole battle, commodore Bainbridge manifested the greatest coolness and courage, and after the bloody deed was done, overwhelmed the dying Lambert and his officers with his kindness. It may not be amiss to note here a dream which commodore Bainbridge had, the evening previous to the action, which he related to the author a few months before his death. Whether

dreams foretell events, or not, is nothing to my purpose; I tell the tale as it was told to me, and the world may have it at the same price, namely, by giving their attention.

Commodore Bainbridge, as he lay in his birth, dreamed three times in succession, during the night previous to the action, that he fell in with and, after a bloody encounter, captured a British frigate, having red coats aboard—that her starboard gangway was shot away, and that the officers in coming on board his vessel came down the larboard ladder—that the frigate equalled him in size, and outnumbered him in crew—that her masts were all shot away—and that her commander was killed.

Commodore Bainbridge, haunted by the spirit-stirring spectacle, could not sleep—he arose from his pillow, and after pacing his little cabin for a short time, sate down to his writing desk, and wrote a letter to Mrs B., in which he stated the facts as dreamed by him, but stated them positively, leaving the blanks for the ship's name, commander's name, force, and other minor things, unfilled. The next day, the Java was captured, and the commodore merely filled up the blanks of the letter, and sent it to his wife as the first account of his victory.

After landing his prisoners at St. Salvador, and refitting ship, commodore Bainbridge shaped his course for the United States, and on the 27th of February, 1813, anchored in the harbor of Boston, and was received at the long wharf by the City Council, amid the shouts of the multitude, the thunder of cannon, and the pealing of bells.

This was a finisher to all objections—those people who knew the Americans would be whipped in fair fight, knew much less ever afterwards. The lion had been humbled again by the same gallant little frigate, and another flag of battle waved its smoke and blood-stained folds in the hall of Congress.

Third.—Taking Two; or the Capture of the Cyane and the Levant.

"Again the iron hail,
And the thunder note of war."

On the 17th of December, 1814, Old Ironsides sailed from Boston, under the command of captain Charles Stewart. She first ran off Bermuda, thence she steered for the Madeiras, and still finding nothing worthy of her thunder, entered the Bay of Biscay.

Cruising down the shore of Portugal, she made the rock of Lisbon, and continued in sight of the barren peaks of Centra for some days. Here she made two prizes, one of which she destroyed, and the other she sent in.

While in this vicinity, she made a large ship in the offing, and gave chase, but before she had set her courses, she made a prize, and while securing it, the strange sail disappeared in the distance. This was the Elizabeth, 74, which came out of Lisbon, in quest of the saucy frigate; but captain Stewart stood to the southward and westward, in quest of an enemy, said to be in that direction.—On the morning of the 20th February, the wind blowing a light Levanter, captain Stewart, for the want of something better to do, ordered the helm up, and ran his ship off to the south-west, varying her position nearly two degrees. At 1, P. M., a sail was made on the larboard bow, and the stranger hauled three points to windward, and made sail in chase. In twenty minutes, the stranger was made out to be a ship, and in a short half hour, a consort was seen to leeward, signalizing the ship in chase. At 4. P. M., the ship nearest to the Constitution made a signal to the leeward ship, and soon the latter kept away, and ran down towards her, then about three miles under her lee. The Constitution immediately squared her yards, and set her studding-sails above and below. No doubt of the enmity of the strangers now remained. The nearest vessel appeared to be a jackass frigate, and the most distant one, a corvette. The first was carrying studding-sails on both sides, while the last was running off under short canvass, to allow her consort to close.

Captain Stewart, believing that the enemy was endeavoring to escape, crowded on every thing that would draw, with a view to get the nearest vessel under his guns before night. At half-past four, the Constitution lost her main-royalmast, and the chase gained upon her. A few shots were now fired, but finding that his metal fell short, the attempt to cripple the frigate was abandoned. At half-past five, the drums on board the gallant Constitution beat to quarters, and soon she was cleared for action. In ten minutes, the two vessels of the enemy passed within hail of each other, came by the wind, with their heads to the northward, hauled up their courses, and cleared ship to engage.

Both of the enemy's vessels, as though animated by a new idea, now suddenly made sail close by the wind, in order to weather upon the American frigate, but perceiving that the latter was closing too fast, they hauled up their courses and formed on the wind, the smallest ship ahead.

At 6, P. M., Old Ironsides had the enemy completely under her cannon, and yawing gracefully, showed the star-spangled banner beautiful amid the closing shadows of the ocean night. The strangers answered this proud defiance by setting English colors, and in five minutes, the American frigate ranged up abeam of the sternmost vessel, at one cable's length distance, passing ahead with her sails lifting, until the three ships formed a triangle, the Constitution being to windward.

Now commenced the action, with a vehemence that was hardly equalled on the sea. At the end of twenty minutes, the fire of the enemy evidently slackened, and the moon coming up, captain Stewart ordered the cannonading to cease. The sea was covered with an immense cloud of smoke. Beautiful as the silver veil of Mokanna, was the fleecy screen that rested upon the ocean, and terrible as the visage of the veiled prophet was the scene that burst upon the sight of the English three minutes afterwards, when the rolling vapor passed swiftly to leeward, and showed the American frigate ready to pour forth her volleys on either side, from her black row of teeth. The leading ship of the enemy was now seen under the lee beam of the Constitution, while the sternmost one was luffing up, as if she intended to tack and cross her stern. Giving a broadside to the ship abreast of her, that made a great many vacant numbers in her mess-book, the Constitution backed her main and mizzen topsails and topgallant-sails, shook all forward, let fly her jib-sheet, and backed swiftly, compelling the enemy to fill away, to avoid being raked. The leader now attempted to cross the Constitution's fore-foot, when the latter boarded her fore-tack, shot ahead, forced her antagonist to ware under a raking broadside, and to run off to leeward, to escape from her destructive fire. The Constitution, perceiving that the largest ship was waring also, wore in her turn, and crossing her stern, raked her with effect, though the enemy came by the wind immediately and delivered her larboard broadside; but as the Constitution ranged up close on her weather quarter, she struck. Lieutenant Hoffman, the second of the Constitution, was immediately sent on board of her, and in a few minutes afterwards he returned, with the sword of captain Falcon, of H. B. M. ship Cyane, of 34 guns. In the meantime, the other vessel of the enemy, having repaired her running rigging, hauled up, and met the Constitution coming down in quest of her. It was nearly nine o'clock, when the two vessels crossed each other on opposite tacks, and delivered their awful broadsides. The English ship was satisfied with the first fire and bore up, while the American followed, raking and boring her with her broadside and bow-chasers, ripping off the planks, and mowing down the men, like the fiery thunderbolts of heaven. The enemy could not stand this riddling long; the crashing of the planks was heard on board the Constitution at every fire, and the groans of the dying enemy echoed mournfully over the moonlit wave.

At 10, P. M., the chase came by the wind, fired a gun to leeward, and lowered her ensign. Lieutenant Shubrick, the third of the frigate, was now sent on board of the prize, and upon his return, the sword of the honorable captain Douglass, of H. B. M. ship Levant, of 18 guns, was laid upon the capstan of the Constitution.

At 1, A. M., the conqueror was ready for another action. She suffered less in her crew than when she captured the Java. Not an officer was hurt; but she was hulled oftener in this engagement than in both her previous battles. Great credit was deservedly bestowed upon captain Stewart, for the skill and coolness displayed by him on this occasion. He fought two ships and conquered them without having been once raked; and his backing and filling his single frigate in a cloud of smoke, raking his opponents in turn, and forcing them down to leeward when they were endeavoring to cross his stern or fore-foot, was a piece of manœuvering scarcely paralleled in the annals of any navy.

Captain Stewart, having secured his prizes, proceeded to Port Praya, where he arrived in safety on the 10th of March, and anchored near the town. A vessel was soon engaged as a cartel, and over one hundred prisoners were landed, with a view to aid in fitting her for sea.

On the 11th of March, however, the old ship ran another squeak. It was a foggy day, when the sun looked down from the hazy heavens, and a cloud of mist rested heavily upon the waters of the ocean. The prisoners jolly "Yo, oh heave, oh!" echoed along the shore, and the American officer of the watch paced along the quarter-deck of the Constitution without noticing the clouded bosom of the ocean, when an English reefer exclaimed, "A ship, by ——." One of the English captains gave the young sprig a silent reprimand, but it came too late, the plot was discovered before it was fairly hatched, and disappointment rested upon the faces of the past officers of the Cyane and Levant. Lieutenant Shubrick, ever on the alert, looked over the quarter and beheld the sails of a large ship looming over the fog. She appeared to be looking into the harbor.

After examining the stranger attentively, lieutenant Shubrick reported her approach to captain Stewart. That officer, coolly remarking that she was an English frigate, or an Indiaman, directed the first lieutenant to beat to quarters, and get ready for action. As soon as this order was given, the officer took another good look at the stranger, when he discovered the canvass of two other vessels rising like bright clouds above the fog-bank, in the same direction. These were evidently men of war, and captain Stewart was informed of the fact. He immediately came on deck, and took the trumpet.

"Gun-deck, there," shouted he, "cut the cable!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered the master's mate, as he cracked away with his axe at Uncle Sam's big rope—a hissing sound—a rattling along the ship's side—a smoke, as though a fire was pouring out of the hawse-hole—and then the old frigate cast to starboard, and stood out of the roads under her three topsails. The prizes followed with promptitude. The north-east trades were blowing freshly outside, and the three vessels, catching their influence, passed to sea, about gun-shot to the windward of the hostile squadron, just rounding East Point. As the Constitution left the land, she crossed her topgallant yards, boarded her tacks, and set all her kites.

The English prisoners on shore now took advantage of the predicament of their conquerors, and most unkindly aimed the guns of the shore battery at them, as they swept swiftly past it. As soon as the Americans had gained the weather beam of the enemy, the latter tacked, and the six vessels, under all the canvas that they could show, staggered along to the southward and eastward at the rate of 10—6.

A heavy fog still lay in fleecy shapes upon the ocean, and concealed the dark and frowning hulls of the strangers; but they were supposed, from their canvas, to be two line of battle ships, and a first class frigate. The leeward vessel bore the pennant of the commodore.

The frigate weathered upon the American ships in a manner as unusual as it was interesting, gaining on the Levant and Cyane, but falling astern of the Constitution, while the two latter vessels on the Constitution's lee quarter held way with her.

The Constitution now cut adrift two boats which she could not hoist in, and walked away from the prizes and pursuers, like a cloud upon the breath of the summer gale. Captain Stewart now made a signal for the Cyane, the lagging prize, to tack. This order was promptly obeyed by lieutenant Hoffman, the prizemaster, and it was expected that one of the enemy would go about and pursue her, but in this captain Stewart was disappointed.

The Cyane, finding that the enemy did not pursue her, stood on towards the south until she was lost in the fog, when lieutenant Hoffman tacked again, anticipating that the enemy might chase him to leeward. This skillful and prudent officer kept to windward long enough to allow the enemy to get ahead should they pursue him, and then he squared away for the United States, and arrived safely at New York, on the 10th of April following.

The three ships of the enemy continued to chase the Constitution and Levant. As the vessels left the land, the fog thinned, until it showed captain Stewart the force of the enemy, which was stated by the English officers to consist of the Leander, 50, Sir George Collier; the Newcastle, 50, Lord George Stewart; and the Acasta, 40, captain Kerr. They eventually proved to be those vessels, which were cruising for the President, Peacock, and Hornet. At 2½, P. M., the officers of the Newcastle were seen standing upon her hammock-cloths. She now began to fire by divisions, and through the low fog bank the flashes of her guns proclaimed her force. Her shot struck the water within one hundred yards of the Constitution. At 3, P. M., the Levant having fallen some distance astern, captain Stewart made the signal for her to tack. Lieutenant Ballard, the prize officer, promptly obeyed the signal, and in seven minutes afterwards, the English vessels tacked by signal, and chased the prize, leaving the Constitution bowling along in her majesty, in a contrary direction, at the rate of eleven knots per hour.

The Levant ran into port, and was retaken. Captain Stewart, however, kept on his course, and after landing his prisoners at Maranham, and learning at Porto Rico that peace had been made between the United States and Great Britain, he proceeded for New York, where he arrived in the middle of May, 1815

The Constitution had been in three actions, was twice critically chased, and had captured five vessels of war in the short space of two years and three quarters. Her losses in men, and her injuries in body, were trivial. She was always well commanded; and in her two last cruises, she had superior crews—hardy New Englanders, who were able to fight a ship without officers—men who had braved the icy perils of the north, and who had dared to put a hook in the mouth of Leviathan himself. Laid up to rot in glory, we now leave her for a time. Reader, her battle cruize is over. "Haul down the colors!"

BEREAVEMENT.

When some Beloveds, 'neath whose eyelids lay
The sweet lights of my childhood, one by one
Did leave me dark before the natural son,
As I astonished fell, and could not pray;
A thought within me to myself did say,
"Is God less God, that *thou* art mortal-sad?
Rise, worship, bless Him! in this sackcloth clad
As in that purple!"—But I answer, nay!
What child his filial heart in words conveys,
If him for very good his father choose
To smite? What can he, but with sobbing breath
Embrace th' unwilling hand which chasteneth?
And *my* dear Father, thinking fit to bruise,
Discerns in silent tears, both prayer and praise.

A CHAPTER

ON

FIELD SPORTS AND MANLY PASTIMES.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

THE GAME OF CRICKET.

It is a matter to be regretted by all true lovers of the manly pastimes that this noble and invigorating game has never been introduced among us here in America; for it certainly never has been—at least to any extent, or in a proper spirit. In England, it has long been a favorite amusement with all classes of society; with the highest of the aristocracy not less than with the populace. Indeed, its fascinations have been so great that all orders are frequently seen commingling in the same game; the nobility giving up prejudice for the nonce in its behalf, and making no scruple of contending, in its stirring excitements, with the poorest yeomen of the land.

Of all the athletic exercises, no one, perhaps, presents so fine a scope for bringing into full and constant play the qualities both of the mind and body, as that of cricket. A man who is essentially stupid will not make a fine cricketer; neither will he who is not essentially active. He must be active in all his faculties—he must be active in mind to prepare for every advantage; and active in eye and limb, to avail himself of those advantages. He must be cool-tempered, and in the best sense of the term, *manly;* for he must be able to endure fatigue, and to make light of pain—since, like all athletic sports, cricket is not unattended with danger, resulting from inattention and inexperience. The accidents, however, attendant upon the players at cricket commonly arise from unwatchfulness, or slowness of eye. A short-sighted person is as unfit to become a cricketer, as one

deaf would be to discriminate the most delicate gradations and varieties in tones; added to which he must be in constant jeopardy of serious injury.

This noble game is thoroughly British. The derivation of its name is probably from the Saxon cryce, (a stick.) Strutt, however, in his "Sports and Pastimes," states that he can find no record of the game under its present appellation "beyond the commencement of the last century, where it occurs in one of the songs published by D'Urfey." The first four lines of "Of a noble race was Shekin," run thus:

"Her was the prettiest fellow
At foot ball or at *cricket*,
At hunting chase, or nimble race,
How featly her could prick it."

The same historian of British games doubts not that cricket derived its origin from the ancient game of club-ball, the patronymics of which being compounded of Welsh and Danish (clwppa and bol) do not warrant his conclusion, the Saxon being an elder occupant of Great Britain. From the circumstance, however, of there being no illustration extant—no missal illuminated with a group engaged in this king of athletic games, as is the case with its plebeian brother, the club-ball; also from its constitution being of a more civil and complicated character, we may rationally infer that it is the offspring of a more polite, at all events of a maturer age, than its fellow. The game of club-ball appears to have been no other than the present well known cat-and-ball, which, with similar laws and customs prescribed in the playing at it, was doubtless anterior to trap-ball. The trap, indeed, carries with it an air of refinement in "the march of mechanism."

They who are acquainted with some of the remote and unfrequented villages of England, where the primitive manners, customs, and games of our ancestors survive in the perfection of rude and unadulterated simplicity, must have remarked the lads playing at a game which is the same in its outline and principal features as that "cricket," which is, to day, the pride and glory of the English *athlete*. We mean the game in which a single stick is appointed for the wicket, ditto for a bat, and ditto, of about three inches in length, for a ball. If this be not the original of the game of cricket, it is at least a plebeian imitation of it.

The constitution of the pastime has undergone considerable alteration and improvement since becoming a fashionable and favorite recreation. We proceed to give the necessary analysis of the game, with the proper instructions for playing, being forced to reserve for another number "The laws of the game, as revised by the London Marylebone Club."

QUALIFICATIONS OF A GOOD PLAYER.

One who intends to cut any figure as a cricket player should be active, and capable of enduring fatigue. He should not be afraid of his person, nor timid about catching a ball when at its speed. He should have a clear head, and a quick eye and hand, and above all be cool and collected, *all nerve or none at all.* A batsman who "flutters" or flurries himself in the least, had better throw his bat down at once and walk out to save time, for he cannot do any good in, and may do harm by getting out the other in-player.

If we had to choose players by sight, without knowing any thing of their qualifications, we would stick to what the doctors call the sanguine, and avoid the heavy lymphatic, or the dark bilious looking subject; a light complexion and a clear blue eye, with a firm elastic step for us.

If it be the lot of the reader to join in any match at home or from home, let us advise him to stick to the old motto, "early to bed and early to rise." Let him shun all *larks* except those that he can hear in the fields in a summer's morning; racketing at night gives him the palsy next day.

A cricket club, to make sure of your number for private matches, should consist of twenty-eight or thirty members at least; for, taking away two for umpires, and two for scorers, you may generally calculate upon one or two absent from sickness or other causes.

BATS, BALLS, ETC.

The bat now in general use is made of willow, wrapped in the handle with silk or thread so as to give good hold; it must not exceed four inches and a quarter in the widest part, and must not be more than thirty-eight inches in length.

The ball is made of stout leather, strongly sewed; for regular play, the weight must not be less than five ounces and a half; for boys we should recommend a lighter ball, the regular weight is too much for their strength.

The stumps are six pieces of wood, three of which are to be placed in the ground at a point fixed upon, and the other three at another point, twenty-two yards distant. On the top of these stumps is placed a piece of wood, eight inches long, called a bail. The stumps should be twenty-seven inches above the ground, and the bail so placed that a touch will knock it off.

BOWLING CREASE.

This is a mark made on the ground at each wicket. It must be in a line with the stumps, six feet eight inches long, with the stumps in the centre; there must be a return crease turning towards the bowler, at right angles.

POPPING CREASE.

This is a mark made on the ground, four feet from the wicket, and parallel to it; the length is not limited, but it must not be shorter than the bowling crease.

SCORERS.

The scorers keep an account of the runs to each striker separately for each innings, the side that has obtained the greatest number of runs wins the game. When the players on each side have all been in and out once, the first innings is completed; it is usual to have another innings, unless one party is beaten into sulkiness.

NUMBER OF PLAYERS.

Cricket is played by twenty-two persons, eleven on each side, and two umpires, with two persons to score and count. Thirteen players play at once, viz: the eleven outside players, and the two strikers, who are of the in-party. This is the number required for a full game, but for practice, a less number is sufficient; it is, however, advisable to have the full number, where it is possible, for the sake of teaching every one his duty.

CHOICE OF THE GROUND.

Where the players have not a regular ground, they should choose the smoothest and flattest piece of ground they can meet with, where there is plenty of room for the disposition of all the forces. The wickets should be pitched where there are no inequalities to divert the ball from its course, at the distance and at the height hereafter stated in the rules.

UMPIRES.

The next point is the choice of umpires, with whom rests the decision of all disputed points, and from whom there is no higher appeal, not even the House of Representatives. As this is an office of considerable importance and responsibility, care should be taken to choose men who are well qualified by a perfect knowledge of the game, and whose characters guarantee that their decision is impartial. One should stand somewhat behind the striker's wicket, so as to have a full view of the players, without interfering with their play. The other should place himself immediately behind the bowler's wicket, where he can see if the striker stop the bowl with his foot.

DISPOSITION OF THE PLAYERS.

The players should be stationed according to the plate; their particular duties are described hereafter. Should the striker be left-handed, it will be necessary to change their position, placing them on the left side, in exactly the same order.

I.—THE STRIKERS.

The strikers belong to the in-party. Their first look out should be to keep themselves in; their next, to obtain as many runs as they can for their party; to prevent the ball from hitting the wicket, and to play it where it is least likely to be caught by the other side. The position of the striker should be with one foot behind the popping crease, leaving the wicket clear of all obstruction from foot or knees. The feet should be as wide apart as you can place them without losing your full "purchase," one immediately in front of the other, and the toes rather pointing towards the bowler; the weight of the body should be on the right leg, the top of your bat inclined towards the bowler, and the left elbow, as Nyren says, should be kept "well up." The value of Nyren's maxim will be discovered by all who attempt to play; it may be found rather awkward at first, but "use is second nature," and it is the only position which will give the requisite command over the balls. With regard to the manner of striking at different balls, practice and a quick eye and hand are the surest guides.

The in-player who is not striking should always be prepared for running. He should stand before the popping crease, and as soon as the ball is delivered he may run, but should not follow too

far, for should no runs be obtained he may be put out. Should the players have crossed each other, and a wicket be put down, he who is running to that wicket is out. In running from one wicket to the other, the strikers should take care not to run against each other, and should carry the bat outside. Should the striker leave his place before the ball is delivered, the bowler may knock down his wicket.

II.—THE BOWLER.

The bowler belongs to the out-party. His position is immediately behind the wicket; and his duty to bowl the ball so that it may knock down the wicket, or so that the striker may play at it in the least advantageous manner.

The ball should be held so that the tops of the fingers shall cross the seam; this gives certainty to the hold. It should not be grasped too tightly, nor yet too loosely, but just so that you may let it leave the hand freely, and still have perfect control over it; the body should be kept in an erect position. It must be delivered with one foot behind the bowling crease, and within the return crease, and with the back of the hand towards the ground. The hand must not be raised above the shoulder. The aim of the bowler should be to drop his ball at distances of from three to five yards from the wicket, according as he wants a slow or fast ball. The speed of the ball must be regulated by the play of the striker, and the manner of bowling frequently varied with the same player, otherwise where the striker has "got into" your favorite ball, it will be a difficult matter to bowl him out.

In case the bowler should not succeed in bowling out the striker, and does not drop the ball in the right place, it is advisable to have some signal, known only to the two bowlers, by which either may be directed where to throw his balls, or how to vary them so as to be least advantageous to the striker.

As there are very few players who have not a favorite ball, the bowler will do well to find this out as soon as may be, and avoid giving him it. After hitting a few balls a striker will very often get so thoroughly into the bowler's way that it is a difficult matter to move him. In these cases it is advisable to change the bowler, even if it be only for a time. Bad bowling that a striker does not understand will often be more effective than good bowling which he is thoroughly up to.

Should the ball be hit by the striker, the bowler must return to his wicket, and hold himself in readiness in the best position to catch the ball if it be thrown up to him.

III.—THE WICKET KEEPER.

His duty is to stump out the striker if he should leave his place to meet the ball, and to hold himself in readiness to put him out, if the ball is thrown up to him.

IV.—POINT.

He should stand to the right of the striker, and within the popping crease, so as not to interfere with short slip. He should vary the distance between him and the striker from four to seven yards, according as he may judge the ball will be a full one or a slow one.

V.—LONG STOP.

He must take his station at some distance behind the wicket-keeper; his duty is to stop or bring in all the balls that have passed the striker or the wicket-keeper.

VI.—SHORT SLIP.

His station is a few feet from the wicket-keeper, and rather behind him; he is required to "keep his eyes open," and to lend whatever assistance he can to the wicket-keeper, in stopping the balls, or in taking his place at the wicket, should he leave it to follow a ball.

VII.—LONG SLIP.

He must stand about twelve or fifteen yards from the striker, covering the ground between point and short slip.

VIII.—LEG.

He should stand somewhat behind the line of the popping crease, varying his distance according as the capabilities or play of the striker may direct him.

IX.—COVERPOINT.

He should take his station on the off-side, a short distance behind point, so as to stop any balls that may be missed by him; also to assist middle wicket if need be.

X.—MIDDLE WICKET.

He should stand on the offside at a moderate distance from the wicket of the bowler; should the bowler require to leave his wicket to follow a ball, middle wicket should take his place.

XI.—LONGFIELD OFF.

His station is at some distance from the bowler, so as to cover bowler and middle wicket, and to stop long balls.

XII.—LONGFIELD ON.

He should stand about the same distance on the right of the bowler, as longfield is on the left.

XIII.—UMPIRES.

One should stand somewhat behind the striker's wicket, the other immediately behind the bowler's wicket. Their duties are numerous and important, and will be found at length in the rules.

SINGLE WICKET.

Single wicket is played by any number from one to six on each side. If there are less than five players, bounds are placed twenty-two yards distant on each side, in a line from the off and leg stump; and no run can be counted unless the ball be hit before the bounds; nor can the striker hit the ball unless one of his feet be on the ground, and behind the popping crease.

The out-players must return the ball so as to cross the ground between the striker's and the bowler's wicket; the striker may run until it is so returned.

When the ball is hit, the striker must run to the bowler's wicket and strike off the ball, and back to his own wicket before he can count one; if he attempt a second run, he must touch the bowler's wicket and turn before the ball has crossed the play, or he is not entitled to another notch. If there are more than four players, no bounds are required. The laws relating to the bowler, and the duties of the out-party, are the same as at double wicket.

The great distance which the striker has to run in playing single wicket has always been an objection; and some modification should be made.

CHILDHOOD.

BY THOMAS R. HOFLAND, PHILAD.

How beautiful is childhood
In its young and careless glee!
The sunshine of its merry smile
Is a pleasant thing to see.
I would not trust the man who feels
Within his heart no bliss,
When childhood clingeth to his knee,
And claims the playful kiss.

For me it ever hath a charm—
Its glad and happy tone
Seems to reflect upon my soul
The brightness of its own;
And, when its soft and rosy lips
Warm to my cheek are pressed,
I think, of all God's precious gifts,
Sure childhood is the best.

Oh, may I ever keep undimmed
This feeling on my heart;
From none of earth's most treasured oys
More should I grieve to part;
For weary, sad, and desolate,
Will be this world to me,
When I can think or look upon
Sweet childhood carelessly.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Shakspeare and His Friends; or, "The Golden Age" of Merry England. Three volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

Messieurs Lea and Blanchard have done a public service in reprinting this work, which will commend itself to all classes of readers, and should be procured forthwith by every person who has a copy of Shakspeare, (that is to say, by the world at large,) as a most valuable running commentary upon the writings of the immortal bard, as well as those of his contemporaries. Most of the illustrious spirits of the "golden age" figure in the pages with a remarkably well sustained life-likeliness; the principal, if not the sole design of the author, indeed, being the crowding into a connected narrative as many as possible of these worthies—with a view of depicting them by aid of the best lights of historical research. This difficult task is well performed—and the book requires no higher praise. We make objection, however, to the author's imbuing his *own* style—the words in which he personally speaks—with the antique spirit of the people and period discussed.

The Canons of Good Breeding; or, The Handbook of the Man of Fashion. By the Author of the "Laws of Etiquette." Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

This little book is a curiosity in its way. Indeed, there is something so very singular about it that we have been led to read it through deliberately and thoughtfully, with the view of solving the mystery which envelops it. It is by the author of the "Laws of Etiquette," who is also the author of "Advice to a Young Gentleman," a volume which we commended with some warmth in a former number of the Magazine.

In regard to the "Canons of Good Breeding," the critical reader, who takes it up, will, of course, be inclined to throw it aside with contempt, upon perceiving its title. This will be his first impulse. If he proceed so far, however, as to skim over the Preface, his eye will be arrested by a certain air of *literature-ism* (we must be permitted to coin an odd word for an odd occasion) which pervades and invigorates the pages. Regarding with surprise this discrepancy between preface and title—between the apparent polish of the one, and the horribly *ad captandum* character of the other—he will be induced to finish the perusal of the book, and, we answer for it, will be thoroughly mystified before he gets well to the end. He will now find an exceeding difficulty, nearly amounting to impossibility, in making up his mind in regard to the merit or demerit of the work. If, however, he be somewhat in a hurry, there can be little doubt that he will terminate his examination with a hearty, perhaps even an enthusiastic, approval.

The truth is that the volume abounds in good things. We may safely say that, in a compass so small, we never before met with an equal radiancy of fine wit, so well commingled with scholar-like observation and profound thought—thought sometimes luminously and logically, and always elegantly, expressed. The first difficulty arising in the mind of the critic is that these good things are suspiciously *super*-abundant. He will now pass on to the observation of some inaccuracies of *adaptation*. He will then call to mind certain *niaiseries* of sentiment altogether at warfare with the prevailing tone of the book—and, finally, he will perceive, although with somewhat greater difficulty, the evidence of a radical alteration and bepatching of the language—the traces of an excessive *limæ labor*. He will thus take offence at the disingenuousness which has entrapped him into momentary applause; and, while he cannot deny that the work, such as the world sees it, has merit, he will still pronounce it, without hesitation, the excessively-elaborated production of some partially-educated man, possessed with a rabid ambition for the reputation of a wit and *savant*, and who, somewhat unscrupulous in the mode of attaining such reputation, has consented to clip, cut, and most assiduously intersperse throughout his book, by wholesale, the wit, the wisdom, and the erudition, of Horace Walpole, of Bolingbroke, of Chesterfield, of Bacon, of Burton, and of Burdon,—even of Bulwer and of D'Israeli,—with occasional draughts (perhaps at second-hand) from the rich coffers of Seneca, or Machiavelli—of Montaigne, of Rochefoucault, of the author of "*La Maniere de bien penser*," or of Bielfeld, the German who wrote in French "*Les Premiers Traits de L'Erudition*

Universelle." We may be pardoned also for an allusion—which is enough—to such wealthy storehouses as the "*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses,*" the Literary Memoirs of Sallengré, the "*Melanges Literaires,*" of Suard and André, and the "*Pieces Interressantes et peu Connues*" of La Place.

The construction here given is the most obvious, and indeed the only one, which can be put upon the volume now before us, and upon the other efforts of the same pen. They betray the hand of the diligent adaptator of others' wit, rather than the really full mind of the educated and studious man of general letters. True erudition—by which term we here mean simply to imply much diversified reading—is certainly discoverable—is positively indicated—only in its ultimate and total *results.* The mere grouping together of fine things from the greatest multiplicity of the rarest works, or even the apparently natural inweaving into any composition, of the sentiments and manner of these works, is an attainment within the reach of every moderately-informed, ingenious, and not indolent man, having access to any ordinary collection of good books. The only available objection to what we have urged will be based upon the polish of the style. But we have already alluded to traces of the *limae labor*—and this labor has been skilfully applied. Beyond doubt, the volume has undergone a minute supervision and correction by some person whose habits and education have rendered him very thoroughly competent to the task.

We have spoken somewhat at length in regard to the *authorship* of "The Canons of Criticism," because ingenuities of this species are by no means very common. Few men are found weak enough to perpetrate them to any extent. We have said little, however, in respect to the book itself, *as it stands*—and this little has been in its favor. The publication will be read with interest, and may be read, generally speaking, with profit. Some of the *niaseries* to which we alluded just now are sufficiently droll—being even oddly at variance with the assumed spirit of the whole work. We are told, among other things, that the writer has employed throughout his book the words "lady," and "gentleman," instead of the words "woman," and "man," which "are more correct expressions, and more usual in the best circles,"—that "when you lay down your hat in a room, or on a bench in a public place, you should put the open part downwards, so that the leather may not be seen which has been soiled by the hair,"—that "you should never present yourself at a large evening party without having your hair dressed and curled,"—and that since "the inferior classes of men, as you may see if you think fit to take notice of them, only press the rim of the hat when they speak to women of their acquaintance," you should be careful "when you salute a lady or gentleman, to take your own entirely off, and cause it to describe *a circle of at least ninety degrees.*"

The effect of such fine advice can be readily conceived. It will be taken by contraries, as sure as dandies have brains. No one of that much-injured race will now venture to say "lady," or "gentleman," or have his hair curled, or place his hat upside-down upon a table, or do any other such unimaginable act, lest he should be suspected of having derived his manners from no better source than the "Canons of Good Breeding." We shall have a revolution in such matters—a revolution to be remedied only by another similar volume. As for its author—should he write it—we wish him no worse fate than to be condemned to its perpetual perusal until such time as he shall succeed in describing with his hat one of his own very funny circles—one of those circles of just ninety degrees.

The Damsel of Darien. By the Author of "The Yemassee," etc. Two volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

The author of "The Damsel of Darien" is also the author of "Atalantis, a Story of the Sea;" "Martin Faber, the Story of a Criminal;" "Guy Rivers, a Tale of Georgia;" "The Partisan, a Tale of the Revolution;" and "Mellichampe, a Legend of the Santee." Of these works, "Martin Faber" passed to a second edition, (and well deserved a permanent success,) "Guy Rivers," and "The Yemassee," each to a third. What fate "Mellichampe" met with, or what "The Partisan," we are not so well prepared to say. In the latter work, with many excellences, were to be found very many disfiguring features, and, upon the whole, we thought it hardly worthy the literary reputation of Mr. Simms. The novel now published is, in our opinion, a much better book; evincing stricter study and care, with a far riper judgment, and a more rigidly-disciplined fancy. The path of the writer appears to be still onward—although he proceeds somewhat slowly along that path, to be sure. He is thinking of *Festina lente,* perhaps. We sincerely wish him all the success to which his talents entitle him, and which his persevering efforts most assuredly deserve.

Vasco Nunez de Balboa is the hero of the "Damsel of Darien;" and the narrative, which of course has no plot, is occupied with his dreams, difficulties, adventures, (and, finally, his death, through the jealous tyranny of Pedrarias,) in the pursuit of that darling object of his heart, the discovery of the Southern Sea; of which he had obtained some indefinite knowledge from the Indians of Darien, during his voyage under Rodrigo de Bastides. As these things are all matters of history, and as Mr. Simms has adhered for the chief part to the ordinary records, it will be unnecessary to dwell upon them here. In the first volume we have the most of pure romance; in the second, more of fact. The passages which, as mere specimens of good writing, we prefer, are to be found in the

earlier portion of the story. We might designate the nineteenth and twenty-first chapters (of the first volume) as particularly forcible and full of interest. In the former, Vasco Nunez escapes from the hand of a matador, through the instrumentality of a Carribbean chief, (Caonabo,) who figures largely in the narrative. In the latter, this chief, being captured by two Spaniards for the sake of a reward set upon his head, seduces his captors, by promises of hidden treasure, into a chasm among the mountains, and entombs them irredeemably by hurling a huge rock upon the aperture through which they entered. This is well told, and has an exciting effect. There are also many other fine episodical pieces interspersed throughout the book—which, altogether, is one of value, and cannot fail of being favorably received. Still, we should not deny that its chief merit lies in the pertinacity of its adherence to *fact;* and the judicious reader will not be willing to give Mr. Simms exclusive credit for that portion of his entertainment which is referable to the chronicles of the men and times discussed—for that interest, in short, which, appertaining to the subject itself, is essentially independent of the author.

Perhaps the following beautiful ballad, which is put into the mouth of the hero, Vasco Nunez, is the most really meritorious portion of the book:—

INDIAN SERENADE.

'Mong Lucayo's isles and waters,
Leaping to the evening light,
Dance the moonlight's silver daughters,
Tresses streaming, glances gleaming,
Ever beautiful and bright.

And their wild and mellow voices,
Still to hear along the deep,
Every brooding star rejoices,
While the billow, on its pillow,
Lull'd to silence, seems to sleep.

Yet they wake a song of sorrow,
Those sweet voices of the night
Still from grief a gift they borrow,
And hearts shiver, as they quiver,
With a wild and sad delight.

'Tis the wail for life they waken,
By Samana's yielding shore—
With the tempest it is shaken;
The wide ocean is in motion,
And the song is heard no more.

But the gallant bark comes sailing,
At her prow the chieftain stands,
He hath heard the tender wailing;—
It delights him—it invites him
To the joys of other lands.

Bright the moonlight's round and o'er him,
And O! see, a picture lies
In the gentle waves before him—
Woman smiling, still beguiling,
With her dark and lovely eyes.

White arms toss above the waters,
Pleading murmurs fill his ears,
And the gem of ocean's daughters,
Love assuring, still alluring,
Wins him down with tears.

On, the good ship speeds without him,
By Samana's silver shore—
They have twined their arms about him,
Ocean's daughters, in the waters,
Sadly singing as before.

The defects of the "Damsel of Darien" are few, and seldom radical. The leading sin is the sin of imitation—the entire absence of originality. This fault is especially seen in the *manner*—which, in regard to the greater portion of the narrative, could not be made by the caricaturist more utterly common-place than it is. Mr. Simms adheres to the good old-fashioned way of getting at his subjects, and of handling them when attained. Every sentence puts us in mind of something we have heard similarly said before. This imitation is also perceptible in higher particulars. It pervades even the headings of his chapters—which are all Bulwerized. It extends to his characters. If Felipe Davila is not an humble follower of the old Jew in Ivanhoe, then what is he! "And thou thinkest, worthy Micer Codro, that the fortune of the brave youth is good, albeit he doth reject the offer of Enciso? Will the stars keep faith with him that is so obstinate? It were beggary to me, worthy Micer, should the castillanos—seven hundred and fifty—" etc., etc. The tone and material of all the *astrological* portion of the story is awkwardly adopted from "Godolphin." We say awkwardly; for, in that fervidly poetical tale, the predictions of the star-gazer not only work out their own fulfilment, but are in accurate keeping with the dream-like character of the whole fiction. Besides, the astrological rant of old Micer Codro, in the "Damsel of Darien," puts us constantly in mind of the "*hi presto!*" twaddle of Signor Blitz.

Mr. Simms is now and then guilty of a grossness of thought and expression which indicates any thing but refinement of mind. We spoke of this matter at some length in a review, elsewhere, of the "Partisan," and we speak of it now because we would particularly call the author's attention to the subject. By *grossness* of expression we do not mean indelicacy—but the expression of images which repel and disgust. At page 59, vol. I., for example, the novelist dwells too unequivocally upon the horrid barbarities inflicted upon the Indians by Jorge Garabito. At page 195, we read—"The sabueso has no keener scent for his victim, and loves not better to *snuff up the thick blood with his*

nostrils." And at page 219, what can be in worse taste than such a phrase as—"I will advance to the short banyan that stands within the path, and my dagger shall *pick his teeth*, ere he gets round it." The most curious instance, however, of our author's *penchant* for such things as these, occurs at page 98 of the same volume, where, amid a passage of great beauty, he pauses to quote from the Siege of Corinth, the well known image about "peeling the fig when the fruit is fresh"—an image whose disgusting application where it originally stands has been often made the subject of severe and very justifiable censure.

The style of our novelist has improved of late—but is still most faulty. The Dedication to Mr. Paulding needs no comment from us. Every one who either writes or reads at all will pronounce it a disgraceful piece of composition. Never was any thing so laboriously bad. The whole work, indeed, abounds with awkward or positively ungrammatical phrases—but we shall be satisfied with pointing out merely one or two.

Page 17, vol. I.—"He was noted for his vigor and address in jousts and tilting matches, was unsurpassed in feats of horsemanship, and—an accomplishment not less attractive among his admirers—a most capital musician." Here a musician and a compliment are placed in apposition.

At page 123, we read thus—"This was spoken by Ojeda while at some little distance from, and while the crowd stood, a solid mass, between him and his rival." Here the sentence is to be tortured into grammar only by placing in a parenthesis the words "and while the crowd stood a solid mass between him and." But how easily might it have been written that "Ojeda said this while the crowd stood, a solid mass, between himself and his rival, whose position was at some little distance from his own."

Again, at page 59, vol. I.—"Women, who are very foolish, are apt to be very cruel." In this equivocal sentence, Mr. S., no doubt, intended to assert that very foolish women are apt to be very cruel. His words as they stand, however, convey a really serious charge of stupidity against the gentle sex at large. These faulty constructions, occurring at every page, not only offend the eye of the critic, and lessen the authority of the writer, but have an exceedingly large influence in marring the beauty of sentiment, by rendering abortive all vigor of thought.

In another point of view Mr. S. has committed certain blunders, or fallen into certain inadvertences, which it might be as well to remedy in a second edition. The whole account of the hurricane is, we think, monstrously at war with all the dicta of common sense, as well as all the known principles of Natural Philosophy. The writer discourses of the storm as he would of a wild beast; and the reader cannot get over the idea that Mr. S. actually supposes it to be something which possesses an existence independent of that atmosphere, of which it is merely a quality or condition.

At page 161, of the same volume, we find these words—"And how natural, in an age so fanciful, to believe that the stars and starry groups beheld in the new world for the first time by the native of the old, were especially assigned for its government and protection!" Now if by the old world be meant the East, and by the new world the West, we are quite at a loss to know what *are* the stars seen in the one, which cannot be equally seen in the other.

Some singular instances of bad taste (instances of a different character from those above noted) are also observable in the "Damsel of Darien," but we cannot now attempt to indicate them in detail. There is a ludicrous example, however, which it will not do to pass by, and which occurs at page 105 of the first volume. "It was a pile of the oyster," says Mr. S., "which yielded the precious pearls of the South, and the artist had judiciously painted some with their lips parted, and showing within the large precious fruit in the attainment of which Spanish cupidity had already proved itself capable of every peril as well as of every crime. The intention of the artist was of much more merit than his execution. At once true and poetical no comment could have been more severe upon the national character than that conveyed in this slight design." Now we can have no doubt in the world that the artist was a clever fellow in his way—but it is really difficult to conceive what kind of *poetical beauty* that can be, which Mr. Simms is so happy as to discover in the countenance of a gaping oyster.

Father Butler and The Lough Deary Pilgrim. By W. H. Carleton, Author of "Traits and Stories of Irish Peasantry," "Neal Malone," etc. To which is added National Tales. By Thomas Hood, author of "The Comic Annual," etc. Two Volumes. T. K. and P. G. Collins, Philadelphia.

W. H. Carleton has won no little reputation by "Neal Malone," but his "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" are scarcely as entertaining as those of Mrs. Hall. "Father Butler" is a good story, and "The Lough Deary Pilgrim" has a very passable degree of merit.

In regard to Thomas Hood, it might be thought scarcely necessary to say a word. In that way which he has made so peculiarly his own, he is certainly "alone in his glory." Most of his stories in the book now before us, however, are of a serious character; and we know of nothing serious—at least in prose—which has hitherto proceeded from his pen. He appears to have had some mis-

givings in making this novel attempt; and we really think he should not have made it at all. His first tale, "The Spanish Tragedy," has some excellent points about it, although decidedly bad as a whole; the rest are all miserable trash. The truth is, we scarcely know how to think, or how to speak, of what he has here given to the world. The preface would lead us to regard the pieces as original; which they positively are not. The leading ideas of every article, if not the very words which convey them, are as familiar to us as any old song. Moreover, the language, the subject, the general air and manner of the narratives are so strongly marked, that we have no hesitation in pronouncing them all either intentional, and in that case exceedingly well-managed, imitations of Italian *novellettos*, or disingenuous translations from the same.

Nan Darrell; or The Gipsey Mother. By the Author of "The Heiress," "The Merchant's Daughter," "The Squire," "The Prince and The Pedlar," etc. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

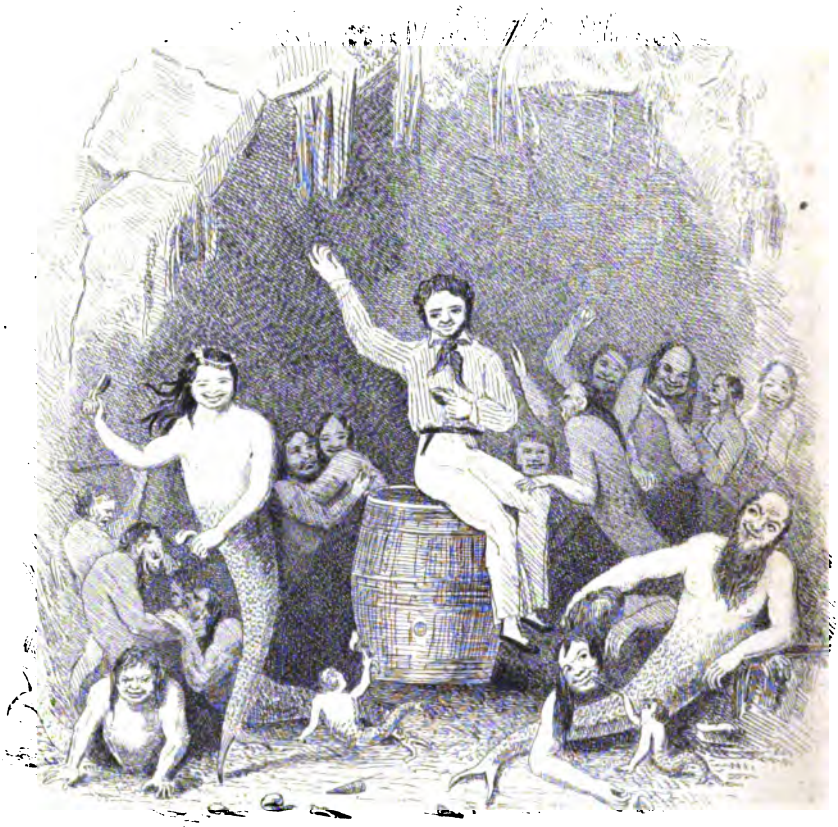
"The Prince and The Pedlar" is better known to American readers than the other productions of its author—if we except some minor pieces published in British periodicals. "The Heiress," we believe, was quite popular among us—at all events it deserved popularity. "Nan Darrell" is a better book than either of these two, and may well stand a comparison with any modern novel of its class and character. It is exceedingly well written and is full of a rich imaginative interest which will make its way with certainty into the hearts of the ardent and the young. Its pathos is particularly noticeable.

The Violet: A Christmas and New Year's Present. 1840. *Edited by Miss Leslie. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.*

This little annual is somewhat smaller in form, and less in cost, than "The Gift," but scarcely less excellent in its literary contents. The list of contributors will speak for itself. We have, among others, Miss Leslie, the editor; Miss Waterman; Miss Gould; Mrs. Sigourney; Mrs. Embury; Mrs. Stowe and Miss Beecher. The embellishments are also capital. The Frontispiece—"Childhood," engraved by Pease, from a drawing by that most exquisitely poetical artist, Fanny Corbeaux—will be sure to please every one. There is also a laughable sketch, in a slight way, from a design by Meadows, entitled the "Spoiled Child." The best thing in the book is, nevertheless, an engraving by Lawson from a picture by Webster—the subject an ancient schoolmistress with her pupils. This illustrates a story called Dick Davis, by Miss Leslie—a good story told in her usual very excellent manner.

The Literary Souvenir. A Christmas and New Year's Present for 1840. *Edited by Wm. E. Burton, Esq. E. L. Carey and A. Hart, Philadelphia.*

We seize the opportunity afforded by Mr. Burton's absence in Baltimore, to say a word or two in behalf of this annual, which is certainly one of the very best of its race. Its outward appearance is rather substantial and elegant, than showy, but its internal merits are all great. The paper is very superb, the typography of an unusually neat character, the embellishments numerous and good. The literary contents are from the pens of Mr. Burton and Mr. C. W. Thomson exclusively—the prose by the former, the poetry by the latter. Mr. Thomson's articles sustain his reputation. Mr. Burton's assuredly do him great credit. We should like nothing better than to speak of them one by one—but are bound to refrain. We *will* say, however, that the "Æronaut's Revenge, a Tale of the Confessional," is a well conceived and well managed story of exceeding interest, and gives evidence of very lofty capacity in its author.



A CAPE CODDER

AMONG THE MERMAIDS.

Drawn & Engraved for Burtons Magazine.

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himself
recking
letitude a
foretop. H
grows every
tarnal long it
critter was one
rain as the Bible
the weather-gage
apples jest as he w
nothin' agin natur i
must have partaking
ters what had located
governor's trees. Well,
plantashings—and this here darkey used to get his rum aboard raythor stiff—so, one night, havin' stowed away a soakin' cargo, he found the navigashing pretty considerable severe, and arter tackin' larbord and starbord, makin' short legs to winderd, and long uns to lewerd, he missed stays, and brought up in a ditch. While the darkey was lettin' off the steam, and snorin' himself sober, a mud tortle, abeout the size of our capting's eppilitts, crawls right slick into his open mouth, and wriggles stret down into his innerds. Waell, the nigger felt the effects o' too much tortle to his dying day—and that's the case, I guess, with the sarpint—for havin' fed in his infancy on the fruit o' the tree o' life, he was obligated to keep on livin' ever arter, and can't die no now he can fix it. And so he keeps on a gettin' longer every week, like a purser's account, and nobody can't guess what for, nyther.

Did you ever see a marmaid? Waell, then, I recking you'd best shut up, cos I have—and many on 'em; and marmen too, and marmisses, and marmasters, of all sizes from babbies not bigger nor mackerels to regler six-feeters, with starns like a full-grow'd porpus. I've been at a marmaid's tea party, and arter larnin' the poor ignorant scaly critters how to splice the main-brace, I left the hull bilin' on 'em blazin' drunk. You see when our craft was cruisin' up the Arches, we cast anchor

A CAPE CODDER

SAVING THE MERMAIDS.

Drawn & Engraved for Burtons Magazine.

BURTON'S

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1839.

A CAPE CODDER AMONG THE MERMAIDS.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

Do I b'leve in the sea sarpint? You might as well ax me if I b'leved in the compass or thought the log could lie. I've never seed the critter myself, cos I haint cruised in them waters as he locates himself in, not since I started on my first voyage in the Confidence whaler, Capting Coffing; but I recking I've got a brother as hails from Nahant, what sees him handsome every year, and knows the latitude and longitude o' the beast jest as well as I knows the length o' the futtock shrouds o' the foretop. Brother Zac's pretty cute, and kalkilates from actil observation how much the sarpint grows every year—and then he gets siferin', and figgerin', and reckonin', till he makes out how tarnal long it took the sarpint to extensify himself to that almighty size—offerin' to prove that the critter was one o' them ar' creepin' things what commodore Noah took into his boat at that ar' big rain as the Bible tells on—and prehaps, as Zac says, he is the raal, original, etarnal, sarpint as got the weather-gage of Mrs. Eve, and gammoned her to lay piratical hands on her husband's stocks of apples jest as he was gettin' his cider fixens ready in the fall. And, by gauly, old fellers, there aint nothin' agin natur in that yarn, nyther—for brother Zac says, he can prove that that ar' sarpint must have partaking o' the Tree o' Life as growed in the garding of Eding, afore them first squatters what had located themselves thar', was driv' off by the angel Gabriel for makin' free with the governor's trees. Well, there was a nigger as I know'd once down south, mongst them cotting plantashings—and this here darkey used to get his rum aboard rayther stiff—so, one night, havin' stowed away a soakin' cargo, he found the navigashing pretty considerable severe, and arter tackin' larbord and starbord, makin' short legs to winderd, and long uns to lewerd, he missed stays, and brought up in a ditch. While the darkey was lettin' off the steam, and snorin' himself sober, a mud tortle, abeout the size of our capting's eppilitts, crawls right slick into his open mouth, and wriggles stret down into his innerds. Waell, the nigger felt the effects o' too much tortle to his dying day—and that's the case, I guess, with the sarpint—for havin' fed in his infancy on the fruit o' the tree o' life, he was obligated to keep on livin' ever arter, and can't die no how he can fix it. And so he keeps on a gettin' longer every week, like a purser's account, and nobody can't guess what for, nyther.

Did you ever see a marmaid? Waell, then, I recking you'd best shut up, cos I have—and many on 'em; and marmen too, and marmisses, and marmasters, of all sizes from babbies not bigger nor mackerels to regler six-feeters, with starns like a full-grow'd porpus. I've been at a marmaid's tea party, and arter larnin' the poor ignorant scaly critters how to splice the main-brace, I left the hull bilin' on 'em blazin' drunk. You see when our craft was cruisin' up the Arches, we cast anchor

one mornin' in pretty deep water jest abrest of a small green island as was'nt down in the chart, and had'nt got no name nyther. But our capting know'd what he was arter about as right as ninepence, cos a small skewner came along side pretty sune, freighted with brandy and wine for the officers, what they'd ordered for their own private stores. Waell, the slings were run up to the eend of the main-yard, and the waisters were busy hoistin' up the barrels, when a cask o' brandy slipped from the slings, as it was being canted round, and dropped right splash into the sea, sinkin' right away. Upon 'zaminationing the manifest, it proved to be the best cask o' brandy in the skewner, imported from Boardo direct for the capting himself. He raised a pretty muss, I guess, right off the reel. "You d—— eternal lazy suckers," said he, "look here! take all the boats' anchors, lash 'em together in tews so as to form grapnels o' four pints each, and drag all about here for that ar' brandy—and mind you find it, or I'll put every mother's son of you on short allowance o' rye for the next month."

Waell, the boats was ordered out, and a gropin' we went. I was ordered into the jolly, with Sy Davis and Pete Slinks, and a middy to direct. The middy was a pretty considerable smart fellow, and jest as we was puttin' off, he nodded up to the chapling as was leanin' over the side, and says "What say you to an hour's float upon this here glassy sea?" The parsing was down by the man ropes in a minnit, and off we sot a fishin' for the brandy-tub.

The current run pretty slick by the side of the leetle island, and the second luff, who was in the cutter, ordered us to go ahead, and watch along the shore jest to see if the tub warn't rolled up there by the tide. We pretended to look right hard for the tub, till we made the lee o' the island, and then if we did'nt resolve to take it easy and run the nose o' the jolly into the yaller sand o' the shore, there aint no snakes. I held on in the starn by the grapnel, and the parsing pulled out of his pocket a good sized sample bottle o' the new stuff as he'd jest bought, and wanted the middy to taste—and arter passin' their ideas on the licker, the chapling gave us men a pretty stiff horn a piece, now I tell you—and first rate stuff it was I swow. It iled the parsing's tongue like all out doors—it took him to talk—all about the old original anteek names o' the islands that laid in spots all about thar'—classic ground, as he called it, and a pretty yarn he did spin tew. He talked about the island of Candy, whar' the sweetest gals was in all creation or any whar' else—and of a great chief called Molasses who killed a one-eyed giant of a blacksmith, named Polly Famous, by spitting in his eye—and about a fireman named Henearus, who carried out an old man, one Ann Kysis, on his shoulders when his house was a fire; for you see many o' them old Grecian men had wimming's names, and wisey warsey tew. But what took my cheese was the parsing's tellin' us about tew fellows as got up the biggest chunk of a fight, and kept right at it for ten years stret out, and all about a gall named Ellen what skeeted from her moorings, and run off to Paris. Then the parsing tried to pint out the island of Lip Salve, where a she-conjuror, called Sarcy, from her boldness, used to keep a hull skeul o' singing girls called Syringes, cos they sucked the sailors ashore and then chawed 'em right up like a piece o' sweet cavendish. Then the middy who'd been keepin' dark and layin' low all this time, show'd his broughten's-up, and let fly a hull broadside at the parsing about them ar' Syringes and other fabbelus wimming, sich as king Nepching's wife Ann Thracite and her she Try-it-ons, and Neer-a-heads, and river galls, right down to marmaids.

Waell, you see, all this here talk made us dry as thunder—so the chapling said he guessed the sun was over the fore-yard, and baled us out another horn o' licker all around. Then he took a "spell ho!" at the jawin' tackle, and allowed there was a river in Jarminy, where all our Dutch imegrants hails from, and that a naked gall used to locate herself in a whirlpool, and come up on moonshiney nights and sing a hull bookfull o' songs as turned the heads of all the young fellers in them parts. Waell, reports ruz up as she'd a hull cargo of gold stowed away at the bottom o' the whirlpool, and many a wild young Jarming, seduced by the gall's singin' and hopes o' gold, lept into the river, and warn't heerd on never arter. These matters hurt the young gall's kariter, and the old folks, who'd always allowed that she was a kind of goddess, began to think that she war'nt the clear grit, and the young fellers said her singin' was no great shakes, and that her beauty warn't the thing it was cracked up to be.

There was a famous Gineral who was'nt raised in that section o' the country, but had swapped a castle on a mounting in Spain for one o' them ar' water lots near the whirlpool; he began to find himself rayther short o' cash to buy his groceries, and concludin' that he could not dew without a lettle whiskey to keep off the aguy, resolved to pay the whirlpool gall a visit, and jest see if he could'nt soft soap the young critter out of a leetle rhino. Next full moon, he tortles to the bluff what hung over the bilin' and foamin' river, and jest at eight bells, up ruz the gall, stark naked, a sittin' on the white froth o' the whirlin' water, and singin' "Won't you come to my bower what I've shaded for you?" "Waell," says the Gineral, not a bit daunted—says he, "Look here, my gall, I mean to eat a lobster salad with you to night, if you promise to behave like a lady, and wo'nt cut up no d—d shines." Waell, the gall give her word of honor, and the Gineral dove into the whirlpool, and down they went right slick. Next morning, the Gineral was found to hum, with a sight of old gold pieces, bigger round than the top of a 'backer box, and a hull pot full of the tallest kind of jewels; you see, the sojer had carried a small flask of Monongahely in his pocket, and the river gall could'nt get over the old rye—tew glasses opened her heart, I guess, and she let the Gineral

slip his cable in the mornin' with jest abeout as much gold as he could stow away. Some of his friends kalkilated as he'd better drop his anchor thar' again—and there was some talk in the settlement of formin' a jynt-stock company for the purpose of gettin' up all the gold—but the Gineral tell'd 'em he guessed he'd got enough for him, and he seed quite enough down thar' not to want to go no more; and refusin' to say what he had seen, or tell 'em how they was to go to work, it kinder stopt the jynt-stock company. The river gall she fell quite in love with the gineral right up to the hub, and sot on the bilin' water night arter night, singing "Meet me by moonlight alone"—but the Gineral said he'd see her d—d first afore he trusted her agin—for, says he, "no woman was never deceived twice," which riled the river gall like mad, and in revenge she sot the whirlpool a bilin' like all creation, as if resolved to keep the neighborhood in hot water. From the sarcumstance of the Gineral's gettin' so much gold out o' the river, the Jarmings called it the Rhino, and its been known by somethin' like that name ever since.

When the chapling had expended his yarn, he sarved out another allowance of licker. I recking that he was the raal grit for a parsing—always doing as he'd be done by, and practisin' a darned sight more than he preached. "Taint Christian like," says he, "to drink by one's self, and a raal tar never objects to share his grog with a shipmate." Them's the ginnewine Bunker Hill sentiments of spiritual salvashing, and kinder touch the bottom of a sailor's heart!

The middy then uncoiled another length o' cable abeout the fabbelus wimming o' the sea, and said it were a tarnation pretty idea, that them angels from hevving as ruled the airth should keep watch over the treasures o' the water. Then he telled a yarn consarnin' the capting of a marchantman as was tradin' in the South Seas, layin' at anchor, becalmed, one Sunday mornin' abeout five bells, when a strannge hail was heerd from under the bows o' the craft, and the hands on deck as anserd the hail seed somebody in the water with jest his head and arms stickin' out and holdin' on to the dolphing-striker. Waell, I guess they pretty soon throw'd him a rope and hauled him aboard, and then they seed he was a reglar built marman, one half kinder nigger and 'tother half kinder fish, but altogether more kinder fish than kinder nigger. So, as I was tellin' you, they got him aboard and he made an ennquerry arter the capting, who come out of his cabing, and the marman made him a first-rate dancin'-skeul bow, and says in ginnywine English, "Capting, I sorter reckon it aint entered into your kalkilation as this here is Sabberday, for you've dropped your tarnal big anchor right in front of our meetin' house door, and I'm d—d if eeny of my folks can go to prayers." Waell, the capting was rayther taking aback, and the calm, you see, overlayin' him in that thar' hot latitude, had sot his back up above a bit; and beside that, he felt considerable streeked at bein' roused out of his mornin' nap for nothin'; so, altogether he felt sorter wolfish, and lookin' at the strannger darned savagerous, says "who the hell are *you?*" This here speech put the marman's dander up, for he says right sassy, "I guess I'm appinted Deacon over all the marmans and marmaids in these here parts, and I'll jest trouble you to treat me with the respect due *few* a strannger and a gentleman." Waell, I reckon the capting's ebenezer *was* roused, for he seized hold of a harpoon that was layin' on the fowksell, and hollerd to the marman, "You fishy vaggybund, make tracks out o' my ship, you sammony-tailed son of a sea cook, or I'll drive the grains slick through your scaly carkiss, I will." Waell, the critter seein' as the capting meant danger, made but one flop with its tail, and skeeted over the side o' the ship into the water. The capting did not weigh anchor, nor nothin', only durin' the night the cables was cut by the marmen, and the ship drifted on tew a korril reef, and rubbed a tarnal big hole in her plankin'.

"That's a good yarn," said the parsing, "and I b'leive its true as gospel. Nothin's impossible in natur' and the hull o' these strannge fixens as we hears tell on, is nothin' more than links in the almighty great chain cable of universal natur'. Bats is the link of betweenity that connects the naturs of fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. Seals and alligators links the naturs of beasts and fishes. Babboons and apes links beasts with humans; and why should not marmaids be the links between humans and the fishes of the sea? But there's the signal for the boat's return; here's jest a leetle horn apiece in the bottle—let's licker once more round, and then absquattle."

We pulled quietly back to the ship. The barrel of brandy had not been found, and I wish I may be sniggered if the capting did not fly into the biggest kind of quarter-deck passion I ever did see. He stormed great guns, and fired hull broadsides at the boat's crews, swearin' that they should keep on dredgin' till the tub was found, if it was the day arter eternity. So, you see, the hands was piped to dinner, but I were ordered tew keep in the boats and take keare they did'nt stave each other. Waell, I laid down in the capting's gig, and what with the parsing's licker, and the talk abeout marmaids and syringes and water gals, and one thing and t'other, a very pretty muss began mixen' in my brain pan. So, as I was layin' comfortably moored in the starn sheets, with my head a leetle over the boat's quarter, I thought it highly unwrong that the brandy tub hadn't been fotched up, and that the men usin' the grapnels must have shirked as we did, cos, if they'd sarched as they oughter they must have seed the barrel, for the water was so petikler clear that you could dissarn the crabs crawlin' over the korril rocks at the bottom o' twenty fathom water. Waell, while I was lookin' into the ocean to see if I could light upon the barrel, a leetle of the largest fish I ever did see, come and swum right close to the bottom of the sea, jest under the boats. Then it kept risin' and risin' till I seed its long fins were shaped like men's arms; and when it come near the sarfis, it

turned on its back and then I seed a human face! I knowed at once that it was a marmaid, or a marman—or one of them amfibberus critters called fabbelus syringes as the chapling had been spinnin' his yarns about. So, the critter popt its head up jest above the water, which was smooth as glass, and a leetle smoother tew by a darned sight, and jest as clear and jest as shiny, and says he to me, "Look here, strannger, you and your shipmates aint doin' the genteel thing to me no how you can fix it, for they're playin' old hub with my garding grounds and oyster beds by scratchin' and rakin' 'em all over with them thar' darned anchors and grapnel fixens in a manner that's harrowin' to my feelin's. If the capting wants his thundernation licker tub, let him jest send eeny decent Christian down with me, and I'll gin it him."

Waell, I'm not goin' to say that I did'nt feel kinder skeered, but the chapling's yarns had rubbed the rough edge off, and the notion of findin' the capting's cask pleased me mightily, cos I knowed it would tickle the old man like all creation, and sartingly get me three or four liberty-days for shore-goin' when we returned to Port Mahon. So, as I had'nt on nothin' petikler as would spile, only a blue cotting shirt and sail-cloth pantys, and the weather being most uncommon warm, I jest told the marman I was ready, and tortled quietly over the boat's side into the blue transparent sea. The marman grappled me by the fist, and we soon touched bottom, now I tell ye. I found as I could walk easy enough, only the water swayed me about jest as if I war a leetle tight, but I did'nt seem to suffer nothin' for want of breath nyther. We soon reached whar' the brandy cask was lying right under the ship's keel, which accounts for its not bein' seen nor nothin' by the boat's crews. I felt so everlastingly comical about findin' the tub that I told the half-bred-dolphing feller as pinted it out, that if I knowed how to tap it, I wish I might die if I would'nt give him a gallon o' the stuff as a salvage fee.

"What's in it?" says the marman.

"Why, licker," says I.

"Waell," says the marman, "so I heerd them scrapin' fellers in the boats say; but I guess I've licker enough to last my time, tho' I recking your licker is somethin' stronger than salt water, seein' its hooped up in that almighty way."

"Why, you lubber," says I, "its brandy—the raal ginnewine coneyhack."

"And what's that?" says the marman.

"Why, dew tell—want to know?" says I, "Have you lived to your time o' life without tastin' spirretus licker? Waell, I swow, you oughter be the commodore of all them cold water clubs, and perpetual president of all temp'rance teetotallers. Go ahead, matey; pilot the way to your shanty, and I'll roll the barrel arter you. I'll sune gin you a drink of licker that will jest take the shirt tail off eeny thing you ever did taste, now I tell you."

Waell, the critter flopped ahead, for you see its the natur' of the marmen, seein' as they've no legs, only a fish's tail what's bent under them jest like the lower part o' the letter J, to make way by floppin' their starns up and down, and paddlin' with their hands—somethin' between a swim and a swagger—but the way they get through the water is a caution. I rolled the tub along over the smooth white shiny sand, and the crabs and lobsters skeeted off right and left sides out o' my way, reglar skeered, and big fishes of all shapes and makes, with bristlin' fins, swum close alongside me, and looked at me quite awful with their small gooseberry eyes, as much as to say "what the nation *are* you at?" Byme by, the marman brought up in front of raither a largish cave or grotto of rock and shell work, kivered with korril and sea weed. So, you see, the tub was put right on eend in one corner; I made an ennquirry of the marman if he'd a gimblet, and he said he b'lieved there was sitch a thing in the hold or cellar; he'd found a carpenter's tool chest in a wreck a few miles to the easterd, and he fotched away six or seving of the leetle fixins, thinkin' they might be useful to hum—so, he opened the back door and hailed a young marman to bring him the gimblet.

Seein' as there was no benches nor nothin' to sit down on, which marmen and marmaids don't desire, cos they've no sittin' parts to their bodies, which is all fish from their waistbands, I jest sot on the top o' the brandy tub, and took an observashing of the critter before me. His face was reglar human, only it looked raither tawney and flabby like a biled nigger, with fishy eyes, and a mouth like a huge tom cod. His hair hung stret down his shoulders, and was coarse and thick like untwisted rattlin'; his hands were somethin' like a goose's paw, only the fingers was longer and thicker—and his body was not exackly like an Injin's, nor a nigger's, nor a white man's—nor was it yaller, nor blue, nor green—but a sorter altogether kinder mixed up color, lookin' as if it were warranted to stand the weather. Jest about midships, his body was tucked into a fish's belly, with huge green scales right down to the tail.

Whilst I were surveyin' the marman fore and aft, the back door opened, and a she critter flopped in, with a young marman at the breast. The leetle sucker was not bigger than a pickerel, with a tail of a delicate sammon color, and a head and body jest like one' o' them small tan monkeys, with a face as large as a dollar. The marman introduced the she critter as his wife, and we soon got into a coil of talk right slick all about the weather, and the keare and trouble of a young family—and I wish I may be swamped if the marmaid warn't a dreadful nice critter to chatter. Like all wimming folk, she was plaguey kewrous as to whar' I was raised and rigged—and when I said I guessed I hailed from Cape Cod and all along shore thar', she looked at the marman, and said to me,

"Waell, I never—Cape Cod! why, strannger, I guess there must be some 'finity in our breeds."

Waell, you see, I grew raythor kewrous tew, and wanted to log the petiklers of the natural history of the race of marmen—so I made a few ennquerries respectin' their ways of life. "I guess," says I, "you've a tarnal good fish market in these here parts, and keep your table well supplied with hollibut, and sea bass, and black fish, eh?"

"Why, strannger," says the marman raythor wrathy, "seein' its you, I won't be offended, or by hevving, if that speech aint enough to make a quaker burn his stockin', why then it aint no matter. We claim to be half fish in our natur', and I recking you don't kalkilate we gobbles our relashings? there's sea varmint enough in all conscience, sitch as oysters, and clams, and quahogs, and muscles, and crabs, and lobsters. We go the hull shoat with them; and then we cultivates kail and other sea truck in our gardings, and sometimes we swims under the wild fowl as they're floatin' and jerks down a fine duck or a gull, or gathers their eggs off the rocks, or the barnacles off drift wood."

Jest then, the marman's eldest son-fish fotched in the gimblet, and brought up the marman's jawin'-tacks with a round turn. The young 'un was abeout the size of an Injin boy jest afore he runs alone—half papoose, half porpus. He got a leetle skeered when he clapt eyes on me, but I guv' him a stale quid o' backer to amuse himself, and the sugar plum made the marmaster roll his eyes above a bit, now I tell you.

Waell, I bored a hole in the brandy tub, and pickin' up an empty clam shell, handed a drink to the lady, and told her to tote it down. She swallered it pretty slick, and the way she gulped arterwards, and stared, and twisted her fishy mouth was a sin to Moses. The marman looked rather wolfy at me as if I'd gin her pison; so I drawed a shell-full and swallered it myself. This kinder cooled him down, and when the marmaid got her tongue tackle in runnin' order agin, she said she guessed the licker was the juice of hevving, and she'd be darned if she wouldn't have another drink right off the reel.

Seein' this, the marman swallered his dose, and no sooner got it down than he squealed right out, and clapped his webby hands together, and waggled his tail like all creation. He swore it was elegant stuff, and he felt it tickle powerful from the top of his head to the eend of his starn fin. Arter takin' two or three horns together, the sonny cried for a drink, and I gin him one that sent him wrigglin' on the sand like an eel in an uneasiness. So, the marman said as the licker was raal first-rate, and first-rater than that tew, he guessed he'd ask in his next door neighbor and his lady, jest to taste the godsend. Waell, in a minnit, in comes a huge marman of the most almighty size, lookin' jest like Black Hawk when he was bilious; he fotched up his lady with him, and his eldest son, a scraggy hobadehoy marman, and his darters, two young marmaids or marmisses, jest goin' out o' their teens, who flapped their yaller-skinned paws over their punking-colored chops, pretendin' to be almighty skeered at comin' afore a strannge man in a state o' natur'—but they forgot all abeout that thar' when the licker was handed to 'em.

Arter takin' a few smallers, the fresh marman said he guessed the clam shell was altogether too leetle to get a proper amount of licker whereby a feller could judge correctly of the raal taste of the stuff—so he went to his berth in the next cave, and fotched a large blue and silver shell that held abeout a pint. The news o' the brandy tub spred pretty slick, for in half an hour, I'd the hull grist o' the marmen belongin' to that settlement cooped up in the cavern. Sitch a noisy swillin' set o' wet souls I never did see; the drunk cum on 'em almighty strong, for they kept me sarvin' out the licker jest as quick as it would run. I thought if the capting could have seen me astridin' his brandy cask, in an underground grocery at the bottom of the sea, surrounded by sich a skeul of odd fish, how many dozen at the gangway would he have ordered the bosen's mate to have sarved me out?

The way the drunk affected the different critters was right kewrous, now I tell you. One great scaly feller stiffened his tail all up, and stood poppindickler erect on the peeked pints of the eend fin, like a jury mast, and jawed away raal dignified at all the rest, wantin' them to appint him a sorter admiral over the hull crew. Another yeller feller with a green tail, was so dreadful blue, that he doubled himself into a figgery 5, and sung scraps and bits of all sorts of sea songs, till he got tew drunk to speak at all. Some of the marmen wanted to kiss all the marmaids, and tew of the ladies begun scratchin' and fightin' like two pusseys, cos one trod on t'other's tail. Some went floppin' and dancin' on the sand like mad, raisin' sitch a dust that I could not see to draw the licker—but the party round the tub soon driv' them to the right abeout, as interferin' with the interest of the settlement. Every minnit some fresh marman dropped on the ground with the biggest kind of load on; I never seed a set of critters so almighty tight, yellin', swearin', huggin', and fightin', till they growed so darned savagerous that I kinder feared for my own safety amongst them drunking moffradite sea aborgoines. So, you see, I up and told them that I'd clapt my veto on the licker, and that they should not have any more. Waell, if ever you did hear a most eternal row, or see a hull raft of drunking fellers cut didoes, then *was* the time. It was voted that I were a public enemy, and every half drunking marman suddenly became very 'fishus to have me Lynched, and it were settled at last that I was to be rode on a rail, and then tarred and feathered. But while some of the varmint went arter the rail and the tar, the rest of the critters begun quarrelin' who was to sarve out the licker; and as each marman, drunk or sober, wanted to have the keare of the precious stuff, they soon raised

a pretty muss, and kept on tearin' at each other like a pack of wolves. Seein' this, I jest kinder sneaked quietly away from the cave grocery till I come in sight of the ship, when I struck upperds for the sarfis, and swum for dear life. I soon seed that the boat's crews were musterin' for another bout of draggin' for the brandy cask, so fearin' lest the capting should miss me, I jest laid hold o' the edge of the gig, and crawled in pretty quickly, and laid myself down in the starn sheets, as if I'd never been out o' the boat. Waell, I hadn't laid thar' half a second when I heerd a noise jest for all the world as if somebody was squeezin' a small thunder cloud right over my head. I ruz up, and thar' were the capting and the hull crew lookin' over the ship's side at me—the officers in a tarnal rage, and the men grinnin' like so many hyenas.

"Rouse up, you longsided lazy swab, and bring the boats in from the boom. Are you going to sleep all day!"

"Ay, ay, sir," said I, jumpin' up in the boat, when all the water run off me like forty thousand mill streams—I'd been so outrageous soaked while down with the marmen. I felt kinder skeered lest the capting should see it, but when I stood up he laffed right out, and so did the hull crew tew.

"Why, he's not awake yet," said the capting. "Bosen, give him another bucket."

You see they wanted to persuade me that I'd feel asleep in the gig as fast as a meetin' house, and slept thar' the hull while the crew were at dinner, and that no shoutin' nor nothin' could'nt waken me up—so, the bosen run along the boom and jest gin me a couple o' buckets o' sea water right over me. When I told 'em my yarn about the marman poppin' up his head, and invitin' me down, and all about findin' the brandy tub, and the rest, they swore that I'd got drunk on the parsing's licker, and dreamt it all in the boat. But I guess I know what I did see, jest about as slick as any body; and the chapling b'lieved the hull story; and said that as I'd larnt the marmen the vally o' licker, they'd get huntin' up all the tubs and barrels out of the different wrecks in all the various seas; and that intemperance would spile the race, and thin 'em off till they became one the things that was—jest like the Injins what's wastin' away by the power o' rum and whiskey gin them by the white men.

I recking the parsing war'nt far out in his kalkilayshing. The love o' licker has had its effect upon the marmen and the marmaids; they must have thinned off surprisingly, for I aint seed none since, nor I don't know nobody as has, nyther.

STANZAS.

Lady "thy vows were traced in sand,"
With pencil light, and careless hand,
And every idle wind that blew,
Declared the feeble lines untrue;
Trembling I saw thy plighted faith,
The sport of every vagrant breath—
Yet lingered still, like one who stands,
To view the flight of golden sands.

Thy heart was like the sweetest flower,
That blossoms in a lady's bower;—
And like the bird of golden wing,
That sips the honied dew of spring,
Like fancy loved to hover near,
The nectar'd leaf that glittered there;
Deceptive leaf! so bright to view,
So sweet to taste! so trifling too!

Lady resume thy pencil now,
And write thy cruel vows *in snow*;
For that is cold as maiden's heart,
And frail as sand, will soon depart;
And glist'ning as the maiden's tear,
When Hymen's burning torch is near,
But when 'tis brightest, feeblest, proves
Decaying by the warmth it loves!

But while along the faithless line,
New loves, and hopes, and raptures shine,
To 'guile some raw enamored youth,
That recks not of a woman's truth—
Forget thy promise pledged to me—
Forget thy heart's inconstancy—
Nor let a darken'd hour like this
Intrude to blight thy transient bliss.

For should'st thy truant fancy rove
Back to the vernal days of love,
When new-born hope thy bosom thrill'd,
And vows were sworn, by kisses seal'd,
The blush of shame would brightly glow,
Along the chilly page of snow,
And melting tablets far and wide,
Display thy faithless maiden pride!

August 27, 1839. C. B. B.

THE PRIVATEER.

A TALE OF THE LATE AMERICAN WAR.

[Concluded from page 219]

CHAPTER IX.

THE MINSTREL AND THE END.

Still weep'st thou, wanderer? some fond mother's glance
O'er thee, too, brooded in thine early years—
Think'st thou of her whose gentle eye, perchance,
Bathed all thy faded hair with parting tears?
Speak, for thy tears disturb me—what art thou?
Why dost thou hide thy face, yet weeping on?
Look up!—oh! is it—that wan cheek and brow!—
Is it—alas!—yet joy! my son, my son!

Hemans.

The orphan's prayer was heard, and she was not marked for a cheerless pilgrimage through the singing vale of life. A love, like that of sisters met in heaven, sprung up between Catharine and Agnes. It was a sight of rare and tender interest to see that beautiful pair together—a graceful task for the most gifted pencil. Each was an exquisite specimen of the two fairest orders of female loveliness. Agnes was the girl—playful, timid, gentle, and earnest; and Catharine, the matured and magnificent woman; the one, a sylph, living on the air of roses—the other, an angel, with a lyre.

Yet how imperfect is human joy! The mute devotion of her brother and his gentle wife to each other, partaking so much of the romance of passion, their sweet and holy confidence, and the eloquent worship of their eyes, as they read, with a thrill, each other's meaning, would often start the unconscious sigh, the brimming tear; and Catharine thought, with a pang, how much and how little of happiness was hers.

"Tell us again of your fortunes at sea," said Catharine to her brother one day, as, with an arm of Agnes around her neck, and their cheeks softly touching, they reclined on an ottoman. "I almost envy the ocean its interest, since it could win you from your home and me."

"I have told you all, dear sister, except"—and Charles hesitated.

"Except, brother?"

"Do you know this?" he inquired hurriedly, drawing a braid from his bosom.

Catharine paled as she took it; she compared it with her curls, and looked beseechingly at her brother.

"Walter sent it to you, with his last blessing."

"It is mine," shrieked the agonized lady, "and my poor cousin is dead—dead!"

Her low and melancholy sobs were exquisitely touching; the weeping Agnes shielded her on her bosom, and Harman, agitated almost beyond words, took his sister's passive hand.

"No, no—not dead, my own dear sister; listen, and I will tell you all. I was a captive at sea, in a British vessel—one terrible night, in the fury of an appalling storm, we were startled by the bursts of cannon and the shout of battle. Shortly came the rattle of musquetry, and the furious trampling of fighting men; but louder than all was the war-cry of my country's name. For more than an hour, the angry battle raged, till there burst a deafening hurrah of victory, and all was silent. We were free, and Walter De Berrian was among the conquerors."

"Then he is alive! Oh, where is he?"

"We parted in a foreign port, two years ago. I would have sacrificed my commission to induce him to return; but he shook his head, and told me the Sea-Gull was his home."

"The Sea-Gull!—then he is gone for ever!" slowly repeated Catharine, in the hollow tones of despair, while the fast and burning tears were streaming over her cheeks. She remembered to have read a mysterious account of the Sea-Gull's last fight.

"And he never spoke unkindly of me?" inquired the heart-stricken lady, with a strong attempt at composure.

She listened with intense distress while Harman related their parting interview, and De Berrian's last, touching message.

"Then he always loved me—wronged and devoted Walter! That sad, last prayer has gone up, and he knows how bitterly I repent and love him! My kind brother, and you, sweet Agnes, dearer far than a sister, cheer me no more with false hopes—seek not to win me from my lone communion with the memory of the dead. I am calm now, and for ever!"

And there was something so melancholy, yet beseeching, in the calmness that henceforth settled over her lonely hours, that its spell was sacred.

Months crept on, and the world, slumbering from the fatigue of its mightiest struggle, was shaken from its momentary rest by the stirring blast of war. The thunders of Waterloo pealed from pole to pole, and died away in the echo of the sea. The world was again at peace, and what kept the wanderer away? There was now no strife to gather those of burdened and joyless life, yet still he came not. Harman, at length, despaired; and the name of Walter De Berrian was heard only in whispers in the home of his childhood.

And autumn came—the queenly Cleopatra of the seasons dying in her robe and crown. It was the time of pensive rambles and lonely thought, when a story is written on every leaf, and a warning tongue whispers in every breeze. It was one of those sad and poetic evenings in the Indian summer that Harman and his bride had driven out, when Catharine took a stroll to the grove on the slope of the bay. She sat on the rustic bench so sacred to melancholy thought; for Walter assisted to build it. It was shaded by a bower of vines, and sheltered from storm and sun by an ample oak, above, while the cool, smooth beach swept at its foot, so that the waves of the high tide sometimes washed the ripe blue grapes that clustered on the lowest bough. The bay was beautifully tranquil, and the handsome oak that spread above saw itself in the tide, and dropped a gentle leaf to woo its shadow. The frail messenger drifted to Catharine's feet, and was stranded on the sand. "Emblem of my hopes," thought the lady, stooping to pick it up, while her long hair fell from her shoulders and hung over her cheeks in raven volumes, giving to her face the softest light of eve. Catharine might have well been pardoned for that long and involuntary gaze, as she caught her image in the water. A flash of womanly pride was beaming in her eye, and the soul-entrancing triumphs of that matchless beauty were sweeping in brilliant array before her. She was again whirling through the dance on her birth-night ball, the unquestioned queen of the fair; and then came that solitary midnight reverie, when the revellers were hushed in sleep.

"Yes, I deserve to be unhappy," she said; and, twining a hand in her mourning tresses, she gazed on the tinted sky as some exiled angel awaiting a summons to her home.

But who was that half minstrel, half beggar-looking itinerant, that watched her with the eyes of a lynx? Dressed in a foreign vagrant costume, a dusty, sun-burnt mendicant, with heavy moustaches, long brownish curls, and an old guitar, stood, half-hid by the nearest tree, gazing with a wild and half-affrighted air at the unconscious Catharine. He stole nearer, and faltered. He advanced again—his foot was on the sand—and he raised an unsteady hand to the strings of the guitar—his arm was stilled as by the wand of an unseen spirit; for Catharine had begun to warble a half-forgotten air of her girlhood. It was a song of dreaming, melancholy meaning, and she had often sung it in Walter's presence, for the mute flattery of his looks. Her voice, so low at first and exquisitely sweet, seemed to float and melt in mystery, as if to puzzle the listener to find its origin. Concealed as the songstress was by boughs and vines, one might have fancied it the lament of some lone-hearted mermaid, who had stolen from the dark blue sea to die. The song rose by soft degrees, like the tide's murmur in sea-shells, till it swelled to the richest volume of melody. The minstrel stood for a moment in the attitude of a spell-bound listener. As if suddenly recollecting himself, he lightly stepped to his tree, brushed a mass of dusty curls over his features, drew down his slouched hat, and listened eagerly again. Never had Catharine sung so divinely, even in the wildest rapture of delicious coquetry. Now, all the poetry of early and blighted love, of youth robbed of its sunny charm, and memory hallowed by joys that were, seemed breathing in her tones of passion; and when the last clear note slept in the pathos of sound, the songstress bowed her noble head and wept.

She started, as some holy spirit wakened from the shrine of its worship! At first, low and unsteady, she caught the tinkling of a rich-toned guitar, and then the trembling concord of a mellow voice. Mute, breathless, and amazed, she drank the bolder harmony of a lament as sad and touching as her own. It spoke of young love scorned by a proud and cruel one; then, bursting haughtily to a loftier strain, it sung of the battling sea, and the conqueror's shout. Sinking to a wail again, it mourned a dark imprisonment, misery, a desolate home, and forgotten friends. There was something in the last melancholy stanza that spoke the beautiful faith of a breaking heart!

Yet if amid a desert land,
My sinking limbs I lie,
Her name I'll trace upon the sand,
And kiss it as I die.

The poor minstrel had ceased, and he seemed lost in a ramble of thought. Catharine stood at his side without knowing how she came there.

"Look up," she hoarsely whispered.

The startled minstrel was on his feet, and turned an unknown countenance to the lady. Poor Catharine—it was not *his* face!

"Lady!" said the minstrel, beseechingly, (and alas! his voice, too, was strange,) "lady, I have travelled far to-day, and rested in this lovely spot for one short hour. I would have gone, but your song, lady, was music to the heart of a homeless wanderer."

"Your dress—whence came you?"

"From over the ocean, lady."

"Then, oh, perhaps you have seen him—Walter!"

Catharine stopped, and shuddered at her unmaidenly betrayal. A slight tremor shook the minstrel's frame.

"Your pardon, lady," he said, "I could weep that one so young and lovely should know sorrow. Your tears—pardon again, kindest lady—those tears, though not for me, betray a gentle heart, and you will not turn away from the story of wo. Listen, lady; for once I had a name and home perchance as fair as thine; but, in a day, I was friendless, homeless, and unknown. This is my country, and hither I have come to day. For a tedious time, I was a prisoner in a foreign cell; but peace came at last, and I breathed the free air of heaven. One of thy gentle sex taught me this guitar on the banks of the Xenil, and with home before my eyes, I took up a lonely wandering. At the gates of Grenoble, I first saw the great Napoleon. Catching the mad enthusiasm which that wonderful man could inspire in a smile, I was marching under the imperial eagle. Lady, I was at Waterloo. The sable curtain fell, and I was again a homeless itinerant for bread. I stand upon my country's shore, a stranger in my home. My name is graven on the tomb, and my blood is cold beneath."

"Come, sir, with me," said Catharine, in the warmth of her feelings, "and accept a stranger's assistance; you shall go away with a smile."

"Take the fervent thanks of a grateful heart," said the minstrel, with an eloquent look. "Lady you, too, shall smile again!"

Catharine had no time to question the meaning of those last words, for a distant shriek and the increasing rattle of carriage wheels came faintly from a grassy woodland road that swept in winding caprice through the grove, not far from the shore. Springing wildly up the slight bank, followed closely by the minstrel, Catharine shuddered to see the carriage of her brother whirling furiously towards them. Suddenly, it dashed from the road, as if coming directly to the spot where they stood, the frightened horses plunging aside at every turn, evidently beyond the control of the driver, and the invisible wheels grazed and scattered the bark from the trees.

"Oh, can no earthly power save them?" screamed Catharine, as she turned to the minstrel. He was pale, erect, and not a muscle moved.

"Who are they, dear Catharine—that is—sweet lady?"

"My name! Walter! Save them—my brother—my sister!"

The minstrel was gone. With a bound he gained the shelter of an oak, and at the next instant he had grasped the reins. The fierce animals flung him from his feet, as they reared and leaped frantically forward. With the grasp of a Hercules, the minstrel held on, but they reared again, and leaped within a few feet of the swooning, helpless Catharine. Snorting with wildest terror, the horses plunged convulsively again—the next instant Catharine would have been crushed, when she was snatched from the ground in the arms of a sailor-looking negro, and borne to a place of safety. The negro bounded to the minstrel's aid, and by their united force, the foam-covered horses stood trembling under their hands.

"Hah! hah! dey know you now, Mas Walter," chuckled the negro, Peter; "hat gone, and de hair hab drapt off your face!"

The driver had flung open the door of the carriage, and Harman, with Agnes in his arms, jumped upon the ground. At the first glance of the minstrel, Harman exclaimed "Walter De Berrian!" and rushed into his arms. De Berrian tore himself away, and knelt at Catharine's side.

"Wake, dearest cousin!" and he folded her to his breast.

"Are they safe?" she languidly asked.

"Yes, my adored Catharine!"

"And you are"—

"Walter De Berrian!"

"*My* Walter!" murmured Catharine, with a blissful confusion, as she hid her lovely face upon his throbbing bosom.

"Yar! yar!" laughed Peter, almost crying with delight, as he surveyed the happy group; "God bress 'em—bress 'em all!" And, reader, with equal good will, do I also say—"God bless thee!"

*** The excellent tale of "The Privateer" having been brought to a conclusion, we gladly remedy the printer's mistake in neglecting to announce the Author's name at the commencement of the first chapter. It is from the pen of ALEXANDER JONES, M. D., of St. Inigoes, Maryland. Ed. G. M.

CAIN.

BY P. B. ELDER, COLUMBIA, PA.

Twilight slept upon Eden. The bright flowers
That had all day their richest odors flung
Out on the gentle breeze, were closing up,
Like some great mind that for a time hugs close
Its glorious thoughts, until their painful weight
Compels the miser to unlock his store
And yield its treasures. Here and there a star
Stood out upon the firmament. The breeze,
Which stirs on summer nights so mournfully,
Bore on its wings the dull and solemn bleat
From distant folds; and the quick silvery sound
Of a bright rivulet, that circled by,
Rippling along, came full upon the ear,
Sweet and monotonous.
It was a beautcous scene—
And aught but conscious guiltiness had hung
Upon that spread of glory, with a heart
Warm with devotion; but not so was Cain's—
Gloomy and sad, he trod his lonely fields,
And his heart sicken'd, and his spirit sunk,
As his eye rested on it; and his thought
Went back to other days, and memory sketch'd
The faithful likeness of his childhood's hours.
"Long ago," thus mused the guilt-worn fratricide,
"In those bright bowers of Eden have I strayed,
And, with my little brother by my side,
Chased the gay-liveried butterflies about
From flower to flower; and how my heart would
beat
To see him bound along in frolic mood,
And mock the blithesome carol of the birds
As they poured forth their noontide chant! and
then,
When play had tired his young and feeble limbs,
On beds of roses, shelter'd from the sun
By the rich foliage of some fragrant shrub
Or willow-jasmine, have we laid us down,
Lock'd in a close, fraternal, warm embrace,
Till sleep restored the vigor of our frames.
When the day's toil was o'er, and evening came,
And the bright stars were scatter'd over heaven—
How often have we sat, I on the knee
Of my kind father, and my brother press'd
Close to his mother's bosom, and there heard
Our parents tell of all the happy days
Before their dreadful fall—before that sin
Which tore them from the confidence of God,
And seal'd misfortune on the human race.
The tale was oft rehearsed, but Abel still,
With childish waywardness, would crave it more,
And then our father, with a gentle smile,
Would tell it o'er. Oh, happy hours, long past,
Why does stern memory call ye up again!
Why is my tortur'd brain wrung with the scenes
Which erst gave happiness! My brother's blood
Clings to my guilty hands, and the dread thought—
The thought of murder—oh! the cursed deed—
Like a barbed arrow rankles at my heart!"
Thus mused the guilty one. His past delights,
His dear remembrances of Eden's joys,
Sprung up like venom'd things within his soul,
And sicken'd every thought. Before him lay
Scenes that the eye might feast on—that would
once
Have roused his every feeling into play
And nerved his soul to energy; but now,
His only thought was Abel; and those scenes,
Breathing of happier days, but sent the shaft
Deeper and deeper to the conscience-seat!
He gazed in passive listlessness upon
The imagery of heaven, until a voice
That in times past had pleased him well to hear,
Startled the dreamer. At the voice of God
The murd'rer trembled, and his spirit quailed
Back to its deepest black recess. But guilt
Wears oftentimes the bright habiliments
Which robe the form of innocence; and Cain,
The guilty Cain, upraised his voice to speak,
And to the stern demand, "where is thy brother!"
Essay'd prevarication! But the voice
Of Him who bade this glorious world to BE—
Who spread the precious jewelry of heaven,
Whose wisdom and whose knowledge brook no
bound,
Spoke forth again: "What hast thou done? the
voice
Of innocent blood, spilt by thy treacherous hand.
Thy brother's blood, cries to me from the ground!
And, now, thou spoiler of the work of God;
Thou worm, who trod'st another worm to dust—
Now thou art cursed from this beauteous earth,
With all its pageantry of glorious things,
Which opens wide its mouth to drink the stream,
The purple current of thy brother's blood!
No more the earth (which erst in plenteous store
Would yield her fruits), thy labor shall repay.
The world will scorn thee. Epithets of hate
Will follow in thy footsteps: thou wilt be
Spurn'd by thy fellows as a loathed thing—
A fugitive and vagabond!" But Cain,
Smarting with conscious guilt and deep remorse;
Humbled in spirit by that bitter curse,
Spoke to the Lord in terms of gentle plaint;
And the kind Father of the human race
Mark'd him, lest men should slay him—and the
first
That dipp'd his hands in human gore, went out
From the dread presence of the Lord!

EASTERN FABLES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE TALES OF KRASICKI.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D.

I. JUZUP.

In the commercial town of Bassora there lived a citizen called Juzup. He was of mean extraction, but understanding something of commercial affairs, he was enabled to supply the wants of life, and bestow on his children an education suitable to their condition. In short, by his industry, he attained the middle station of life, the one which is freest from temptation, and therefore the happiest. His uncle, Rachib, was a merchant, industrious in his profession. Being industrious, fortune favored him; and as he declined in years, he became possessed of a considerable amount of property. Feeling himself growing feebler daily, he made his will, to which he attached the following codicil: "I leave this world childless. Though my nephew Juzup will inherit all my property, it is against my wish that it should ever be divided. I therefore command him to bestow it all, at his death, on that one of his sons whom he shall deem worthy to be its master."

It was known to Juzup that he would inherit the estate, but of the existence of the codicil, which forbade a division of the inheritance, he was, for a time, ignorant. At length Rachib, feeling himself near an end, sent for his nephew. When he had come unto him, he spake as follows: "My dear nephew, since Allah did not bless me with any children, with entire satisfaction do I look upon thee as my heir, for thy virtues and thy prudence have forced me to admire thee. Thou knowest that, in my will, I have made thee the inheritor of my wealth, and I feel confident that thou wilt use it well. Now I will tell thee that which I have never told thee before. I cannot bear the thought of having my property so soon divided. Thou hast three sons, and if it were equally divided among them, it would make them tolerably independent, and no more. Now, it is my wish that, when I die, one only shall live abundantly from the fruits of my toil." He then showed the codicil to Juzup, which ran as we have before shown. Then, having sworn him to secrecy, Rachib expired.

After the death of his uncle, Juzup became immensely rich, and using his wealth with economy and prudence, he added thereto; endeavoring at the same time to discover who was most worthy of the inheritance. Mustapha, the eldest of the three sons, departed, and became a courtier in the palace of the Pacha of Aleppo. The next, Abul, went to the schools, and studied law, making in a short time such progress, that the teachers were of opinion he would soon equal, and perhaps excel them. Achmet, the youngest, remained at home in the store of his father, and assisted him in his business. The difficulty of bestowing the estate on the most deserving harrassed the mind of Juzup. But sickness came upon him, and when, after the care of the most skilful physicians, he felt his end approaching, he called all his sons to his side. When there assembled, he spoke to them thus: "Already, my dear children, the spirit of death knocks at my door, and the decree of nature and of Allah orders me to leave you. I know your attachment to me to be great—now, tell me how you will show it when I am no more."

"I," said Mustapha, the eldest, "adoring your virtues, will build you a tomb such as Bassora hath never yet seen."

"I," said Abul, "will search for the most learned writers, that, in prose and verse, they may praise thy virtues."

It now became the turn of the youngest to speak, but he was, from excess of emotion, unable, and stood mute, until, at length, a flood of tears gave him relief. The father bade them all to go out from him, and calling the cadi, on the next morning indited a will. On the next morning he died.

After the funeral ceremonies were over, the will was opened and read. In it was written: "The

property obtained from my parents, and that which my own industry added to it, is to be equally divided among my three sons. That which my uncle Rachib left at my disposal I resign to Achmet, my youngest born, whose tears of love at the thoughts of my loss would not suffer him to speak his love for me."

II. THE DEPOSIT.

A merchant of Damascus, about to visit a distant nation, requested a neighbor of his, in whom he had great confidence, to take charge of a hundred pounds of steel belonging to him, until his return. When the merchant departed, his neighbor, tempted by its value, appropriated it to his own use. After doing so, he thought carefully how he should conceal his dishonor. Meanwhile, the traveller returned, and asked for the steel.

"I know not what to say," observed the neighbor, "and what I am about to tell thee I would not have believed, did I not witness it with mine own eyes. A rat, of immense size, entered my warehouse, and destroyed thy steel. I, seeing it become lesser and lesser every day, determined to watch it, and fulfilled my determination. I saw him myself as he was devouring the last of it."

After such a vicious and shameless falsehood, the merchant easily saw the dishonesty of his neighbor. He, however, affected to believe the fable, and went home. In a few days after the occurrence, he saw several children playing in the streets, among the rest his neighbor's son. This latter he enticed into his house, and there concealed. The parent soon missed his child, and searched every where for him, in great distress. After spending the whole night in an useless inquiry, he came in the morning to the merchant, and relating the disaster, asked if he knew aught of the child.

"Perhaps a hawk might have taken him," said the merchant, "for yesterday evening I saw one passing over the house with a child in his talons."

"Thy jokes are unseasonable," replied the distressed parent; "how could so small a bird lift so great a weight?"

"In a town, my dear neighbor," replied the other, "where a rat can consume one hundred pounds of steel, why could not a hawk be found able to lift a child in the air?"

"I have told thee an untruth," said the neighbor; "come and take back thy steel."

"I, also, spoke not the truth," said the merchant; "thy child is in my house."

III. IBRAHIM AND OSMAN.

There were two brothers in Cairo, one of whom was named Osman, and the other Ibrahim. They were both rich, and, as they managed their affairs with prudence, their wealth became increased, till they were considered the richest men of the place. As they lived in amity, they came to see each other whenever their business did not prevent such visits. Once, when walking on the shores of the Nile, Ibrahim said to Osman, "Brother, Allah has blest us with wealth, in what way have we shown our gratitude?"

"I do my utmost," replied Osman; "I observe Rhamazan strictly, frequent the mosques, do not neglect the five ablutions, and, as thou knowest, have visited Mecca and Medina."

"I did not visit either," said Ibrahim, "though I wished to do so. I was prepared for the pilgrimage, when a circumstance prevented me from enjoying the greatest happiness a man can have on earth."

"What was the circumstance?" inquired Osman.

Silent was Ibrahim, and though his brother pressed him, would return no answer.

Offended by this, Osman left the place, and his departure cast a gloom over the mind of his brother. While he was depressed by this, he seated himself in the shade of some palm trees, and sleep overcame him. Then he perceived a dignified and venerable man before him, who spoke thus:—"To visit the grave of the prophet is laudable—but thou didst better in not doing so, when thy uncle Hassan was in a declining state. Thy brother forsook him that he might go to Mecca; his pilgrimage was vain, and disregarded by Allah. Thy denial was worthier, and now is of ten-fold value since thy modesty forbade thee to tell the reason why thou wert not a pilgrim."

IV. HAZAD.

Not far from the celebrated city of Damascus lived a venerable old man, named Hazad, who trembled from age as the leaf in the wind. He had three sons, to each of whom he gave an education appropriate to his nature. When, bent down by years and infirmities, he called them to him, and

thus spoke: "Azar, the spirit of Heaven, seems to be a kind protector over us. Last night, he showed himself to me, and acquainted me that thou, Ibrahim, my first-born, wilt be a soldier; thou, Osman, a lawyer, and thou, the child of my old age, Juzup, a merchant."

"He furthermore predicted your future success in life, and gave me those three silver boxes you see before you." He then gave each of his sons a box, saying, "when thou, Ibrahim, who art to be a soldier, becomest the leader of thy band, open thine. Thou, Osman, when thou becomest a judge, do likewise. And thou, Juzup, follow their example, when thou hast realized ten bags of gold. Exert yourselves, therefore, my dear children, that you may be soon enabled to open your boxes." And so saying, he expired.

After having, with great regret, buried their father, they recommended themselves to Azar, the heavenly spirit, and set diligently to work to fulfil their prescribed duties. After having for some time honestly labored, the eldest became a commander of his band, the second a judge, and the youngest in possession of ten purses of gold. They then met together.

Ibrahim first opened his box, and found a paper bearing the following inscription: "End as thou hast begun, and thou mayst become a vizier."

Osman next opened his, and found therein the inscription; "End as thou hast begun, and thou mayst become a mufti."

Within his box, Juzup read: "End as thou hast begun, and thou mayst obtain a thousand bags of gold."

V. ALEXANDER AND THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

After Alexander had mastered Persia, he planned an expedition for the conquest of India. Hearing of this intended invasion, king Kobad sent, as an ambassador, a well-known sage, in order, if possible, to appease or mollify his ardour. The philosopher had discovered many useful things, and being known, through fame, to Alexander, that monarch received him courteously. Being desirous, however, of testing the extent of his wisdom, the conqueror sent him a vessel of oil, so full, that a single drop would cause it to overflow. The sage laid a thousand needles on the oil, one by one, and sent the whole back to Alexander.

When the vessel was brought back, the king ordered the whole to be poured out, and from the needles found upon it, ordered the most perfectly round ball to be made, and sent to the sage. The latter, on receiving it, ordered it to be stretched out, and made into a highly polished mirror; and in that state gave it into the hands of the messengers to be re-delivered to the monarch. Alexander sent back the mirror in a vessel filled with water; and from it, the ambassador made a cup, which he filled with part of the water from the vessel, and despatched in return. The monarch returned the cup filled with earth. When the sage saw this, he wept, but returned no answer. On hearing of this, Alexander ordered the philosopher before him, and asked him if he could explain the meaning of the symbols.

"Oh! grand monarch!" exclaimed the venerable Brahmin, "the vessel so well filled with oil, signified thy knowledge gotten by education, and the experience thou imaginest thyself to possess; the thousand needles, which laid upon it caused it not to stir, ought to have given thee to know, that though we imagine our knowledge to be boundless, much remains of which we have no conception."

"The needles," said Alexander," of which I ordered a ball to be made, why didst thou change them to a mirror?"

"The ball," answered the philosopher, "with its hardness and weight, signified a lofty mind, firm, but of little use. I changed it to a mirror, in which every one might behold himself; that it might afford a lesson to thee, and induce thee to be useful to others as well as thyself."

"I sent thee back the mirror in a vessel filled with water," said the monarch, "and why didst thou create of it a cup, fill it with water, and send it back?"

"The water, in which the mirror was immersed, signified the approach to eternity, in which we shall all be hidden. The cup which I filled with water enforced this truth, that the mind which we receive from nature, if we use it properly, will contain many great things. I wept on gazing at the earth with which thou filledst the cup, for I remember the fact, that both thou, with thy greatness, and all living, will yet lie within the embrace of the grave."

SKETCHES FROM

THE LOG OF OLD IRONSIDES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD IRONSIDES OFF A LEE SHORE."

Your glorious standard launch again,
To meet another foe!—*Camp.*

ALONE IN THE LEVANT.

In 1821, Old Ironsides, having been repaired, left the harbor of New York, on a cruize. After various voyages, she at length reached the scene of her early exploits in the Mediterranean; and on the first of October, 1827, we find her lying in the Gulf of Ismyr, or Smyrna, under the command of the late gallant and much lamented Patterson, ready to watch over the commerce of our country during the vicissitudes of the European and Asiatic war—a war which Sir Edward Coddrington so soon brought to an end by the tremendous battle of Navarino. The late William the Fourth, of England, was at that time one of the admirals to execute the duty of the lord high admiral of Great Britain; and upon one of the official documents, dictated by diplomacy, and worded in the cold and formal style of state papers, which issued from the admiralty, he had, in pure deviltry, written "Go it, Ned." The companion of the prince understood the hidden meaning of his royal messmate, and on the 20th of October, 1827, the Dartmouth having returned to the fleet, from Navarino, with an unsatisfactory reply from Ibrahim Pasha, admiral Coddrington made the signal to the combined fleets to get under weigh, and immediately the English, French, and Russian squadrons tripped their anchors, and, spreading out their immense clouds of canvas to the breeze, bore up for Navarino bay. The Asia led the van, followed by the fleet in two columns. Abreast of the English admiral dashed the French three-decker, with a large white flag—or, as the American sailors used to term it, the admiral's table-cloth—hanging at her mizen; and next, the Genoa, with the black eagles of the czars floating over her poop. Beautiful was the sight! The shores of Greece were before them—the dark blue mountains of the classic land rose in the distance, and a silver veil hung carelessly over their giant heads. The town and castle smiled amid the foreground of the landscape, and the Turkish tents, like a flock of sheep, rested upon the mountain side. A wreath of smoke hung over a neighboring village, and a body of Turkish horsemen returning slowly to camp, told but too well the cause of that symbol of destruction.

It is not my intention to describe the battle of Navarino. I shall therefore leave the gallant fleet entering the harbor, in face of the Turkish and Egyptian fleets, drawn up in the form of a crescent to receive it, and return to our solitary frigate, whose stars and stripes waved proudly amid the gorgeous banners of the nations of the eastern world—amid the brightness of a Grecian sky. Morning dawned upon the Asiatic, and the rays of the ascending sun tipped with gold the mountains of Natolia, and flashed in splendor from the mosques and minarets of Smyrna. The Constitution now began to make signals for getting under weigh—already the blue peter floated at the fore, and the heavy thirty-two pounder echoed the captain's order, "Come aboard," in a voice of thunder, to the lagging midshipman on shore, when a steamer, under French colors, entered the gulf, and passed swiftly in towards the anchorage. As she swept by the Constitution, she hailed her, and the astonishing news of the unexpected battle burst upon the ears of the American officers. As might well be expected, as soon as the news got wind on shore, the English, French, and Russian residents departed on board of the vessels of their respective nations, leaving the American frigate almost alone in the port, and the American residents about the only Franks in the city of Smyrna. Captain Patterson immediately repaired to the divan of the bashaw, and while ship after ship of other nations dipped their topsails in the waves, the American frigate furled her loosened sails, hauled down her signal of departure, and rested in majesty alone.

The Turks had not expected such boldness—exasperated as they were almost to madness, and

every hour goaded on to revenge the insult offered to their flag, by the arrival of some shattered bark from the scene of action, black with smoke, and wet with blood. A tumult raged in Smyrna; many an English and French residence was sacked; the flags of foreign nations floated no longer upon the Morena, with the exception of the banner of freedom that waved over the portals of the American consulate. Smyrna seemed to be on the eve of a dreadful massacre—"and women wailed and children shrieked in fear."

Firm and undaunted, however, the gallant Patterson and his suite presented themselves at the palace of the bashaw, and demanded an audience. It was granted, and the American officers were soon in the presence of the incensed governor.

Around the entrance, stood the bow-string and the bastinado executioners, and the heavy scymetars that flashed by the side of the black slaves, spoke but too plainly the fate that awaited many an innocent citizen of the Turkish town. Pipes and sherbet were presented to the visiters in due form, and after a few salutations, the American captain demanded to know the intentions of the bashaw in relation to the American residents.

This was bringing matters to a crisis in a style unusual in Turkish diplomacy; but considering the boldness of the asker, and the faith reposed in the honor of the Turks by the American citizens who remained there, the bashaw relaxed his haughty brow, the scowl of anger left his countenance, and rising to his feet, he reached out his hand to captain Patterson, and exclaimed—"Bona Americana, let the consul hoist his flag over the dwellings of his countrymen, and they shall be protected."

Noon came, and the excitement began to die away—anger now gave way to sorrow—vessel after vessel of the dead and the dying came into port, and ere the Muezzin called the hour of evening prayer, the weeping of the mourner was heard amid the tombs of the cypress groves, and the tears of woman fell upon the scarred and gory features of her dead husband.

At midnight, the fears of the residents being quieted, and the captain feeling impelled to ferret out a Greek pirate in the straits of Scio, the Constitution unmoored and got under weigh, and at daylight, she passed the anchorage of Vourla, and stood silently down the Levant. After seeing much hard service, and clearing the Mediterranean of the nest of pirates that infested its solitary isles, the old frigate took her departure for the United States, and on the 4th of July, 1828, amid the festivities of our national birth-day, she came to an anchor off the Navy Yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts, and fired a salute of twenty-four guns.

LOSING HER FIGURE HEAD.

Night reigns upon the stormy coast,
The sentry sleeps beside his post,
The lightning glares, the thunder rolls,
And rats, half-drowning, quit their holes.

Society is composed of eccentricities and ordinaries. Like an old Dutch clock, it has its big weights and its little weights, its large wheels and its small wheels, its hour and its minute hands, its escapement and its regulator, its keys and its winding-up affairs, and, above all, its enormous pendulum; and notwithstanding it is constantly running down, it never stops, but being well oiled, it creaks, and ticks, and whizzes, and strikes, with a regularity only equalled by its constant want of repairs. Its face is brazen, its top is all sun or all moon, and its bottom is as useless as its superstructure is valuable. Its solitary angel is a gilded one, and its brightest polish a coat of varnish.—Under such circumstances, is it strange that some persons should be found ready to serve the devil for fun's sake—or to trip up their grandmother's heels just for the purpose of having a laugh at her awkwardness in rising?

It was the 3d of July, 1834. Night was slowly settling upon the good people of Massachusetts Bay, and dark rolling clouds, tossed by the whirlwind and rent by the bursting water-spout, hung over the harbor of Boston, and shut out the beautiful islands from the gaze of the spectator. Bright streams of liquid lightning singled out the most prominent objects in the distance, and the long hollow thunder held an awful dialogue with the breakers on Chelsea beach. A brassy cloud hung over the setting sun, and the state house of the neighboring city seemed melting into sky, as the low, white breath of the thunder-cloud played with the chimney pots on the tops of the houses, and wreathed around the litle spire, like whiffs of tobacco smoke around the peaked cap of Souter Johnny.

Anxious mothers were seen looking out of half-closed doors for truant children and lagging husbands. Chamber windows were shut by frightened chambermaids, as if by magic. Timid matrons smothered themselves in huge feather beds, and cowardly children put their fingers in their ears and hid in the clothes-presses and dark corners of their mothers' bed rooms.

A few lamps glimmered, so as to let the people see how wet they got in walking a given distance as they passed along the streets. Lower-story window-blinds were closed, to prevent the lightning

from knowing that some people burnt candles during the gust; and stray dogs, with their tails "hard up," streaked it along the streets like express mails in the back settlements.

Take it all and all, it bid *fair* to be a gulf-stream night of the first *water*, and such an one as the inhabitants of the earth undoubtedly experienced before the morning watch of the ark of Noah took a final departure from the highest mountain peak of Asia, and scudded over a deluged world.

Old Ironsides—for we have come to her at last—having been thoroughly repaired in her hull, and having had a splendid figure of Old Hickory stationed at her bows, now lay moored at the Navy Yard at Charlestown, between two seventy-fours—the Columbus and the Independence—and awaited her commission. The cabin light of the commander of the Receiving Ship fell broad upon the threatened figure-head, and a marine, with a loaded musket, with fixed bayonet, paced along the heel of her bowsprit. Surely in such a night, and with such safeguards, no mortal could be silly enough to deem her in the least danger of a visit from the spoiler. Human reason and human experience went against such a supposition, and therefore, when the ship's bell tolled eight, "the sentry walked no more his rounds," but, if common fame be true, (which, by the way, is often an inveterate liar,) he pillowed his head on the softest plank in the solitary gun-deck, and slept *beneath* his post.

There was at that time in Boston, a perfect dare-devil of a seaman, from Barnstable, or somewhere else, who had been a commander of a vessel, and whose propensity for a frolic often led him into dangers as unnecessary as they were uncommon. This seaman, whose name was Dewey, and who said he was friendly to the administration, had heard a great deal said about the figure-head, and feeling a desire to see it closely, and wishing, at the same time, to prove to the *natives* that some things could be done—even in a midnight thunder-storm—as well as others, he waited until ten o'clock of the evening above mentioned, and then, with a tarpaulin hat and monkey jacket upon his upper man, he put a handsaw under his arm, and took a stroll along the deserted wharves of the thunder-echoing city.

Having taken a ship's boat without sails, he sculled up stream until the lightning showed him the arches of the old Charles River Bridge—which, by the way, are square—and then, shipping his rudder, and seating himself in the stern-sheets of the boat, he floated swiftly down upon the top of the tide, and made fast to the gallant frigate's hawser.

The storm had now come on in its fury. Darkness, dreadful as the shades of Erebus, rested on the scene, except when the red chain lightning ran down the mountain side of clouds, and crinkled along the diverging conductors that protected the roofs of the giant ship-houses. The rain fell in buckets full, and puffs of almost resistless wind rocked the old hulks beside the wharf, and rattled their mooring chains in stormy glee.

Drenched with rain, baffled by the wind, and almost blinded by the vivid lightning, the adventurous spoiler hauled his boat under the bows, mounted to the bowsprit of the frigate, and sawed away at the head of the wooden figure.

The rain, as it ran down the wood, made his saw cut still and deep, and having scalped the veteran, the dare-devil of the day, or (more correctly speaking) the night, bagged the trophy, and let himself down into his water-logged boat. Soon he pulled across the river, and leaving his boat at a great distance from its parent vessel, he made for his boarding-house, and upon ascending to his chamber, locked the head in his chest, and went to sleep.

Morning came upon the sleeping city and its environs, as beautiful and balmy as the evening previous had been wild and cheerless; and when the first ray of the rising sun tipped the heights of Woburn and Cambridge, hundreds of heavy cannon, and scores of deep-toned bells, ushered in the anniversary of Freedom's Jubilee. The sentry on duty on board the frigate now began to cast suspicious glances towards the head. Sawdust was strown in rich profusion round the head rail, and the flat neck showed evidence of a nocturnal application of cold steel. Long and anxiously did the guard look at the object of his solicitude, and feeling certain that *foul play* had had *full play* during his watch, he said nothing about the circumstance, but shouldered his musket, saluted the corporal of the guard as he brought him his relief, and followed him to the garrison.

Feeling desirous of hearing the morning salute at the dock yard, and being weary of the turmoil of the night, the captain of the Receiving Ship arose from his pillow, and looked out upon the deep. A slight haze was floating swiftly along the water. The flags on the distant shipping waved gracefully amid the fog, like banners amid the clouds of battle: and now the Erie sloop of war sheeted home her topsails, and swung round upon her heel, while her parting thunder-note died in echoes along the babbling shores. Having looked around upon the gay scenes before him, and having gratified a seaman's curiosity, which is far inferior, under any circumstances, to that of the backwoodsman, the commander of the Columbus was about to turn upon his heel, when his eye rested upon the mutilated figure-head of the Constitution. He thought at first that it was an optical illusion. He looked again—it could not be—the top of the veteran's shoulders was as flat as a pancake, and the glory of the watch had departed. Soon an official report was made to the commanding officer of the station, and after a fruitless endeavor to discover the perpetrator of the midnight outrage, a piece of canvas was nailed over the figure-head, and the sentinel was sent to the barracks.

Some months afterwards, Old Ironsides sailed for New York, and as she left the port of Boston,

I discovered that a fine striped flag enveloped the mutilated figure, and that her parting salute was fired towards Williams' Island. Whether these things meant any thing or not, I leave for those of more experience to guess. Upon her arrival at New York, the covering was removed, a new head-piece was clapped upon the figure, and the gallant frigate went upon her ocean way rejoicing.

But where was Dewey all this time? Where the successful adventurer, who, in spite of rain and wind, and darkness and lightning, and leaping wave and rolling thunder, and sentinels and sea-watches, had mounted the forecastle of Old Ironsides undiscovered, and had sawed off, in journey-man style, the much-talked-of figure-head?

He tossed to and fro in his truckle bed, in broken slumbers. Now half-awake, he began to reflect of the risk that he had run, of the crime that he had committed—for it was a crime to mutilate a national vessel. Then, as he dozed more soundly, district attorneys and United States' marshalls floated before his eyes; every shadow seemed to betoken the awful presence of deputy Bass, and the bag of wool in the corner seemed to be the district judge in his bob wig, while a row of empty porter bottles, in an old lemon box by the fire-place, seemed to be the gentlemen of the jury, duly impannelled, and waiting to be *charged*. At length, a flash of light, followed by the heavy roar of the morning gun, fully aroused him. He started from his bed, put on his Sunday suit, pocketed a shirt from his trunk, called in a brother lodger, and making known to him the circumstances of his midnight undertaking, left the head in his charge, and repaired to the city of New York. In this mighty London of the west, many adventures befel him, which I purposely omit, but which I may relate hereafter.

After some months had passed away—when Old Ironsides returned from France—I met Dewey in one of the Broadway hotels, near the city hall, and received from his own lips an account of the manner in which he had performed his perilous enterprise—an enterprise which, in a good cause, would have covered him with fame, and added to the stock of his country's glory. He informed me that he had carried the head to Washington, confessed his offence to the head of the navy department, and left the trophy in its charge.

Several years have elapsed since our meeting. I took no minutes of his communication at the time, and have had to depend upon memory alone for my incidents. I have endeavored to give a true, though playful account of the manner in which he performed his service; and, with this disclaimer, I bid good-bye to the decapitator of the Constitution.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MISS SARAH L. LAMBERT, FRANKFORD, PA.

I've wandered oft with careless feet
Where flowers were blooming bright and fair,
And breathing perfume wild and sweet
Upon the soft and balmy air;
But when I stooped and fondly nurs'd
One little plant with watchful eye,
Soon as its buds began to burst,
'Twould droop and die.

I've gazed at midnight on the skies,
When countless planets brightly shone,
While in my heart calm thoughts would rise,
Inspired by their sweet light alone;
But when I marked a star more clear,
Or shining more serenely bright,
Oft would a gloomy cloud appear,
And veil its light.

I've been surrounded oft by those
Who while my heart was light and gay,
And no fond thoughts for them arose,
Would pass before me day by day;
But when I learned for them to wear
The smile to friendship ever dear,
Then some far land would win them there,
Or death was near.

O! when the youthful fancy flings
A brightness over days to come,
And when the heart's imaginings
Are all untouched by grief or gloom—
Ah! then how often must we see
The storms of sorrow rise and rage,
Blotting each joyful memory
From life's sweet page.

Delusive are our hopes and joys,
False as the sunlight on the sea—
A word, a look, our peace destroys,
And life is naught but vanity.
There's but one ray that—fadeless, pure—
Can light with joy the troubled eye;
'Tis that blest hope that shall endure
Beyond the sky.

THE LUMP OF GOLD.

BY J. BEAUCHAMP JONES, PHILADA.

CHAPTER I.

"FAREWELL, Mary!"

"Good bye, George—you must think of me often."

"Think of thee, Mary? I can think of *only* thee, the queen of all my brightest hopes. By day, when we wandered along the clear stream together, thou wert ever the smiling genius of my youthful heart—the only one who could beguile my weary spirit during the relaxation between my studies—and at the solemn hour of midnight, when reclining on my lonely couch, and all was silent, save the cricket, which chirped from the hearth within, and the constant song of the katy-did from the rose-bush under my window, without—when the slanting rays of the silvery moon stole through the pane, and illumined the chamber with soft enchanting light—in such an hour have my eyes voluntarily opened, and in the indistinct figures around, pictured the forms of celestial images—and thou, ever thou, wert the directing angel of the scene—the fixed star of my destiny!"

"George!—the carriage waits—but I will write to you soon—and thou must come and see me, and we will speak of our old haunts. *Indeed* I will never forget thee. Be not so sad, dear George!"

"Mary, were it bad fortune had befallen thee, I should be merrier—I should then never be separated from thee."

"Dost thou think my good fortune will estrange me? Believe it not, George. It may be possible we will be much separated during the next few years—but when I shall have acquired the education which they say is necessary to be accomplished, and thou hast distinguished thyself at the bar, which thy genius must some day effect—then, George, no one can object to our meeting to part no more. Farewell!" A pressure of the hand in silence, and they were separated for many a long day.

The sun sank gradually down the west and vanished—but still the youth remained motionless, his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes turned towards the city which could be distinguished in the distance, whither the companion of his happy childhood was suddenly destined to take up her future abode.

The father of George was a poor but contented man—his only possession a few acres, the cultivation of which was his dependence for a support. His wants were few, and his frugality afforded a plentiful supply. He had once been a wealthy man, and in the wreck of his fortunes retained a philosophic equanimity of temper, and preserving a clear conscience through all the perplexities of bankruptcy, he breathed calmly, ever reposing the utmost confidence in a future state of felicity, which he hoped his actions and meditations would secure to him. When bidding the scene of his misfortunes a lasting adieu, accompanied by his little George, (his wife being dead,) and reflecting on the probable destiny of his child, he was accosted by a little orphan girl, whom he had frequently noticed with peculiar interest, who now wept piteously, and desired to be taken along with him. Little George seconded the entreaty, and she was accordingly added to the party. Mary was soon so beloved that she was regarded as one of the family, and long this trio enjoyed uninterrupted happiness.

At the age of sixteen George evinced so great a disposition to study, that his father, whose economy had now considerably replenished his purse, treated with a professional gentleman in the city to take him into his office for a brief term of years. George exceeded his parent's most extravagant anticipations, and surprised his preceptor by his unprecedented advances in the usually repugnant study of the law. Once a week he flew to his father's cottage and kissed his affectionate Mary, who grew in native beauty, and daily improved in intelligence by the instructions of her aged protector. George not only studied the works pertaining to his profession, but found time to regale on the emanations of mighty geniuses, and thus he revelled in the resplendent fields of poesy, felt the ecstatic influence of the magic of imagination in the unbounded realms of fiction, and treasured in his memory all the most important incidents recorded by the faithful historian. These books he was permitted to take to Mary, who read them during the intervals of his visits, and thus was engendered a congeniality of sentiment which rendered their interviews felicitous. And thus their lives continued up to the time of their separation.

George had outstripped his years—passed his examination triumphantly, and now only waited to arrive at the age required by law to enter on the practice of his profession. The few months to intervene before he could be admitted to the bar, he resolved to pass at the cottage with Mary and his fond parent, amid his pleasing books, and the various sweet flowers. His father smiled on him a father's welcome, and Mary culled the most beautiful roses, and read to him the most thrilling passages of the bard of Avon, the great poet of Nature, and thus their hearts exulted with a rapture known only to youth, an aerial enjoyment like some intermediate existence between heaven and earth, which endures not, and is only remembered as some pleasurable dream. Yet it is real happiness to the recipients for the time being, for they dream not of the bitterness of maturer years.

It was in the midst of these halcyon days that Mary was sought out by a rich relative, who had never condescended to notice the sufferings of her parents whilst living, but at the termination of his miserly life (hard hearted old misers are never held in grateful remembrance after they are dead,) sought to atone for his neglect by heaping an overgrown fortune on the abandoned orphan. Having removed her to the city and appointed a wealth-grasping guardian, he yielded up his detestable life.

CHAPTER II.

A YEAR had passed, and the father of George was among the lamented dead. Although the grieved youth frequently heard from Mary, yet during the whole twelve months he had not spoken to her, nor seen her but for a moment at a time, as her carriage rattled past to some fashionable party. Still he could not believe her disinterestedness and simplicity were changed to pride and folly. Her notes breathed the same familiar and affectionate tone of the frank and devoted girl. Yet George was very unhappy. His success was any thing but encouraging in the courts where so many heads had grown gray in the practice. He was embarrassed in his finances, and having in vain endeavored to dispose of his few paternal acres, he now drooped over the sad contemplation of impending difficulties. And dreary is the one dependent on a selfish world for support, wherein he has neither kin nor any one to feel an interest in his welfare. And far more dreadful is this utter loneliness to the virtuous being: he feels that he deserves a station and a happiness which he cannot attain—and he beholds others in posession who do not merit them. The evil one is contaminated by no bad company, but ready for any fellowship, and but little apprehension for the future preys upon his spirits. But the honest will be rewarded, and the wicked punished, in a future state of existence.

His incessant studies had stamped a thoughtful expression on the features of George, and his wardrobe betrayed the want of replenishing in his threadbare dress. But he felt no disgrace in the disparity of costume, even at the moment some finely-attired beau flitted before him, for he enjoyed a pride in the consciousness of superior intellect. He imagined (and often truly,) that the butterfly of the day sported the sum total of his treasure in his gaudy wings—and he would fain believe that his was an inexhaustible wealth of mind. Thus, notwithstanding frequent clouds of despondency hung darkly over him, still there were moments when his ardent fancy painted triumphs of the noblest kind, when his spirits were on the wing, and his eye lit up with an almost preternatural brightness.

It was under the influence of these feelings that he left his office one pleasant evening in summer, for the purpose of taking a solitary stroll, and indulging the splendid train of images which his teeming mind seemed prone to exhibit in successive reveries. He passed through street after street—traversed densely thronged promenades and thinly populated alleys, without heeding the jargon of voices around him, and his eye arrested not even by the beautiful or grotesque.

Long he continued his measured pace, unconscious of his destination, and forgetful of the link that bound him to his grovelling species. At length he paused in front of a row of snow-white marble buildings, his ear attracted by a strain of sweet melody, and his imagination seized in its erratic flight by that soothing power which is said to have moved even stocks and stones—to listen. Harmony is an attribute of Nature: the music of the spheres and the warbling of the bird attest it. Its vibrations most powerfully affect the upright and sympathising heart: the man who is guided by the holy impulses of nature, feels his soul swell within him when his ear is regaled by soft melodious tones. But the base man of coppers is delighted with no sounds but the jingle of coins.

George rested his arm on the railing of one of the princely habitations before him, and gazed up at the million twinkling stars. Although his ear was charmed with earthly tones, yet with his eyes fixed above, he associated them with heavenly visions.

Ere long his meditations were startled by a rustling of satin on the balcony hard by, and he beheld a female richly attired, standing but a few paces distant, her brow clasped by her ivory hand, and sighs proceeding from her unquiet breast. Regarding her intently, a few moments sufficed to reveal to him his long adored Mary! Undecided whether to accost her, or to retreat unperceived, he remained motionless and silent, until he distinctly heard her utter the following words—

"I will sing no more—the song reminds me of George, and I am sad to think he cannot be with

me as formerly! What has become of him? Can he suppose my good fortune has made me forget him? Whatever frivolities my gay associates may urge me into, I am sure, at least, that I shall never cease to think of George!"

"I thank thee, Mary!" responded George.

"Who art thou? Art George?"

"Ay, Mary—dost thou not know me?"

"Yes! I know thy voice—come within, and I will introduce you to my new friends. Oh, George, I have often been very unhappy to think thou wert so long away! They tell me I must not think of thee, because thou art poor, and my guardian asserts his power over my actions, and the swarm of my never before heard of relations drag me from one amusement to another, and continually introduce me to their *great* people, whose etiquette and unmeaning forms are not half so pleasing to me as our old unrestrained sociability!"

They proceeded to the rooms where the fashionable guests were assembled, arrayed in costly habiliments for the occasion, the head nodding to head, the eye in quest of peculiarity of dress, or deformity of person, and the tongue too often running riot with scandal.

When Mary attempted to introduce our plain hero to this company, an unequivocal coldness and haughtiness could be observed in the slight attentions he received. This he perceived, but exulted the more in the decided preference shown by Mary, whom he knew to be the centre of attraction. She was the greatest fortune in the city, and he rightly conjectured that all the fine gentlemen were drawn thither by the potency of her *solid* charms. But he had loved her in indigence, for herself only, and yet indulged the hope that the passion was reciprocal. The sneers and scornful glances of the perfumed beaux and detracting belles, only stimulated him the longer to protract his conversation in a half undertone with Mary. Her eyes sparkled with remembrance and her brow flushed with delight, when he reminded her of their many rambles along the verdant banks of the winding river—the books once read together, and all the various flowers they admired in childhood. She yielded to the interest of the subject, and the fascinating tones of her youthful companion so absorbed her fancy, that her attention was for an unusual length of time withdrawn from the rest of the party, and her presence of mind only regained, when she perceived Mr. Gragg, her guardian, advancing towards her.

"Mr. Gragg, permit me to introduce George—*Mr.* George ——."

George rose and bowed, but Mr. Gragg's eyes were riveted, in astonishment, on his ward. After a significant stare, the watchful guardian, who considered himself fully authorised to select the acquaintances whom Mary should entertain, withdrew without bestowing the least attention on the mortified student. But the blushing girl continued the conversation with redoubled earnestness, although she was unable to conceal her wounded feelings.

The next effort to separate the heiress from the vulgar intruder was successful. Some half dozen of her adulating cousins came round and reminding her of an appointed lounge with Major ——, or game of chess with Colonel ——, swept her away by force, leaving our hero the only occupant of the now deserted room. The servants peeped in and chuckled. Bursts of uproarious laughter were heard in the adjoining apartments—and George felt that his poverty debased him in the eyes of the world. He was also pained to recognise in Mary's guardian, the rich banker to whom he had once made an unsuccessful application to raise funds on the cottage and grounds left him by his father. But what was yet more poignant, he had accepted an offer made by advertisement, to transcribe some documents of official correspondence, the recompense but a trifling sum, but his exigencies requiring it—and his employers were the Major and the Colonel to whom Mary attempted to introduce him that night? He recollected the curl of the lip at the recognition, and the smile of derision as they withdrew!

George remained some moments alone in painful and intense anxiety: he hoped that Mary would break away from her officious companions, if but for an instant, to reassure him that he held a place in her regard—and, pained with fear that her young heart might eventually be estranged, and her memory be gradually weaned from old recollections. She came not—and when he rose with a heavy spirit to depart he cared not whither, a servant entered with his hat, which George threw violently on his head, and abruptly rushed away.

Again our hero strode onward, bestowing no notice on the thousands he overtook and passed, with a far more miserable breast than before he entered the rich man's dwelling. Magnificent creations of the imagination no more beguiled his fevered head—but the reality of his unenviable condition flashed upon him. He possessed not five dollars in the wide world—he was despised by those whom he had never harmed—and in all probability abandoned by the only being he loved. With the harrowing feelings of utter loneliness, he directed his weary steps towards the peaceful cottage where he had so often been joyous in infancy, hoping to pluck a cheering thought, or a balm among the dew-besprinkled roses, to allay the burning of his throbbing temples.

He lifted the latch of the cottage door, but all was dark and silent within, like some deserted tenement of a past generation; it was awful and still as a mouldering sepulchre! A chillness fell upon his breast, but his brain was in frantic commotion. He rushed away, striding through the

neglected garden, and paused not until the grave of his father arrested his steps. He gazed upon the green mound and seemed to hold communion with its solitary tenant.

"Thou art at rest, father!" he said in tones of thrilling solemnity—"yes, thou art at rest. The humiliation of penury—stings of malice—scoffs of the proud—deceptions of friendship—fickleness of love—all are nothing to thee now! The racking agony of crushed ambition is unknown to thee—no more cherished hopes can be disappointed—oh!—that I were cold and pangless—slumbering at thy side a stiffened corse! Oh, that I too were dead!" He ran to a wild summit jutting above the winding stream which murmured among the rocks some fifty feet below. He paused at the very verge and glared at the waters, wherein the starry heavens were reflected, and he was tempted to make a leap, which his frenzy intimated would hurl him into the eternal skies, and for ever release him from the shackles of a tormenting world. He flew back a few paces—paused, and then sprang forward with a determination to plunge into the undescribed eternity—when his foot becoming entangled, he was prostrated so near the edge of the precipice that his head hung over the descent. Not yet deterred from his desperate purpose, he struggled to cast himself off—but was still withheld by the obstruction mentioned, which seemed to be planted firmly in the earth. He drew back to disengage himself, when he discovered the object which thwarted his will, to be a heavy hoe, which some hand had stricken so deeply into the ground that it was almost impossible to remove it, and there it was providentially suffered to remain. Sanity now resumed its empire, and our hero reflected upon the act he was about committing. Reflection in such cases is salvation, for the act is never done deliberately. When the head can reason coolly, the hand can never be raised rashly for self-destruction.

"Heaven be thanked," cried he, "that I have been prevented from accomplishing my unnatural purpose! I tremble now, even to think of the horrible thing I was intent upon doing! Should a young man, possessing perfect health and bodily vigor, despair in this changeful world? Shall the vexation of the moment subdue my spirit, and make me a miserable victim of melancholy ever after? No! Here I seize upon this good implement of labor, and I stand henceforth an independent man upon my own soil! Here I cast the worthless objects of fell ambition to the fleeting winds, and in future will engage in the rational pursuit of peace and humble contentment. My stout limbs shall procure me a sustenance, and my books shall yield amusement. Here will I abide, the solitary and happy ascetic. I will find fellowship in the inexhaustible resources of mind, and repose in the peaceful pulsations of an honest heart. Fool that I was to entertain a thought of suicide, when I could work!" Saying this, he sprang up, wrenched the hoe from its confinement, and struck it again into the green sod—but when he attempted to repeat the blow something beneath the surface which the iron penetrated, prevented him from raising the instrument for some moments. He succeeded in extricating it, however, and repeated the blow with still greater force, some inches distant from the spot indicated before, but it again clung to the same hidden substance.

George's heart almost failed him in his first effort to reduce his resolution to practice—but not to be so suddenly driven into a relinquishment of his chimera, he threw off his coat and determined to see what it was that thus impeded his exertions. In a very few minutes he had the earth removed from the object in question, which he discovered to be an immense mass of metal, that his whole strength was insufficient to remove from its bed. He then struck it with the blunt part of the hoe, and the dust falling away, revealed to his astonished vision (the moon being risen above the city and shining brightly,) a glittering body which his joyful imagination whispered was GOLD! He endeavored to prize the treasure from its location, but this too, from its great weight, he was unable to accomplish. Throwing aside his hat in his struggles, he perceived a folded note fall from it, which he had no previous knowledge of, and though he saw by the light of the moon it bore his name on the back, yet being too intent in the more important affair, he thrust it back, to be perused at a more leisure moment. He succeeded in chipping off a small particle from the huge lump, and replacing the sod, set off for the city, with the specimen clenched in his hand.

His brisk step soon brought him to the great metropolis, and he proceeded without consulting any one else, to the director of the mint.

"What is the matter?" demanded that gentleman, observing the anxious looks of our hero, whose heart could be distinctly heard to beat.

"Look at this!" said George, thrusting the specimen into the gentleman's hand.

"Well, there's not more than a pennyweight."

"Is it gold?" demanded George.

"Pooh! you don't expect this is a fortune?"

"Is it *gold!*" shouted George.

"Assuredly, but this is a very small quantity," replied the gentleman, handing it back to our hero, who now calmly smiled, having entirely recovered his self-possession.

George then briefly related his discovery, and that night the director accompanied him to the cottage, followed by a strong dray, which was to transport the great treasure to the mint.

When they arrived at the summit on the bank of the river, George ran forward and found every thing in the same condition as he left it. He removed the sod and displayed to the delighted eyes

of the man of coins, a huge misshapen mass of solid gold. It was heaved into the dray without loss of time, driven to the city, and deposited in the mint for instant coinage.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning our hero rose from his couch a happy man; for after all, the most exquisite enjoyment is of the mind—and to dwell in anticipation of certain good is more than equal to the actual possession. He now broke open the mysterious note, which he was delighted to find came from Mary, whom he had more than once feared would soon learn to look with contempt on his hopeless poverty. She had hastily penned the epistle, and thrusting it into his hat, which had been left in the entrance to the chamber, sent it to our hero by the servant. The lines informed him that her heart was unchanged and unchangeable—and when the legal period should place her beyond the domination of her guardian, she would instantly become George's wife, if he desired it. This was new rapture for our hero, and he again upbraided his impetuosity, which was well nigh defeating all the good intended him.

Satisfied of the faith of his Mary, our hero now set about meditating what should be the first step he must take. He recollected having enjoined the strictest secrecy on the officers of the mint in regard to his sudden acquisition, and he now resolved to discover his wealth to the world in his own peculiar way. A smile played on his lip as he arrayed himself in his most homely clothes. When his toilet was finished he started forth on foot, and traversed all the streets wherein he was most likely to encounter his old acquaintances. He soon accosted numbers, who merely stared at his poverty-stricken *tout ensemble*, and passed hastily on, as if not wishing to be seen speaking to so miserable an object. George bowed and stepped on, without feeling the least slighted. The next persons he met were the Colonel and Major already alluded to, who regarded him with a detecting leer of the eye, but hastened on without turning the head. George was not pained by their contempt, but diverted at their estimation of his insignificance, and thought he might improve in their opinion were they to see his lump of gold. Next, a company of ladies with gorgeous equipage drove by, and to his inexpressible joy the lily hand of Mary was waved to him as they flew past.

Being now in the vicinity of the mint he stepped in and filled his pockets with the glittering new money just made from his lump of gold. He then went to the tailor's, who seeing George enter the door, handed out a bill of long standing, which he declared must be settled that day, or our hero might look to taste the atmosphere of a prison. George threw him a handful of gold, and Mr. Cabbage stared like a wild man. He asserted that he was only joking about having a warrant issued—would wait until it was entirely convenient for the gentleman to pay, and hoped to have a continuance of his custom. George laughed outright, but paid the debt which had truly been due a considerable time, and ordered several costly suits, for which he settled in advance.

George next purchased a very costly carriage, beautiful horses and trappings, and hired a dozen servants. He then authorised his friend, the director of the mint, to purchase him a commodious dwelling in the most fashionable part of the city, into which he moved without delay, and in a few days was established in grand style.

On the Sabbath our hero drove to church, the same he had ever attended, but where the discerning sexton had been in the habit of placing him on some mean and obscure bench. When he alighted the crowd gave way with instinctive deference, and the gaping door-keeper led him to a cushioned seat, and bowing very low, condescended to inquire after our hero's health. George felt an inclination to tell him to go to the devil, but bridled the impulse. He soon became so great an object of curiosity that even the parson was in a measure neglected; and when the service was over, more than a score of young ladies whom he thought had long since forgotten him, graciously nodded as he passed out to his carriage. The Colonel and Major themselves spoke to him.

By the next morning George's astounding acquisition was rumored over the city, and before evening his residence was beset with applying clients. Mr. Gragg himself waited upon him, and now proposed to purchase the cottage. Our hero was not anxious now to part with his few acres, but named another affair to Mr. Gragg, who acquiesced in the most obsequious terms, and they drove together to his residence, and that evening our hero and Mary were united.

"Now, Mary," said George, when they were seated together after the ceremony was over, "if good fortune can metamorphose a vagabond into a noble gentleman in the eyes of the world, no doubt our old cottage will be considered a magnificent palace."

"In the eyes of the world, perhaps," replied the happy bride, "but in the eyes of neither you nor I does it require a change, to bring back all the cherished recollections of our childhood, and I should be delighted to pass all my days in it."

"Then we will remove thither immediately: and by merely enjoying the desirable comforts of life in our retirement, and ministering bountifully to the needy around, will disappoint the venal expectations of our many new friends, and study the best means of promoting our lasting happiness."

The joyful couple retired to the humble cottage; and though they remained separated from the dissipated votaries of fashion, yet they were remembered and respected as the possessors of th

PREDESTINATION.

A MORAL RECORD.

BY JOHN T. MAULL, ESQ., PHILADA.

That the mind is always active in the development of whatever carries with it the semblance of mystery, is a moral axiom attested at all times by the perverse folly of mankind; witness among a thousand and one extravagant phantasms, the elaborate research after the philosopher's stone, engrossing the mental energies of the wisest of ancient days. Let experience, whose testimony is the strongest, declare that mankind have been more seduced and ruined by the ephemeral fancies of their own brain, than by any mere combination of circumstances, arising out of that prolific theme of declamation, the alledged unfitness of things. The Pride of Intellect! How deeply rooted in the frail tabernacle of human life! Let but some gauzy, mist-like delusion float athwart the æther of the imagination, and there will presently appear a cloud, lowering and darkening, until the storm of passion shall cast its desolation confusedly around. Strange! a being endowed with faculties and powers that should raise him high above the regions of error, could by their *perversion*, be so debased, aye, bowed in the dust of humiliation. Behold him basking in the torpid and deceptive glare of fancied felicity—a blank in creation, oft a burden to himself and useless to his fellows. Should this be the measure of his existence? yet let me ask how numerous these examples? Turn again, and view the torrent of impetuous desires, ambitions and revenges, pursuing its headlong career and deluging society under the vortigenous gulph of soul sickening crime. Do we shudder at this, and inquire the cause? our natural sense whispers the reply, "there has been a perversion—a departure from the obvious dictates of reason and morality." Each and every of us have it in our power to become what nature has intended us, but, like the generality of those efforts whose aim points to perfection, they require such restriction, privation, and self-tutorship, that few, if any, will be found to attempt what they deem impossible to execute. Then, too, the reward is not of a sufficiently dazzling character; the high and honored places in the land are not uniformly open to the "great and good." Whence, say they, "we lack inducement." Inducement! what nobler incentive do they require than that which is nurtured in the holy temple of man's divinity—his conscience! Let not the shallow contemner of virtue or the profligate libertine deride the thought, for says the Bard of Nature—

> Conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
> And every tongue brings in a several tale.

What has made the crouching sycophant and yielding applauder of other men's conceits and foibles?—Habitude! What has trammeled with iron chain the virtuous energies of those who have wanted the moral courage to withstand the attack of fashion and vice?—Dread of Reproach!—and what is more, I opine that he is a *brave* man who would undertake to reform in practice, the idle ceremonies and cold heartedness of the current times. Then let us adopt the sage decree of the Celestial empire, and "let no man pretend to be wiser than his fathers." We had better float quietly down the crooked stream, than attempt by unassisted effort to stem the tide we are unable to resist, and content ourselves with the reflection that just so long as the spring of action is confined for the most part within the servile pale of *lucre* and *self-interest*, so long from the nature of things, we must confidently expect a "crooked and perverse generation." The exalted spirit would aspire to the contemplation of what is sublime and praiseworthy around us; debased, it would grovel in scenes that only glitter the more readily to seduce.

Philosophically writing, what should be the main object of life; ought it not to consist in happiness? to obtain this, must we not possess contentment? possessing it in whatever degree we are so much the more relatively happy. How many of us, apparently not satisfied with the stern realities of actual life, wander about in the mazy labyrynths of the imagination and conjure up idealities, indulging in dogmas and dreamy abstractions, that gradually exert such powerful influence over the intellectual and moral faculties, that they impede the growth of correct principle, and oftentimes terminate to our most serious disadvantage. How often, opinions once formed, establish their own dominion, and defy the keenest efforts of reason to eradicate.

The incidents which I am about to unfold, owe their chief interest to this infatuation of the mind. Youth and its many fascinations, health, friends, and fortune, were no obstacles to the advance and victory of this arch-enemy of our race—it triumphed, trampling down the barriers of the judgment,

as if in solemn mockery of human frailty:—a lesson fraught with teeming instruction to those who set up the pretensions of their own powers contrarient to their legitimate purview.

"'Tis fixed, then, and the unalterable finger of fate points me to my destiny," exclaimed Meron abstractedly, and passing his hand across his manly brow. "Men may think me strange, but what is to be must be. I am content. Let me reflect upon myself. Has not some spirit written me an existence distinct from mine own? yes! and it is even sounding in my brain the knell of gloomy dissolution. Well! sound on, and let it come. Death is easily braved. The separation of the soul—that ephemeral essence, from this cumbrous clod of mortality, is my eternal welfare. Oh, how I revel in the thought! Yet prate not, proud spirit, of thy daring; shall words alone belie thy cowardice? for veil it as thou mayst, there is still a latent feeling quivering in my heart, that assures me I am a coward—and forsooth, a knavish one. What is it that appals me thus—'tis the *certainty of the issue!* no avoidance, no refuge. Clutched in the grasp of time, I'm hurried to my doom; the day—the hour awaits when the oblivious gulph shall gorge its victim. Move on, then, ye sluggish moments, and seal your reckoning."

Excited by this mode of soliloquising, to which he was so frequently addicted, he relapsed into a silent dejection, lost to external impression, and awake only to his approaching destiny. Possessed of an ardent temperament and buoyant with expectation, a few years before he stood amid his friends the delight of them all; of a searching and inquiring tone of mind, he had dedicated his energies to a close inspection of whatever theory bore upon its face the impress of learning; his profession he had early selected, and at this period, afforded bright promises of distinction in its pursuits. Promises sadly to be blighted! From some vague and undefinable impression he entertained the idea that his death would occur on a particular and predestined day, and from this cause alone, arose the gloom that shrouded his every thought and action. In those seasons of reverie, no jocund voice of friendship could wean him from the contemplation of the future. In the ordinary intercourse of life, he demeaned himself in all its duties and civilities, in a manner that betokened in him a high sense of honor and capacity. Bereft of the fostering influence of relatives, he had in their stead retained the confidence of those in whose society the blandishments of his manners and the easy elegance of his conversation had won for him a regard as pleasing as it was deserved. Meron was one of that order of persons whose refined spirit could never brook an action that wore in its semblance the departure from a manly and honorable course. He saw around him a commingled mass of humanity, whose chief object was engrossed in the grovelling pursuit of lucre, and his soul sickened at what he thought their mean and overreaching policy. He had read and heard of the veteran who bled in the wars of his country, confined within the dungeon walls of a common prison—his crime, an insignificant debt, while the heartless creditor, living under and enjoying the blessings which that old man had toiled to achieve, stood by and claimed his own, aye! to the veriest farthing. The lonely hearth and squalid tatters of poverty too, were scenes which though he might fain blot them from his vision, could not be banished from his sympathy. The fell dominion of unbridled vice threw a cold, an icy chain around the warm filaments of his heart, that froze it into an apathy for mankind, verging almost to hate. His sensitive nature would invariably prompt him to dwell on the dark side of every picture, both that he might contemn it, and at the same time indulge in his reflections on the base depravity that he thus saw revealed to him. The position thus assumed, and being an enthusiast in the noble cause of right, and withal possessed of the advantages of youth, education, and competency, he determined to have the frown, nay, if need be, the scorn of the multitude, who might deride or ridicule his endeavors, recollecting

'Tis noble to fall in a great attempt.

His habits consequent upon too much retirement were of a serious bent, and his aptitude for philosophic research led him to the investigation of most of the principles that form topics for the learned. His fault was here—*he believed in a certain and fixed destiny, which neither change of circumstances or nature of things could affect.* This was the root that rankling, fostered the goodly tree, just budding forth so fresh with promise.

"Come, Meron," exclaimed Romond to his friend, "a walk along the river's bank by this glorious twilight hour will be delightful. The cause indeed I cannot divine, it may be from boyish association, or perhaps from congeniality of feeling, but it appears to me that more pleasure is afforded to me in your society than in all others; with you I can speak as my heart dictates—and this, too, I know, that if a score of accusers should rise up against me, armed with your good opinion, I would defy them all:—this I have learnt from friendship."

Meron to whom this social converse was addressed, was seated in his study occupied in his usual reverie. The doctrine of predestination was engrossing his thoughts, and the scattered books and papers were commentaries on the elaborateness of his research. For hours in the loneliness of that closet, apart from society, did this mistaken philanthropist and scholar dream in waking abstraction over the probabilities of his theory. As Romond concluded his request, and was about taking him by the hand, he was surprised by the wild glare that shone upon him from the full dark eyes of Meron; his manner so changed! Where were now the gentleness and docility, so strongly con-

trusted with his present aspect. An energetic fire—an inspiration seemed to possess him as he exclaimed—

"Thou art the man! my destroyer! Who brought you here? strike, if thou canst! and then proclaim to the world you too have killed a fellow-creature—a friend—a bosom one! noble act! They will applaud you for it: but be sure you fabricate some tale of plausibility—some deceit or treachery of mine, which they will credit, and you have gained for yourself a name among your fellows. But is this the fated day? No. Yet there stands my destroyer. Fiend! I defy thee, for my time is not yet come, I will abide it." Having concluded this rhapsody, he relaxed not his muscles, nor changed the fixed gaze that rivetted Romond to him, but exhausted by the unequal efforts of his disordered brain, he relapsed into an almost insensible stupor. Romond supported him, and strove to recall his scattered senses; he awoke as from a vision, and complaining momentarily of some serious disquietude, inquired—"whether he had been waiting for him long."

The tie of friendship that cemented the union of Meron and Romond was strengthened by every feeling of respect and affection. Years had they lived and grown together, their diversions mutual and their pursuits blended to the same common end. Continually in each others society, they had imagined to themselves a miniature world, wherein they, the chief actors, noted the traits of each others character, and so moulded them that the one seemed but a reflection of the other. But here they differed. Meron was a Predestinarian. He intuitively believed that that cherished object, his boyhood's companion—the sharer of his joys and ills—in whom he never knew a wilful act that tended to his prejudice—*was to be his murderer*—that Fate had fixed his time, whose heavy hand was to strike him down an unresisting victim.

'Twas twilight; the river rippled joyously along in its eddying course, while the dark green hills in the vista mellowed by the declining light, were shadowed forth in all the sombre and holy grandeur of the universal spirit. 'Mid this scene of loveliness, the two friends strolled on alive to the fascinations of the ever opening prospect. Theirs was a mutual pleasure—that of well attuned and sympathetic spirits. How grateful to them, then, were the thanks of some befriended passer by, who had partaken of their charities, extended to him at some crisis of misfortune—or the gladsome laugh of childhood, that welcomed them to the cot made happy by their saving relief. These greetings met them where'er they turned; they were the effusions of gratitude from those whose hearts yearned in thankfulness for favor received. Indeed so much had the manners and actions of these young men gained the affections of the neighboring country people, that their presence was always the foretoken of gladness. How grateful these tributes! Could monarchs command them? no: this homage to virtue might only be envied. Elated by the welcome they received, they strolled along the river's edge until an abruptly rising eminence caused them to turn aside, and seek the sober quiet of an adjacent slope, which studded with rocks and trees, blended the picturesque with the dusky grandeur of the outstretched landscape. In the west yet lingered some liquid tints of rosy light, which bathing the horizon with their heavenly splendor, seemed to embody forth the spiritual realities of the blessed. The soul loves concourse with these ethereal imaginings, which at times seem to afford us a glimpse into the veiled futurity of the grave. Obedient to this impulse, Meron and Romond, as day slumbered into night, sat in mute contemplation of the glories that encircled them.

Meron at length spoke. "Romond I've been bearing a grievous weight upon my mind for years, and since now I can speak of it dispassionately in that tranquillity of this holy hour, bear with me, my friend, while I impart its nature. Deride me for entertaining a feible if you will, but teach me to forget the theme. I'm a fatalist: my reason convinces me of it; and to shake off the impression is for the miserable and condemned captive to sever the chains that bind him to his destiny. *An appointed doom is the common lot.* This fair Earth and all its fairer denizens are but the harvest-field at the ripening of which 'Time's relentless weapon shall utterly destroy. 'The heavens shall be rolled together like a scroll.' Mark the sacred prophecy. Why?—from the beginning 'twas ordained. Both revelation and nature inculcate a knowledge of divinity, and the vast complexity of things connected with it. Revelation commands us—for it is based on miracle; human knowledge founded on the records of authentic history, sacred and profane, declares this. On the contrary, Nature persuades us, addresses our understanding and speaks to our wayward hearts, which responsive vibrate to the touch, and thus it is, that I see made manifest in colors of living light, the infinite goodness of God—the grand sublimity of revealed power—the gentle whisperings of the voice of Nature! God-like agents. Here in this dancing rivulet kissing the dews from off the bending flower, may we see portrayed the true picture of simple loveliness—nay, open the book of Nature at any page, and there read *reason*, and 'rise from Nature up to Nature's God.' Romond, mark me; there is a lesson to be learnt from a source where men least have recourse to.

γνωθι σεαυτον.

"Turn thyself in upon thyself, and hold commune with that eternal spirit there, which by times emulates the rage of the devastating storm, or the tranquillity of the sleeping starlight; oft it assumes a middle aspect, and seems to sport the creature of circumstances—now pleased—perplexed—fretful: again inquisitive, and seeking by its own agency an insight into the mysteries of the unexplored future."

"But Meron," responded Romond, "why should you thus embitter your existence by subjecting your faculties to the ordeal of investigating such a subtle essence, nay, I may term it—*ideal nonentity*. Would you arrogate to yourself powers which belong to God-head alone, and take upon yourself to decide on events solely because you have an *impression* of their happening. Meron, my friend, this is madness, and in you, at least, unpardonable."

"Well, well, chide me for this weakness if you please, but be assured that such root has it taken in my brain, that to eradicate it will be to tear up the foundation of my mind, and make me, indeed, a moral wreck. Romond, if I am verging to it now, let me know it."

Momentarily aroused, he spoke with a strange wildness, subdued by a certain self-control. There was a pent up storm—a raging within, that seemed to struggle with itself, but suddenly calmed as if by the exertion of some superhuman influence.

"Romond, listen to what I now say, nor start at the recital. *You are my fated destroyer!* The day, the hour, is fast approaching, that will witness the act that is to consign me—me, whom you have always loved—to the grave. This it is that has lain like a foul incumbus upon me in my sleeping hours, and haunted the bright visions of my dreams, until I've sprung from my restless couch and struggled with a phantom—it had your garb, face and form, but unlike a murderer, it smiled upon me, and seemed to court my favor; it looked as you now look, and as I scanned the shadowy spectre, cold drops of fear oozed from my aching brow. It aimed the deadly weapon, and through my curtained sleep, I saw and cowered at—*thy presence! I'm doomed.* Romond, true as I behold you I believe me of the certainty of my approaching death, this in itself should not disturb me, but when I reflect on the actor—that you should be the perpetrator—you, whom I have so long loved—'tis horror! and I gasp for breath—the thought chokes my utterance—I despair!"

Such were his wild rhapsodies, and his impassioned gestures too well gave fearful note of the struggling encounter of his feelings. Romond was silent, and absorbed in grief at the recollection of the past, and the reality of the present. The disordered state of mind portrayed to him when he had called upon his friend that day, coupled with what he had just heard, held his senses in suspense. Momentarly he doubted the truth of what had occurred.

Could it be possible that he to whom he had hitherto looked up to as possessing a mind and heart, the one as remarkable for its well regulated strength, as the other for its enduring goodness, should be thus fallen!

Romond wept.

That most pernicious bane to our well being, repose, and governance of our actions—a belief in predestination was the canker worm that preyed upon his mind, reducing its symmetry and solidity, until the stately edifice tottered under the pressure of its own weight. Such was its effect on Meron, a *commentary* on the weakness and instability of the most gifted capacities, when bereft of the simplest elements of *common reason*. Vainly did Romond philosophize on the wild absurdity of what he termed the caprice of his friend. An indifferent and moody abstraction was all that was evidenced by Meron to the urgent appeals which Romond's eloquence of soul poured into the *hearing* but not the feelings of the predestinarian.

Arm in arm they retraced their steps homeward, but with what different emotions. The one like a condemned felon, sullenly brooding over the misery of his fate, the other, infusing the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit, and seeking to reclaim a friend from error. If we would dilate on the affections, that ivy-like entwined themselves around the very existence of these young men, we must dwell on their early friendship, and observe how the first mouldings of sympathy, perfected that esteem, that mutual pleasure in each other's society, in fine, that holy alliance of their every thought and feeling.

As rivulets fed by continual dews and showers run rippling on, increasing their tiny limits, till at length they burst with a joyous bound, and mingle their flowing waters, in the wide expanse of the broad and noble stream; so grew and flourished the intercourse of those thus commingling together the bright glad waters of the heart. Time and its changes had wrought no blight in the affections thus holily matured, except in the individual sensations of Meron. What behoved to him the exhibitions of those virtues which do honor to man's nature? Could Friendship drive off the dungeon gloom that pervaded the inmost recesses of his soul. It could not. Despair came to the relief of his shattered intellect.

Some few days after the time of the above narrated incidents, Meron was laid on the bed of sickness, and when the fever was on him, he would call loudly on Romond, reproaching him for his criminal intent, would fasten his clenched hands before his distempered vision, and raving, upbraid the partner of his youth for his treachery. The sedulous attention of medical men of the first repute could not alleviate his condition, or expel the phasma, that in reality was the sole and efficient cause of his present woes. Solicitude of the dearest and tenderest kind availed nothing; in his disordered exclamations the eventful period now within a few days of its consummation, was the all absorbing topic. His attendants, conscious of the importance of that day in effecting a convalescence, used their best endeavors in soothing the irritation of his mind. His companions by his bedside strove in gentlest manner to wean him from his infirmity. But his "Romond," "his friend," were his only responses.

The day arrived. From the moment the sun's bright beams struggled through the bowed casement, he assumed the aspect of a strange and subdued terror, as if the epochs of a life were blended within the compass of a few short hours. An unnatural fire glowed and glared from his full dark eyes that seemed to burn their sockets. Although his room bore the semblance of a living sepulchre, such death-like stillness pervaded it, yet ever and anon would he raise his body from the couch and hurriedly throwing aside the curtain, peer into the darkness beyond, apprehensive of his doom.

By the requirements of his physician strict care was taken that none be admitted during the day, in obedience to which all ingress to his chamber was prevented.

At home, not far from the residence of his sick friend, sat Romond, watching the anxious moments as they progressed and eagerly intent on the issue of the trial. He sighed over the scenes that *once* were, and yet gloried in the anticipations of brightening hopes.

"Let this day be past," he exclaimed, "and to-morrow restores me to what my heart most earnestly craves. Oh, Friendship! blest of human attributes, what honied drops can'st thou instil into the fragrant flowers of the affections, giving to life the fairest, sweetest fascination. To-morrow! and what a happy meeting. He convinced of the error of his ways—myself once more returned to the place I had held in his regard. Fly on apace, ye sluggish hours, and give to Friendship—its own."

Filled with such generous emotions did Romond pass that eventful day. At length the shadows of the night darkened around him, and yet Meron lived; morning came and with it was witnessed the triumph of reason over the errors of predestination. If he had consulted his feelings alone, Romond would have rushed to embrace his friend, but was prevented by the solicitation of the physician. However he was told that Meron had so far recovered as not to evince a vestige of the phrenzy that had possessed him. To consummate his happiness it only remained for him to congratulate Meron on his restoration to health, and thus to cure him of the cause of his illness, an overweening belief in predestination. Joyous epoch! On the evening of that day Romond accordingly left his home, and wended his hasty and delighted steps towards the social idol of his thoughts. A slight shower had just fallen, and the spangled drops shone like glistening gems in the cool twilight air, while the various rich and waving crops, browning for the harvest, added an entirety to the pleasurable objects around, imparting a serene gratification in the bosom of Romond. "What a world of beneficence," exclaimed he, as he walked. "Yes, it must be so, there is a sympathetic cord in our natures, degenerate though we be, which vibrates to the song of the soul—a strain of beatitude—a heavenly inspiration; even now I feel it."

Elated with this hope, he soon arrived at the well known mansion. The customary salutation awaited him. All were as happy as renovated hopes could make them. Romond ascended to the room of his friend. With the door ajar, he gazed in upon him. He slept—a favorable opportunity to watch the features of the predestined. That placid serenity which had won over so many to its possessor, now glowed over his placid features with ineffable sweetness.

The dawn of youth's bright season yet gave indication of the full and perfect day of life: and oh! what transport to him who now bent over his couch, were the expression of returning health, and the re-establishment of the empire of reason. This to him was indeed a feast of the affections—a day dream of resplendent promise. He spoke to him in kindly accent, in soothing manner took his hand, and pressed it to his own.

Meron slowly awoke—stared vacantly on Romond—groaned, then darting upon him, with tiger-like ferocity, with maniac violence, clutched him by the throat! Soul-sickening scene! The frenzied fatalist, as if to vie with the blackened guilt of the first fraternal sin, screamed defiance over the person of his prostrate, bleeding victim; it seemed as if the king of darkness had been invoked to consummate an act at which humanity recoils. Grasping a pistol, which lay concealed under his pillow, he aimed it—fired!—and thus by his own hand fell the bosom companion of his early years:—he, who was the predestined murderer of yesterday, was the confiding and slaughtered friend of to-day. The fruit of Predestination—destroyer of every virtuous and moral incentives to our actions.

What shall we say of the perpetrator?—this—that from that moment—he was a raving madman. A faint ray of returning reason had enabled him to scan the horrid act, and then, in *pity* for ever took its flight. The thought, that he, of all others, should be the actor—nay, the fiend! was in itself a moral thunderbolt that shivered and smote him with resistless might; he yielded to the stroke, like the storm-rooted flower, lived a short and wretched period, till pitying Providence severed the chord that connected the lost spirit to its unnatural tenement. Oh, Man! fearfully and wonderfully art thou made. To how many servile influences—the slave! From the cradle to the grave, thy history is but a continued series of cares and vexations, the fruits of thine own weakness and inconsistency:—then mould thyself to the image of thy God. Possessed of faculties, which if properly controlled, would establish thee in strength, yet deluded by dogmas, pride, passion, and prejudice, you fall the patient victim to thine own misguided imaginings.

YES! TELL ME OF MY MOTHER!

Yes! tell me of my Mother—for my pulse scarce throbs the while
You paint to me her angel look, the starlight of her smile;
The softened impress of her soul her very accents took
Like music of Eolian chords, or tone of bosky brook;
Her eye that beamed with tenderness, her brow with talent rare,
Her cheek—but, ah! the spoiler had placed his signet there.

I will hush my heart's proud beating and still my spirit wild,
'Till listening I seem again to be that happy child
Who used to cull the flowers of morn in all their freshest bloom,
Then seek with stealthy step her couch within the darkened room;
Who loved to cool her parched skin—her faded lip to press
That seemed to murmur forth his name, and murmuring to bless.

Yes! tell me of my Mother—for the world's tempestuous jar
Can never sweep from out my breast the mem'ry of the star
That shed such gentle lustre from life's blue and early sky,
No after rays however bright can with its splendor vie—
The flaunting light of wayward Love, Ambition's fleeting gleam,
Or Pleasure's glare grow pale, and fade before its heaven-lit beam.

No blissful day-dream yet hath cheered the loneness of my heart,
By fond Hope wildly woven, but her image bore its part;
And oft when o'er my senses sleep her mantlet soft hath thrown,
A gentle form bends o'er my couch whose shadowy features own
A Sister's look, save pale and meek as such you said *she* bore—
With morning's light those visions fleet, and I am sad once more.

Yes!' tell me of my Mother—for remembrance of the past
Can steal some drops of bitterness that in my cup are cast;
To me the time gone by is like the fabled silver string
Of the lyre whose dreamy tone sweet forgetfulness could bring,
Though its music findeth me in malady and sorrow
The present is forgotten, undreaded is the morrow.

Many a time when Autumn's moon was fading o'er the hill,
And silence left its mountain home the slumbering vale to fill,
I've stretched myself along the grave where sweet briars gently waved,
And in the holy calmness there my troubled spirit laved
'Till every thought grew pure and bright as infant's sinless brow—
But few short years have fled since then—where are those pure thoughts now?

Yes! tell me of my Mother—for amid the careless throng
Where Pleasure whirls in giddy dance, and weaves her syren song,
I am not as I have been where a voice each streamlet lent,
And echoing from ancestral tombs admonishment was sent,
To remind me of the innocence my childhood's bosom wore
And bid me be as innocent 'till that bosom beats no more.

Then tell me on—I will not tire, for every word doth roll
Like a cool refreshing wave through the desert of my soul,
That wakens as it rushes on the soft and soothing strain
Of feelings that so long unheard and musicless have lain,
And bids Affection's flowrets, that were withered in their bloom,
To spring again to loveliness, and shed their sweet perfume.

E. G. M.

THE MIAMI VALLEY.

(Continued from page 91.)

BY A PIONEER OF OHIO.

CHAPTER IX.

Girty and I reposed upon the summit of a rock which capped one of the highest hills in the valley, and looked upon the far-stretched land below. Girty had lost, in early youth, a mother, whose memory clung around his heart. He had been treated, like myself, with brutality by his father, but the mild disposition of his mother invariably soothed the pangs which his father occasioned. The good are commonly taken first, and Girty, at an early age, was deprived of his mother, whose spirit he often said had taken its abode under the form of a dove;* consequently, he would never injure one of those birds.

While we lay upon the rock, a dove perched upon a tall tree, and in its peculiar plaintive voice, sang its low melancholy song. There is a peculiar effect conveyed with this bird's song, which happily concords with our natures when its fire is partly quenched with grief. The bird never sings unless deprived of its mate, or of its young, and then there is such a deep pathos mingled with its strain, and which appears to me the only combination of sounds that can convey an idea of *utter loneliness*. Girty lay upon his back, looking upon his favorite bird, which ever and anon breathed its mournful notes, apparently unconscious of the many discordant screams of the woodpeckers around it. For the first time in my life, I saw Girty affected, even to tears—the bold lion was a lamb.

While Girty indulged in his thoughts, and looked upon his favorite bird, I gazed upon the lovely landscape beneath me. The beautiful Miami glided beneath my eye, with its banks lined with trees, which threw their tall shadows in the water, and presented a refuge for the kingfisher, which sat, with eagle eyes, watching the fish, that occasionally ruffled its calm surface, as they leaped into the air. Sometimes the shrill cry of the kingfisher would reach my ear, and darting into the water, with a wilder scream bear away its prey. The Miami stretched as far as the eye could see, till it appeared at the far distance like a golden thread carelessly thrown upon the beautiful map, as the declining sun's rays were reflected from its surface. Farther on, the dense wilderness commenced abruptly, as if the woodman's axe had cleared an open space for his little farm; but it was not so, for none but ourselves and the aborigines had trod there—no other white man had yet gazed upon the beautiful scene—the axe had not marred the beauty of the landscape—nor the rifle driven away the deer, which I could see grazing carelessly, unconscious of the proximity of a deadly enemy. This side of the wilderness, the brush prairie spread over a great extent, while here and there rose a towering oak which had been touched by the lightning, yet still threw up its head, and spread out its giant arms to the blast, as if mocking the storms which for centuries had passed by it harmlessly—but time was silently accomplishing what the rough storms could not; the bark had decayed and fallen in long strips to the ground; the dry and withered limbs were hanging by their parent boughs, trembling with the gentlest gale; the huge arms, which had sheltered from the storms the many animals that dwelt there, were now sapless and withered, and the woodpeckers preyed upon the worms which gnawed its heart. The sun was reclining behind a mountain of clouds at the far west, of a thousand airy and fantastic shapes, and of all the evanescent shades of the rainbow—from the deep cerulean blue to the mild and lovely carmine—while the objects below appeared to partake of the heavenly colors and sparkled with a ruddy glow. Mountain upon mountain of clouds appeared piled up, apparently of porphyry, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds. I gazed upon this lovely sight in silent rapture.

Girty remained wrapped in profound thought. The wind now arose, and bore along the breath of the myriads of flowers upon its bosom, and the birds at once ceased singing. I looked up, and

* Girty had somehow imbibed the Platonic doctrine of transmigration, and imagined that the soul of the departed never left this beautiful world, but still lingered here, clothed with the material part of some animal, possessing in a great degree the minds, freed from its worst faculties.

the bright clouds had changed; a deep blue curtain had apparently fallen over them; the gold, the silver, and the crimson had faded away, and the sun had departed; the lovely landscape beneath appeared wrapped in a gloomy fog—it was night. The whippoorwill and the bat fluttered over our heads, and the owl's wild laugh could be heard from the wilderness, like some evil spirit exulting over the departure of day; the cry of the night-hawk, and the angry howl of the wolves, which had now left their lairs, and were prowling about to glut themselves upon some unfortunate deer.

The dove which Girty had been listening to, now ceased its mourning, and spreading out its wings, sailed for its lonely nest; gradually it receded in the gloom, till its form was almost lost from our sight, when it turned, and with a wild scream, again flew towards us. The cause of its peculiar motions was now solved. With wide spread wings and rapid evolutions, a large night-hawk followed close upon it, and with a terrific scream, darted upon the bird, and bore it shrieking down the hill. Girty sprang upon his feet; his face was flushed with excitement; he compressed his lips, as was his habit when excited or in danger, and rushed down the steep, with his finger upon the trigger of his gun. I followed as rapidly as the darkness would permit, but Girty soon left me behind, and his heavy tread died away at the distance. I slowly took my way down the hill, guessing at the course my companion had taken, and listening for the report of his gun, till it became so dark I could scarcely see my hand before me. I sat on a log at the bottom of the hill, and, to pass away the time till the moon should rise, washed out my gun in a brook which flowed at my feet. I knew Girty was within an easy distance, and every little sound that was borne on the air made me start, thinking it was the report of his gun.

At length, as I had just finished cleaning out my piece, a feint report, which might be more than a mile off, reached my ear. I shouldered my gun, and rapidly commenced my march for the direction whence the sound proceeded. It was dark, and the hazel bushes were so completely matted, that in a short time I got so entangled I could not move without getting my face scratched; so I remained where I was till the moon had risen, when I again commenced my laborious journey for the wilderness, which rose abruptly from the low hazel bushes, and appeared, by the pale light of the moon, like the rocky bank of some large river which I was then in.

I progressed slowly. As I walked, I whiled away the time by singing to the extent of my voice, hoping my friend would hear me and answer; but it was only answered by the wolves with a long dismal howl, that ended in broken notes, similar to the barking of a dog. I fired my gun in the air, and stood for some time in one spot listening—nought but the same monotonous bark reached my ears. I loaded my gun, and continued my march. When within one hundred yards of the woods, I observed the dusky forms of apparently hundreds of wolves, which were afraid to venture in the moonlight, but kept as much as possible in the shade of the trees, where they kept up a continual howl. I was well aware of the savage and bold nature of these animals when half famished, and my anxiety increased as I approximated the woods; for the nearer I advanced the louder the animals howled.

I was now in a dilemma. My pride would not permit me to retreat; still I feared to encounter such a number of starving wolves. I stood doubting what to do, and own I felt ashamed to be bullied by a gang of cowardly wolves; still I was experienced enough in their natures to know that their courage increased in a direct ratio with their hunger. I now observed them jumping, and for the first time conjectured the cause of this assemblage. I could indistinctly see in the moonlight a deer suspended by a sapling about ten feet from the ground, which some large black wolves were making very energetic, yet ineffectual, leaps to reach. My plans had to be soon taken, for already the wolves saw me, and were venturing out in the light, with their keen eyes glittering like red hot coals, and their long teeth shone in the moonlight like ivory. Wolves—and, in fact, nearly all wild animals—are afraid of fire. I drew from my pocket a ball of tow, and holding it close to the trigger of my gun, fired it off. With one wild howl, which echoed far among the trees, like the equally wild voices of as many Indian warriors, they rushed in the woods, and were hid in the darkness; nothing could be seen of them but their eyes, which appeared as if the woods were alive with coals of fire, that twinkled like bright stars of a fair night. The tow caught fire, and I waved it over my head till well ignited, and then laying it on the ground, I gathered a few dry sticks, and soon had a bright blazing fire, which shed its lustre around, and discovered distinctly the forms of wolves in every direction. I could perceive them leaping the high bushes around me, and their rapid breathing could be distinctly heard from the woods, as they, nearly exhausted, continued their efforts at the suspended deer. I siezed a fire-brand, and examined the carcass: it appeared as if it had been killed at least twelve hours, and Girty had not been away more than half that time, so I knew that Indians had been about, and would be certain to return; besides Girty could not have shot it, or I would have heard the report of his gun.

I kept up my fire, and shot four wolves; which lesson kept the rest beyond the light of the fire, but occasionally one would venture to the buck, and after one or two leaps, hurry in the dark again. About an hour before day, as I was just cocking my gun at a wolf, I heard a cry like an owl; another succeeded it, like the bark of a mastiff, which was immediately followed by a cry similar to a turkey. These imitations were good, and might deceive an inexperienced ear, but they could not deceive mine—there was too much of the human voice in the sounds, which, particularly that of

the turkey, sounded familiar to my ear, and I began to suspect that perhaps my comrade was striving to play a trick on me; still I took the precaution to retire beyond the light of the fire, for fear I might be mistaken. The wolves gathered close around me, and snapped their teeth quite malignantly, apparently disposed to eat me, despite my exertions to keep them off. I drew out my hatchet, and with it in one hand, and my gun in the other, awaited the confirmation of my suspicions. I listened, but could hear nothing; for the wolves, which formed a ring around me, kept up a continual snapping and growling, and occasionallv I would have to make a slight noise, in order to frighten one away that would have the temerity to venture almost on me. In this disagreeble kind of suspense I remained about half an hour, when I heard the dry sticks slightly crack, as if some one was walking slow and lightly, and also distinguished voices in a whisper. They were directly between me and the fire, and were coming towards me; I stealthily glided around the tree as the forms of two men passed, treading lightly, and walking very slow. It was so dark that I could not see whether they were white men or Indians. They were not more than ten feet from me, but their whispers were so low, I could not hear whether they spoke the Indian language or my own. The fire was blazing brightly, and near it lay the dead bodies of four wolves, and my own racoon-skin cap, which I had forgotten to put on when I left the fire. After a long consultation, which was carried on in such a low tone as to be inaudible to me, one exclaimed, in a voice little over a whisper—

"Pete, you go round the fire, keeping out of its light, make some noise, and I will shoot."

This voice was as familiar to my ears as Girty's; it was the voice of my friend, John Walker, and I knew the other to be Peter Smith—two young hunters, who I knew were out at this time, trapping otter. My heart bounded with joy to see two beings of my own species in this wilderness, where I expected to see nothing but wild animals and more dangerous men. "I'll have some sport with them," thought I, as I prepared to arouse the lion within them, by impressing them with the belief that they were about having a brush with Indians. This was dangerous sport for me, for these men were dead shots with the rifle, which they could use in the dark nearly as well as in the light, if the object was only distinguishable; still I could not resist the temptation of enjoying some sport at their expense, as I had undergone some anxiety on their account. Smith was stealthily walking around the fire, occasionally making a noise, to arouse some sleeping Indian, while I heard the click of Walker's gun, who was now prepared to shoot at the shortest warning. He stood but a few feet from me—I raised my gun over his head and fired; the flash, for a moment, lighted the whole space around; the wolves yelled—Walker yelled louder, and Smith answered. Before I could more than leave the spot where I stood, Walker fired; he had seen me by the flash of the gun, but not with sufficient distinctness to discern me from an Indian—my fortunate move saved me from Walker's ball, which could not have passed farther than a few inches from me. I sang out a real Indian war-cry, and drawing my hatchet, brandished it over my head, while Walker, from his movements, was preparing for a rough-and-tumble fight, with his knife in his hand, which occasionally, as the blade received and reflected the light from the fire, shone like silver. Peter Smith was advancing rapidly to Walker's aid, and I began to think it time to make myself known, or I would have a double chance of being scalped in the dark; so I sang out to Walker to desist.

"Who the devil are you!" cried Walker.

I burst out in a laugh, and my voice betrayed me. We went to the fire, laughing over the fright they had undergone, and prepared to cook our breakfast. The first red streaks of morning began to appear in the east, and after a few final and desperate attempts to reach the deer, the wolves, as if by mutual agreement, all at once disappeared. I informed my companions of Girty's absence, and of the suspended deer—which they had not shot; therefore, my suspicions about the Indians were not at all decreased.

About daylight, Girty arrived, hungry and exhausted; he had been fighting wolves all night, and consequently had not enjoyed one hour's sleep. He saw the light of our fire, but could not reach us sooner; every moment he was forced to turn about and fight off the wolves. For many years after these events, this spot was famous for wolves; but as the population increased, they were driven off, or killed, for the sport of hunting them.

[To be continued.]

DECEMBER.

'Tis dark December now. The early eves
Are starless, long, and cold;—the rain-winds moan
Like pining spirits;—night seems never gone;
The day delightless dies, and morning grieves;—
The robin pecches most on household eaves,
Craving the crumbs he sings for from the kind;—
The slim deer shelter from the bitter wind
Behind broad trees, couching on withered leaves.

But though all things seem sad without our doors,
Within sits Christmas at the board of cheer,
Heaped with large tithings of the Months and Year;—
Wild Wit hath now his whim—figh: Laughter roars,
Till Music lifts her voice—and Wealth's warm hearth
Hath its bright eyes, old wines, brisk fires, dance, song, and mirth.

PRINCEPS TIBICEN.

A RESUSCITATED JOE.*

There certainly is no more dangerous thing
Than vanity;
As you shall see,
If you'll but read the history
Of him, who of flute players was styled the king.
He played night after night at Drury lane,
And his reception made him very vain.
He'd been encored so oft—they clapped so loud,
He fairly lost his wits, and grew exceeding proud.

It chanced, one night, in shifting of the scene,
A peg,
Which was not fastened as it should have been,
Slipped out of place,
And down the scene came thundering on the stage,
Slap on the tooting wonder of the age,
And broke his leg.
Slowly our hero from the stage was led,
And, groaning sadly, taken home to bed.
Months passed away,
And there he lay;
A thousand busy rumors circulate
About the poor, unhappy flutist's fate.
Some said
That he was dead,
And actually buried;
Whilst others, with a knowing kind of leer,
Checked every body's consternation
With the important information,
That, prior to the closing of the year,
Once more before the public Fluty would appear.

At last,
Thanks to the doctor's healing art,
The crisis past,
He got right well and able to resume his part.
It was upon the very night
On which king George the Third was there;
And, as was right,
Flocked thither all the noble, rich and gay and fair.
'Twas quite the thing;
And, as is usual upon such occasion,
To gratify a loyal happy nation,
Some how,
Just as our flutist made his first low bow,
The orchestra struck up "God save the king."
All hats were off—claps sounded loud and long,
And all united in the loyal song.
With swelling heart, he bowed still lower down;
He felt as ought to feel the favorite of the town.
This cordial salutation—
This loud and deafening applause,
Without a pause—
This anthem of the nation,
Conveying such a delicate compliment,
For him, the king of music, only could be meant.

A gentleman, who in the stage-box sat,
Observing Fluty's sad conceit,
And deeming the occasion pat
For harmless fun,
Hinted the joke to one on the next seat;
His neighbor whispered to a third,
He to a fourth—a fifth. Soon, round the word
Through all the theatre like wild fire ran,
Till not a man,
Woman, or child, in boxes, pit, or gallery,
But was quite eager to enjoy the raillery.
"Once more God save the king," they shout with zeal—
There stood the wonder of the age—
The wonder of the age there stood—
Tears in his eyes, brimful of gratitude—
Bowing and blowing kisses to the pit.
When, quite unable thus to stomach it,
Amidst a shower of orange peel,
The audience, hissing, drove him from the stage.

L.

* Phœdrus, 5 Lib., 7 Feb. The original of the "Old Joe Resuscitated," in the August number, is found in Phaedrus, Lib. 5, Feb. 5.

FIRE-SIDE SONNET.

For very want of thought and occupation,
Upon my fire, as broad and high it blazed,
In idle and unweeting mood I gazed,
And in that mass of bright and glowing things
Fancy, which in such moments readiest springs,
Soon found materials for imagination:
Within the fire, all listless as I mazed,
There saw I trees and towers and hills and plains,
Faces with warm smiles glowing, flocks and swains,
And antic shapes of laughable creation.
And thus the poet's soul of fire contains
A store of all things bright and glorious, raised
By fancy, that daft artizan, to shape
Into fair scenes and forms that nature best may ape.

W. T. M.

THE SCOTCHMAN AND THE TWA SARKS.

A TRUE STORY.

Some four or five years ago, I met a friend who told me that a shoemaker in Rose street, whom he employed, talked a great deal about me, and that if I would call on him he was sure he would take it particularly kind. I therefore called and found an oldish dark-faced little man sitting cutting leather with specs on.

"Well," says I, "friend, you want me it seems, my name is Mitchell."

"Aye," says he, "sir, I have long wanted to see you, but I never liked to call—ye'll no mind me sir, or I'm cheated."

"No," says I, "I really do not."

"Geordie Manners is my name," says he, "I was in the company you commanded in the Scotch brigade, and if there is a man on earth I owe gratitude to, it is you. Yes, sir, ye saved my life at se time, and then prevented me from being flogged at another; besides mony other kindnesses, and I am unco prood you have been so good as call. Do you no mind me noo, sir, that ye have had time to look at me?"

"Indeed no," says I, "Geordie, I do not recollect you; for I don't remember having such an ugly looking body in my company."

"Oh, sir," says he, "that's so like your old way; but remember it is thirty-five years since you was me, and make allowance for age and change of dress."

I then took another keen survey of his black fiz, and said, "Now I think I do recollect at least something of your features; but tell me," says I, "for I forget all about you, how I was of so much service to you."

"Well, sir," says he, "I will begin at the beginning of my story. I was a raw rattling inexperienced lad, about nineteen years of age, when I enlisted. I had been brought up a shoemaker, and in a frolic took the king's money, and became a soldier; but I had a sweetheart, and I could not leave her, and therefore we got married. Away we went as happy as crickets, and landed with the regiment at Hilsay barracks, where we were unmercifully drilled for three months, and then embarked on board of transports at Portsmouth, to go nsebody kent whare. Well, sir, we lay at St. Helen's for at least seven weeks. One day we were going to the West Indies—another day we were going to Leel Du, (L'Isle de Dieu,)—another we were going to the coast of France, and so on. A' ye no mind, sir," says he, "how we were dumfoundered wi' contrary stories?"

"Quite well," says I, "Geordie, go on."

"Well, at last," says Geordie, "an order came to send ashore all the supernumerary wives over and above ten to a company, and that the ten per company were to be fixed upon by drawing lots. Oh, sir, that was the most awful moment of my life. The thoughts of parting with my dear bonny Christy was death to me; but no time was to be lost—the ten longest cuts in each company of one hundred men and perhaps eighteen wives, were to decide our fate, and many an anxious wae-like face there were amongst us. At last ye came round yourself with cuts, and after three or four had drawn, you called me up. 'Come along, Manners, and try your luck,' says you. Weel, sir, the light forsook my eyes. I pooed a cut, and jumped right up, not knowing what I was doing; and oh! sir, it was a lang gin. Weel, I thought I would have gone raving mad with joy. I grat wi' pleasure; and poor Christy was crazed and, deed sir, I thought you was happy tu. An awful scene followed, sir; the strait cuts were all obliged to leave the ship, and mony a sair heart and wat cheek was to be seen; but I was as happy as a king, and far happier, faith. Well, sir, we continued in hourly expectations of being ordered to trip our anchors for three days, and when the fourth arrived, and we were beginning to think we would remain at least another week, a bum-boat came alongside that our mess dealt with, and my bonny Christy having a great wish to go ashore for some bits of tape, and things o' that sort, I consented in a rash moment to let her go; but oh, sir! months and years of vexation did that consent give me; the boat was not away an hour, when smack went a gun from Admiral Christian's ship, and up went the blue peter! The boatswain's whistle went to my heart. 'All hands up to trip anchor.' Oh, sir, it rings in my auld heart yet. There was a kind of gleamor cam ower my een. I got quite stupid. I knew not what passed. A heavy rain cam on. I was at last roused up by one of our company. I was wet to the skin. I looked towards Portsmouth, I could hardly see it—our transport sailed fast. At last the Isle of Wight was out of sight, and my misery was at its height. Weel, sir, to dwell on my situation would be nonsense; you can guess, but I can't tell it; at one time I thought of jumping overboard—at another I thought she might perhaps be in some of the ships that left St. Helen's the last; but altogether my mind was

any thing but composed. At last I unbuckled my knapsack, and found in it Christy's twa sarks and her bit housewif for keeping her needles and preens. Oh, sir, how the blood ran cauld through every vein of my body. I kissed them ten thousand times, and huggit them to my heart. I really thought, sir, there was a something of Christy's heart aboot them—they composed my brain, and I determined they should never be out of my possession. My knapsack was my pillow, but before laying my head down every night, I slid my hand in, and took all that Christy left, and wept over them and pressed them to my bosom. Ye'el mind the storm we had in the Bay of Biscay, sir," says Geordie.

"Oh, yes," says I.

"I'll never forget that sight," says Geordie; "there was about nine hundred sail of us, and the sight was awful. I'll never see such another in this world. The waves were as big as Arthur's seat; and when we were doon in the hollow, and looking up we saw mair than half of the ship's bottom that was on the top of the wave before us; and sometimes when our ship was on the top, I looked down as if from a precipice, and thinking on poor Christy, I wished from my heart we might all go to the bottom;—however, hard as my lot was, I was obliged to bear up. We landed at Gibraltar, where we did duty for nine months, and then we went to the Cape for three years, during all which time I never heard a word of poor Christy. At last we were ordered on to Madras, which pleased all my comrades; but with regard to myself, I was quite indifferent. Oh, sir, how many hundred times have I stole my hand into my knapsack and pooed out some of Christy's trifles, and in the dead of the night, when no human eye witnessed it, how often have I retired behind a gun when on guard in Gibraltar, and kissed and weeped over them!—and in the tall wild heather at the Cape, how often have I done the same; and in the burning sands of India, how often have I stolen out from our tents in the night time, and kissed the only relic of my only love! Ah weel, sir, after serving in India for nine years, my health got indifferent; and I, with other twenty-five, were ordered home to be discharged. Off we came, and in eight months we were landed and marched into barracks at Chatham, where we remained for nearly three months; but at last an order came for us to march to Chelsea, to be inspected. Ah weel, sir, just the night before we marched—and a nasty, cold, rainy night it was—one of my comrades came running into the barrack room: 'Manners,' says he, 'there's a woman wanting you.' 'A woman!' cried I, and in a moment Christy was in my arms. Well, sir, I was perfectly delighted and confounded, for I had never heard of her;—but she had heard, for a' that, of me; and when she learned I was at Chatham, she did not stay for mair news, but off she came. After the first astonishment was over—'Geordie,' says she, 'I am wet to the skin, and I must go back about a quarter of a mile for a bundle I left at the public house there, for I was not very fond of the road in the dark.' 'If it's for a dry sark,' says I, 'Christy, wait till the morning; for I have twa of yours that have never been out of my company for thirteen years'—I displayed them—we both stared at one another, and my comrades showed their kindly feelings towards us by heavy sighs and sobs, and hearty hands-shaking."

I was much pleased with honest Geordie's story; "but," says I, "tell me how I saved your life, Geordie."

"Oh, sir, I can soon satisfy you on that score. At the battle of Malavilly we had a desperate long hot march before the battle began—we discovered the enemy all of a sudden, posted on heights that commanded the village, the road, and the ground we were going to occupy, and on we marched in line to attack them—I am certain we marched three miles in line; and what with the heat of the sun and the distance we had marched, I, with my mouth parched with biting the cartridge, was just going to fall down, when you saw me, and running up, you took my firelock out of my hand, and propped me up, and taking your canteen from your back, you gave me a hearty swig of brandy and water, and I was myself again in a few minutes—had I fallen down, sir, I would have been cut to pieces in a few minutes; for just as I got better, a column of their cavalry charged our regiment, and although none of them got through, there were about half-a-dozen got into our rear by passing between the flank of the grenadiers and the guns, and one of these cut little Scotty to pieces. He had charge of the doctor's instruments, and was killed just on the spot where you helped me from falling down five minutes before—do you mind ony thing aboot that, sir?" says Geordie.

"Indeed, no," says I.

"Ah, but I will never forget it," says he.

"Well, as to the saving you from a flogging, Geordie," says I, "tell me about that."

"Well, sir, it was at Seringapatam, I think, about a fortnight after we took it, we were paid our clearance money, and the whole regiment was drunk for three days. The first and second day little was said about it; but when the third day came we were paraded, and a few faults looked over; but when the fourth day came, every thing was expected to be right. Your company's roll was called and all present but me; in a little I made my appearance, mortal drunk, and wrapped up in a white sheet. 'Corporal Ogg,' says lieutenant Buchan, 'take Manners to the guard.' Well, sir, the word was hardly out of his mouth, when you came on parade yourself, and taking Buchan to one side a little, you whispered to Ogg to take me to my barrack room. 'He'll no stay, sir,' says Ogg; 'he'll be oot again when my back's turned.' 'Reid,' says you to Corporal Reid, 'go up with Ogg, and help him to tie Manners to his bed.' I was tied, sir, to my bed for ten hours, and then I was released, and have ever since been most grateful to you, for had I been confined and flogged, it would have done no good, for, to the best of my recollection, I never was drunk again in my life."

THE CONVERSATION OF EIROS AND CHARMION.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

EIROS. Why do you call me Eiros?

CHARMION. So henceforward will you always be called. You must forget, too, *my* earthly name, and speak to me as Charmion.

EIROS. This is indeed no dream!

CHARMION. Dreams are with us no more—but of these mysteries anon. I rejoice to see you looking life-like and rational. The film of the shadow has already passed from off your eyes. Be of heart, and fear nothing. Your allotted days of stupor have expired; and, to-morrow, I will myself induct you into the full joys and wonders of your novel existence.

EIROS. True—I feel no stupor—none at all. The wild sickness and the terrible darkness have left me, and I hear no longer that mad, rushing, horrible sound, like the "voice of many waters." Yet my senses are bewildered, Charmion, with the keenness of their perception of *the new*.

CHARMION. A few days will remove all this—but I fully understand you, and feel for you. It is now ten earthly years since I underwent what you undergo—yet the remembrance of it hangs by me still. You have now suffered all of pain, however, which you will suffer in Aidenn.

EIROS. In Aidenn?

CHARMION. In Aidenn.

EIROS. Oh God!—pity me, Charmion!—I am overburthened with the majesty of all things—of the unknown now known—of the speculative Future merged in the august and certain Present.

CHARMION. Grapple not now with such thoughts. To-morrow we will speak of this. Your mind wavers, and its agitation will find relief in the exercise of simple memories. Look not around, nor forward—but back. I am burning with anxiety to hear the details of that stupendous event which threw you among us. Tell me of it. Let us converse of familiar things, in the old familiar language of the world which has so fearfully perished.

EIROS. Most fearfully, fearfully!—this is indeed no dream.

CHARMION. Dreams are no more. Was I much mourned, my Eiros?

EIROS. Mourned, Charmion?—oh deeply. To that last hour of all there hung a cloud of intense gloom and devout sorrow over your household.

CHARMION. And that last hour—speak of it. Remember that, beyond the naked fact of the catastrophe itself, I know nothing. When, coming out from among mankind, I passed into Night through the Grave—at that period, if I remember aright, the calamity which overwhelmed you was utterly unanticipated. But, indeed, I knew little of the speculative philosophy of the day.

EIROS. The individual calamity was, as you say, entirely unanticipated; but analogous misfortunes had been long a subject of discussion with astronomers. I need scarce tell you, my friend, that, even when you left us, men had agreed to understand those passages in the most holy writings which speak of the final destruction of all things by fire, as having reference to the orb of the earth alone. But in regard to the immediate agency of the ruin, speculation had been at fault from that epoch in astronomical knowledge in which the comets were divested of the terrors of flame. The very moderate density of these bodies had been well established. They had been observed to pass among the satellites of Jupiter, without bringing about any sensible alteration either in the masses or in the orbits of these secondary planets. We had long regarded the wanderers as vapory creations of inconceivable tenuity, and as altogether incapable of doing injury to our substantial globe, even in the event of contact. But contact was not in any degree dreaded; for the elements of all the comets were accurately known. That among *them* we should look for the agency of the threatened fiery destruction had been for many years considered an inadmissible idea. But wonders and wild fancies had been, of late days, strangely rife among mankind; and, although it was only with a few of the ignorant that actual apprehension prevailed upon the announcement by astronomers of a *new* comet, yet this announcement was generally received with I know not what of agitation and mistrust.

The elements of the strange orb were immediately calculated, and it was at once conceded by all observers that its path, at perihelion, would bring it into very close proximity with the earth. There were two or three astronomers, and these of secondary note, who resolutely maintained that a contact was inevitable. I cannot very well express to you the effect of this intelligence upon the people. For a few short days they would not believe an assertion which their intellect, so long employed

among worldly considerations, could not in any manner grasp. But the truth of a vitally important fact soon makes its way into the understanding of even the most stolid. Finally, all men saw that astronomical knowledge lied not, and they awaited the comet. Its approach was not, at first, seemingly rapid—nor was its appearance of very unusual character. It was of a dull red, and had little perceptible train. For seven or eight days we saw no material increase in its apparent diameter... but a partial alteration in its color. Meantime, the ordinary affairs of men were discarded, and all interests absorbed in a growing discussion, instituted by the philosophic, in respect to the cometary nature. Even the grossly ignorant aroused their sluggish capacities to such considerations. The learned *now* gave their intellect—their soul—to no such points as the allaying of fear, or to the sustenance of loved theory. They sought—they panted for right views. They groaned for perfected knowledge. *Truth* arose in the purity of her strength and exceeding majesty, and the wise bowed down and adored.

That material injury to our globe or to its inhabitants would result from the apprehended contact, was an opinion which hourly lost ground among the wise—and the wise were now freely permitted to rule the reason and the fancy of the crowd. It was demonstrated, that the density of the comet's nucleus was far less than that of our rarest gas; and its harmless passage among the satellites of Jupiter was a point strongly insisted upon, and one which served greatly to allay terror. Theologists, with an earnestness fear-enkindled, dwelt upon the biblical prophecies, and expounded them to the people with a directness and simplicity, of which no previous instance had been known. That the final destruction of the earth must be brought about by the agency of fire, was urged with a spirit that enforced every where conviction; and that the comets were of no fiery nature (as all men now knew) was a truth which relieved all, in a great measure, from the apprehension of the great calamity foretold. It is noticeable that the popular prejudices and vulgar errors in regard to pestilences and wars—errors which were wont to prevail upon every appearance of a comet—were now altogether unknown. As if by some sudden convulsive exertion, reason had at once hurled superstition from her throne. The feeblest understanding had derived vigor from excessive interest.

What minor evils might arise from the contact were points of elaborate question. The learned spoke of slight geological disturbances; of probable alterations in climate, and consequently in vegetation; of possible magnetic and electric influences. Many held that no visible or perceptible effect would in any manner be produced. While such discussions were going on, their subject gradually approached, growing larger in apparent diameter, and of a more brilliant lustre. Mankind grew paler as it came. All human operations were suspended.

There was an epoch in the course of the general sentiment when the comet had attained at length a size surpassing that of any previously recorded visitation. The people, now, dismissing any lingering hope that the astronomers were wrong, experienced all the certainty of evil. The chimerical aspect of their terror was gone. The hearts of the stoutest of our race beat violently within their bosoms. A very few days sufficed, however, to merge even such feelings in sentiments more unendurable. We could no longer apply to the strange orb any *accustomed* thoughts. Its *historical* attributes had disappeared. It oppressed us with a hideous *novelty* of emotion. We saw it not as an astronomical phenomenon in the heavens—but as an incubus upon our heart, and a shadow upon our brain. It had taken, with inconceivable rapidity, the character of a gigantic mantle of rare flame extending from horizon to horizon.

Yet a day, and men breathed with greater freedom. It was clear that we were already within the influence of the comet—yet we lived. We even felt an unusual elasticity of frame and vivacity of mind. The exceeding tenuity of the object of our dread was apparent; all heavenly objects were plainly visible through it. Meantime, our vegetation had perceptibly altered—and we gained faith, from this predicted circumstance, in the foresight of the wise. A wild luxuriance of foliage—utterly unknown before—burst out upon every vegetable thing.

Yet another day—and the evil was not altogether upon us. It was now evident that its nucleus would first reach us. A wild change had come over all men—and the first sense of *pain* was the wild signal for general lamentation and horror. This first sense of pain lay in a rigorous constriction of the breast and lungs, and an insufferable dryness of the skin. It could not be denied that our atmosphere was radically affected—the conformation of this atmosphere and the possible modifications to which it might be subjected, were now the topics of discussion. The result of investigation sent an electric thrill of the intensest terror through the universal heart of man.

It had been long known that the air which encircled us was a compound of oxygen and nitrogen gases, in the proportion of twenty-one measures of oxygen, and seventy-nine of nitrogen, in every one hundred of the atmosphere. Oxygen, which was the principle of combustion, and the vehicle of heat, was absolutely necessary to the support of animal life, and was the most powerful and energetic agent in nature. Nitrogen, on the contrary, was incapable of supporting either animal life or flame. An unnatural excess of oxygen would result, it had been ascertained, in just such an elevation of the animal spirits as we had latterly experienced. It was the pursuit, the extension of the idea, which had engendered awe. What would be the result of *a total extraction of the nitrogen?* A combustion irresistible, all-devouring, omni-prevalent, immediate—the entire fulfilment, in all its minute and terrible details, of the fiery and horror-inspiring denunciations of the prophecies of the Holy Book.

Why need I paint, Charmion, the now disenchained frenzy of mankind? That tenuity in the comet which had previously inspired us with hope, was now the source of the bitterness of despair. In its impalpable gaseous character we clearly perceived the consummation of Fate. Meantime a day again passed—bearing away with it the last shadow of Hope. We gasped in the rapid modification of the air. The red blood bounded tumultuously through its strict channels. A furious delirium possessed all men; and, with arms immoveably outstretched towards the threatening Heavens, they trembled and shrieked aloud. But the nucleus of the destroyer was now upon us. Even here in Aidenn, I shudder while I speak. Let me be brief—brief as the ruin that overwhelmed. For a short moment there was a wild lurid light alone, visiting and penetrating all things. Then—let us bow down, Charmion, before the excessive majesty of the great God!—then, there came a great pervading sound, as if from the mouth itself of HIM; while the whole incumbent mass of ether in which we existed burst at once into a species of intense flame for whose surpassing brilliancy and all-fervid heat even the angels in the great Heaven of pure knowledge have no name. Thus ended all.

THE OLD LOVE.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

'Tis twenty winters since we met,
And still I dream of thee;
Though waking I awhile forget
Sleep brings thee back to me!—
I see thee in thy beauty's prime,
And not as thou art now—
Ere one long line of lengthening time
Was traced upon thy brow.

I see the summer of thy smile,
The sunshine of thine eyes,
And feel I am not old the while,
And know no miseries!—
The vision flies—thy smile is gone
I wake again to care,
And loathe the day, whose sunny dawn
More darkens my despair!

If to mine eyes my feelings rush,
And tears—unmanly tears—
Again from this hard Horeb gush,
The treasured grief of years—
'Tis thou that bidd'st these waters flow;
And if my tears condemn
My manhood with this woman's woe,
'Tis thou should'st blush for them!

But no—I will not think of blame—
I love thee still too well;—
Be witness this poor wasting frame
From fires unquenchable—
The thought of thee when wandering where
My happy hours were pass'd—
The long, long groan when lingering there
Where I beheld thee last!

Ah, Mary! these are things which make
My heart and spirit feel
What I have suffer'd for thy sake,
But for thy sake conceal!—
Oh may no agonies like mine,
That make the heart their prey—
No grief that makes the spirit pine,
Wear thy dear life away!

My name is perhaps forgotten now,
And all I was to thee;
But thine is written on my brow
Deeply—indelibly!
The world may read no record there,
And faithful friends, who think
They know my heart—its sorrows share,
Behold not that I sink.

Yet I am sinking—to the grave—
Lone place, but one of rest;
Where, when the yew and cypress wave
Above my silent breast,
And gray light lingers in the gloom,
And solemn shadows flit
Like mourning friends about my tomb,
And evening hallows it—

There if, some time, with pilgrim feet
Thou piously should'st stray,
To dress my verdant winding-sheet,
And keep the weeds away,
My spirit, hovering overhead,
Shall breathe about thee peace,
And bless thy homage to the dead,
And bid thy sorrow cease!

A CHAPTER

ON

FIELD SPORTS AND MANLY PASTIMES.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

THE GAME OF CRICKET.

LAWS OF THE GAME.

1. THE BALL must not weigh less than five ounces and a half, nor more than five ounces and three-quarters. At the beginning of each innings, either party may call for a new ball.

2. THE BAT must not exceed four inches and one-quarter in the widest part.

3. THE STUMPS must be twenty-seven inches out of the ground; the bails eight inches in length; the stumps of sufficient thickness to prevent the ball from passing through.

4. THE BOWLING CREASE must be in a line with the stumps, six feet eight inches in length; the stumps in the centre, with a return crease at each end, towards the bowler at right angles.

5. THE POPPING CREASE must be four feet from the wicket, and parallel to it.

6. THE WICKETS must be pitched opposite to each other by the umpires, at the distance of twenty-two yards.

7. It shall not be lawful for either party during a match, without the consent of the other, to alter the ground, by rolling, watering, covering, mowing, or beating. This rule is not meant to prevent the striker from beating the ground with his bat, near where he stands, during the innings, nor to prevent the bowler from filling up holes with sawdust, etc., when the ground shall be wet.

8. After rain, the wickets may be changed with the consent of both parties.

9. THE BOWLER shall deliver the ball with one foot behind the bowling crease, and within the return crease; and shall bowl four balls before he change wickets, which he shall be permitted to do but once in the same innings.

10. The ball shall be bowled. If it be thrown or jerked, or if any part of the hand or arm be above the elbow at the time of the delivery, the umpire shall call "no ball."

11. He may order the striker at his wicket to stand on which side of it he pleases.

12. If the bowler toss the ball over the striker's head, or bowl it so wide that it shall be out of distance to be played at, the umpire (even although he attempt to hit it) shall adjudge one run to the parties receiving the innings, either with or without an appeal from them; which shall be put down to the score of wide balls, and such balls shall not be reckoned as any of the four balls.

13. If the bowler bowl a "*no ball*," the striker may play at it, and be allowed all the runs he can get; and shall not be put out, except by running out. In the event of no run being obtained by any other means, then one run shall be scored.

14. In the event of a change of bowling, no more than two balls shall be allowed in practice.

15. The bowler who takes the two balls shall be obliged to bowl four balls.

16. THE STRIKER IS OUT if the bail be bowled off, or the stump bowled out of the ground.

17. Or, if the ball, from a stroke of the bat, or hand, but not wrist, be held before it touch the ground, although it be hugged to the body of the catcher.

18. Or, if in striking, or at any other time while the ball shall be in play, both his feet be over the popping crease, and his wicket put down, except his bat be grounded within it.

19. Or, if in striking at the ball, he hit down his wicket.

20. Or, if, under pretence of running or otherwise, either of the strikers prevent a ball from being caught, the striker of the ball is out.

21. Or, if the ball be struck, and he wilfully strike it again.

22. Or, if, in running, the wicket be struck down by a throw, or by the hand or arm, (with ball in hand,) before his foot, hand, or bat be grounded over the popping crease. But, if the bail be off, the stump must be struck out of the ground.

23. Or, if any part of the striker's dress knock down the wicket.

24. Or, if the striker touch, or take up the ball while in play, unless at the request of the other party.

25. Or, if, with any part of his person, he stop the ball, which, in the opinion of the umpire at the bowler's wicket, shall have been delivered in a straight line to the striker's wicket, and would have hit it.

26. If the players have crossed each other, he that runs for the wicket which is put down is out.

27. When a ball shall be caught, no run shall be reckoned.

28. When a striker shall be run out, the run which they were attempting shall not be reckoned.

29. If a lost ball shall be called, the striker shall be allowed six runs; but, if more than six shall have been run before lost ball shall have been called, then the striker shall have all which have been run.

30. When the ball has been in the bowler's or wicket-keeper's hands, it is considered as no longer in play: and the strikers need not keep within their ground till the umpire has called "*play;*" but, if the player go out of his ground with an intent to run before the ball be delivered, the bowler may put him out.

31. If the striker be hurt, he may retire from his wicket, and return to it at any time in that innings.

32. If a striker be hurt, some other person may be allowed to stand out for him, but not to go in.

33. No substitute in the field shall be allowed to bowl, keep wicket, stand at the point, or middle wicket, or stop behind to a fast bowler, unless with the consent of the adverse party. The umpires shall enforce this law.

34. If any person stop the ball with his hat, the ball shall be considered dead, and the opposite party shall add five runs to their score; if any be run, they shall have five in all.

35. If the ball be struck, the striker may guard his wicket either with his hat or his body.

36. The Wicket Keeper shall stand at a reasonable distance behind the wicket, and shall not move till the ball be out of the bowler's hand, and shall not by any noise incommode the striker; and if any part of his person be over or before the wicket, although the ball hit it, the striker shall not be out.

37. The Umpires are sole judges of fair and unfair play; and all disputes shall be determined by them, each at his own wicket; but, in cases of a catch, which the umpire at the wicket bowled from cannot see sufficiently to decide upon, he may apply to the other umpire, whose opinion is conclusive.

38. The umpires in all matches shall pitch fair wickets, and the parties shall toss for the choice of innings.

39. They shall allow two minutes for each man to come in, and fifteen minutes between each innings. When the umpires shall call "*play*," the party refusing to play shall lose the match.

40. They are not to order a player out, unless appealed to by the adversaries.

41. But, if the bowler's foot be not behind the bowling crease, within the return crease, when he shall deliver the ball, they must, unasked, call "*no ball.*"

42. If the striker run a short run, the umpire must call "*one short.*"

43. No umpire shall be allowed to bet.

44. The umpires are not to be changed during the match, but by the consent of both parties.

45. After the delivery of four balls, the umpire must call "over," but not until the ball shall be finally settled in the wicket keeper's or bowler's hand; the ball shall then be considered dead; nevertheless, if an idea be entertained that a striker is out, a question may be put previously to, but not after the delivery of, the next ball.

46. The umpire must take especial care to call "no ball," instantly upon delivery;—"wide ball," as soon as ever it shall pass the striker.

47. The players who go in second shall follow their innings, if they shall have obtained one hundred runs less than their antagonists.

LAWS FOR SINGLE WICKET.

1. When there shall be less than five players on a side, bounds shall be placed twenty-two yards each in a line from the off and leg stump.

2. The ball must be hit before the bounds to entitle the striker to a run; which run cannot be

obtained, unless he touch the bowling stump or crease in a line with it with his bat, or some part of his person; or go beyond them; returning to the popping crease, as at double wicket, according to the twenty-second law.

3. When the striker shall hit the ball, one of his feet must be on the ground, and behind the popping crease, otherwise the umpire shall call "*no hit.*"

4. When there shall be less than five players on a side, neither byes nor overthrows shall be allowed; nor shall the striker be caught out behind the wicket, nor stumped out.

5. The field's man must return the ball so that it shall cross the play between the wicket and the bowling stump, or between the bowling stump and the bounds; the striker may run till the ball shall so be returned.

6. After the striker shall have made one run, if he start again, he must touch the bowling stump, and turn before the ball shall cross the play, to entitle him to another.

7. The striker shall be entitled to three runs for lost ball, and the same number for ball stopped with hat; with reference to the twenty-ninth and thirty-fourth laws of double wicket.

8. When there shall be more than four players on a side, there shall be no bounds. All hits, byes, and overthrows, shall then be allowed.

9. The bowler is subject to the same laws as at double wicket.

10. Not more than one minute shall be allowed between each ball.

BETS.

No bet upon any match is payable unless it be played out or given up.

If the runs of one player be laid against those of another, the bets depend on the first innings, unless otherwise specified.

If the bets be made upon both innings, and one party beat the other in one innings, the runs in the first innings shall determine the bet.

But if the other party go in a second time, then the bet must be determined by the number on the score.

TO A PORTRAIT OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL.

BY MALCOM GRAEME, LANCASTER, PA.

The light brown tresses gracefully
Hang round thy beauteous face,
And richly on thy white neck lie,
That curves in youthful grace;
And like the Parian marble white,
Thy pure and youthful brow—
Thy soft blue eyes a tender light
Throw gently on me now.

Oh! such as haunts the poet's sleep,
Thy face so young and fair;
Thy rose-cheek shadowed soft and deep
By thy rich sunny hair.
Oh! such the painter in his dreams
At twilight hour might see,
By Andalusia's peaceful streams,
In vine-hung Italy.

I gaze upon thy beauteous form,
And round about me rise
A crewd in memory's sunshine warm—
Young brows and gentle eyes.
A glowing vision comes with thee—
A scene of other days—
Of those who trod life's path with me,
And fragments of old lays.

And bursting through the clouds of care,
Streams brightly on my heart,
The sunshine of rich feeling where
Those shadowy clouds depart;
And 'mid the cares of after life,
Oft shall come back to me,
In days of toil and feverish strife,
Sweet joyous thoughts of thee.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Museum of Religious Knowledge, designed to illustrate Religious Truth. Edited by Marcus E. Cross. One Volume, pp. 264. J. Whetham, Philadelphia.

A valuable and judicious embodiment of various papers connected with the exposition of the necessity of religious truth. There is no sectarian violence in the matters broached; and we earnestly recommend the essays on "Mental and Moral Culture" and "The Moral Influence of popular Descriptions of Battle Scenes" to the attention of the reader. This unpretending volume may be advantageously placed in the hands of youth. One of Sartain's brilliant mezzotints ornaments the work; it represents Robert Morrison and his Chinese Assistants engaged in the translation of the Bible into the language of the heavenly Empire. This plate is a beautiful specimen of art, from a pain.ting by G. Chinnery.

The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual for 1840. *Edited by the Rev. John A. Clark. W. Marshall, and Co. Philadelphia.*

We have purposely delayed noticing this splendid Annual until the advent of the season of Souvenirs and Gifts, trusting that our recommendation, honestly set forth, will induce a demand for the Christian Keepsake among the remembrance-seekers of Christmas and New Year's tide. The present volume is in the same excellent keeping that won deserved praise in our notices of the Keepsake for 1838 and 1839; the editor copies a portion of a letter from the Reverend Dr. Dick of Scotland, referring to the tendency of the work to "promote the cause of pure and undefiled religion, inasmuch as nothing of a sectarian spirit pervades any of the papers, so that they may be perused with interest by persons of all religious denominations. As to their exterior," continues the Reverend Dr. Dick, "they are the most elegant volumes I have seen from your side of the Atlantic; they reflect honor *both* on the paper maker, the printer, the book-binder, and the engraver, and will bear a comparison, in these respects, with most of the Annuals published in London."

We freely indorse the Reverend's opinion, albeit we dislike his unnecessary and awkward use of the copulative conjunction. The engravings in the present volume are superior in value to the illustrations of the preceding years. The frontispiece is a speaking likeness of the Reverend Richard Channing Moore, the illustrious Episcopalian Bishop of Virginia, after H. Inman's celebrated painting. "The Burning Prairie" is an exciting scene, painted by one of the best American artists, Russel Smith, whose genius requires nothing but maturity to enable him to cope with the proudest sons of the easel. This subject, and another by the same artist, "A Scene on the Ohio," have been well treated by the engravers, Smilley and Cushman. Dodson has three superior plates—the frontispiece, "The Nun," after Thompson, and "Innocence," after De Franca. We have no fault to find with Armstrong for his engraving of Washington—it is a creditable version of an inferior picture, and we regret that the publishers deemed it worthy of notice. The subject is of difficult nature, we admit, but there is a woful lack of skill in Kyle's method of arrangement. General Washington is said, while encamped at Valley Forge, to have frequently retired into the depths of a secluded grove for the purpose of prayer. The painter has placed the illustrious here upon his knees, it is true, but there is a self-satisfied air about his figure, and a smirk upon his countenance, which sadly harmonize with the act of supplication to the God of Battles.

The literary contents of this year's Christian Keepsake fully sustain the former reputation of the work. The editor has furnished the best prose article in the book, and we gladly point to our own esteemed contributors, Charles West Thomson, Miss Waterman, Professor Wines, Mrs. Ellet, Dr. Mitchell, and Mrs. Sigourney, as conspicuous names in the list of writers.

In the lengthful catalogue of "Contributors," placed at the commencement of the volume, there are upwards of thirty names given whose articles do not appear in the body of the work. We know not who is to blame, but the act is at least a reprehensible instance of neglect. The persons enumerated may have *promised* contributions, and the editor may have printed their names in the belief that the various parties would fulfil their obligations. We are unwilling to allow the inten-

tion *of* deceit, but we are satisfied that such a statement is positively injurious to the work; for while several of the announced names exhibit the well-known appellations of certain wordy poetasters and plagiarists, others are affixed to persons of worth and mark. The reader will readily excuse the absence of the pretty verses of various of the Honorables and the Reverends, of the Clarks, and the Jameses, and the Browns, but it is hard to be promised articles from such writers as James Montgomery, Mrs. Opie, the Rev. Thomas Raffles, George W. Bethune, and Professor Cleveland, and yet fail to find them in the pages of the work.

One of the most impudent specimens of plagiarism that ever occurred, disgraces the pages of this Annual, and deserves exposure and castigation, inasmuch as it is an insult to the common sense of the reading community, and a positive wrong to the publishers, who have liberally expended the necessary sums in the procuration of superior literary worth. At page 305, there is "A Christmas Carol," by Richard W. Dodson, Esq. of Philadelphia. Now, this Christmas Carol is copied in substance and spirit from a Hymn for Christmas by Mrs. Hemans. We give the first verse of each article, and leave Mr. Dodson to speak for himself.

MRS. HEMANS.	RICHARD W. DODSON, ESQ.
Oh! lovely voices of the sky, Which hymned the Saviour's birth, Are ye not singing still on high, Ye that sang "Peace on earth?" To us yet speak the strains Wherewith, in time gone by, Ye blessed the Syrian swains, Oh, voices of the sky!	Angel voices of the sky! Ye that hymned Messiah's birth, Sweetly singing from on high, "Peace, Goodwill to all on earth!" Oh, to us impart those strains! Bid our doubts and fears to cease, Ye that cheer'd the Syrian swains, Cheer us with that song of peace.

The Poet: a Metrical Romance of the Seventeenth Century. A Keepsake for 1840. *Philadelphia, Carey and Hart.*

This well printed volume is one of the curiosities of literature. It is the product of the leisure of W. J. Walter, Esq. a gentleman now residing in Philadelphia, devotedly attached to the good old school of English Poetry, and known to the lovers of the belles lettres as the editor of the splendid London editions of Southwell and Herrick.

"The Poet" is a combination of the beauties of the poets of the seventeenth century, placed, not "like orient pearls at random strung," but in relative order and connected bearing, to illustrate the origin, progress, and completion of an amatory siege. It is impossible to convey an idea of the excellent finish given to this simple but effective matter by the pure taste and genuine poetic feeling of the compiler; the poet, "in imagination all compact," must hasten to secure this cyclopedia of Cupid's love, delivered in the choice language of the quaint old masters who drank from the pure well of English undefiled. The lover must not neglect possessing this vade-mecum, wherein *he* can trace the passage of his own disease, and read, in choice and fancied epithets, the manner of his own pursuit.

We beg leave especially to recommend "The Poet" as a Gift book most likely to be acceptable to the ladies. The delicacy of the conceit, and the variety of the gems embodied in the carrying-out of that conceit, must render this little volume peculiarly delightful to all sensitive minds. It is indisputably the best collection of rare and approved selections from the ancient poets ever given to the world.

The volume is dedicated by Mr. Walter to Nicholas Biddle. We congratulate the gentlemen on their acquaintance with each other.

Albert de Rosann; or The Adventures of a French Gentleman. By G. M. W. Reynolds. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

This is decidedly the best reprint of the year. If Paul de Kock's name had appeared in the title page as the author, the work would have received a larger share of popularity, but we doubt if Paul de Kock, fond of him as we are, ever penned a better novel or tale of life than this same Albert de Rosann. Mr. Reynolds is the son of the old dramatist, who is notorious in histrionic record for the number of bad comedies which he has inflicted upon the suffering public, and for the quantities of monies that he obtained in payment for his trash. The young man is the author of a work on French literature, which has been severely handled by the English critics; he is also the author of "Pickwick Abroad," a continuation of Boz's unequalled papers—but the dry humor of Samivel Weller

killed Mr. Reynolds, and the French travels of the Pickwickians have never been considered orthodox. We believe also that Mr. Reynolds is the anonymous author of the celebrated novel of "Miserrimus!" a work of talent and worth. The book before us stamps him a writer of wonderful excellence; there is an originality in its plot, and a vividity in the details, that attract the attention of the reader, and hold him a willing prisoner to the close of the volumes. The style is remarkably free and Parisian, particularly adapted to the development of the Adventures of a French gentleman and his companion, a *chevalier d'industrie* of the first class.

Memoirs of His Own Time; Including the Revolution, The Empire, and The Restoration. By Lieut. Gen. Count Mathieu Dumas. Two Volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

Count Mathieu Dumas will be remembered by all Americans as one of the aid-de camps of General Rochambeau, during his command of the corps of twelve thousand men sent by the French Government to our assistance, in the year 1780. The Count shared this appointment with the Chevalier de Lameth, Count Charles de Damas, the Count de Vauban, the Count de Fersen, the Count de Lauberbière, and M. Collot.

The life of Dumas has been long, and exceedingly fruitful of events. He was born in 1753, and these Memoirs extend from the year 1773, when he first entered the service of France, to the end of the year 1826, an extensive period rife with momentous occurrences, in many of which he bore an important, if not at all times a conspicuous part. In 1826, he had considered his political career terminated, and thought only of enjoying, in retirement, the society of his family and friends; but he was unexpectedly thrust back upon public life, wherein he played a busy *rôle* for the ten subsequent years—until 1836. Upon these latter years the posthumous journal now published does not touch; although his various positions, during the period, must have imbued his entire spirit with intrigue. We now find him first, a member of the Chamber of Deputies; then principal co-operator with the illustrious La Fayette in the re-organization of the National Guards; then Counsellor of State, and lastly a Member of the Chamber of Peers. It is remarkable that from the year 1827, he had been totally blind; and was prevented, in consequence, from prosecuting the historical undertakings which have been announced, as in progress, and for which he had collected a world of valuable material. These Memoirs are the result of dictation to an amanuensis. They are, of course, very interesting, and should have a place in every historical library.

The Most Important Parts of Blackstone's Commentaries, Reduced to Questions and Answers. By Asa Kinne. Second Edition. W. S. Dean, New York.

This work was originally prepared by Mr. Kinne (who is a citizen of Natchez) without any view to publication. His primary design was to impress more vividly upon his own mind the spirit and leading facts of Blackstone, than can be done by the ordinary system of perusal, even when careful attention is given to the text, and the whole matter thoroughly noted, or common-placed. There are few men of logical thought who have not, at some period of life, experienced the benefit of reducing a course of study to a system of question and answer; and, certainly, no one who ever tried it, will hesitate to acknowledge its importance and advantage in the *methodizing* of knowledge—in the stamping it upon memory, in the rendering it distinct, and, in short, in giving it all those qualities which make it enduring, and *at any moment available*. The system is applicable to all sciences, and in none is more essential than in law, whose complexity exceeds that of all others. Perceiving the great profit of his course, as he continued to pursue it, Mr. Kinne, at length, having completed Blackstone, digested what he had done, and arranged it, as we now see it, for publication. In testimony of the value of what he has accomplished the high authorities of Walworth, Kent, Story, Cranch, Bouvier, Du Ponceau, Ingersoll, Paul Brown, and other eminent jurists, must be considered as decisive. But by the public at large the volume in question has scarcely yet been known; a fact which is accounted for only by some very unusual scruples of the author, in regard to the mode of publication. We are now happy to find that these scruples are removed, and that the book will be circulated, as it deserves to be.

The copy now before us is one of the second edition; the first having been privately distributed. Mr. Kinne has materially enlarged and greatly improved his work, simplifying it by every means in his power. Among other important points we observe that the ordinary Latin, Greek, French, Italian and Saxon law phrases are very properly Anglicised. Many of the original answers are extended beyond their former limits, in order to afford a more complete exhibition of the fundamental canons of the British law, the great original of our own judicial system, and with a view of making the abstracts plain, and easily comprehensible by the general inquirer. He has also interwoven more than five hundred additional questions and answers, and appended a very serviceable Index. In its

present form the work must be regarded by all who survey it carefully, as a valuable addition to our legal and ordinary libraries. To the jurist it will be exceedingly useful in its indicial and digestive character; to the scholar as an aid in the task of revision and condensation; and to every general reader as a convenient manual, not only of law, but of its origin and *principia*. In the latter respect we look upon it as a better book than the "Analysis" of Judge Field. We should have mentioned that Mr. K. has judiciously forborne to touch upon those Chapters in the First Book of Blackstone which discuss subjects of a purely local application; such as the king, parliament, etc. He, of course, does not consider an acquaintance with the peculiar political structure of the government of Great Britain either useless or unimportant, but the subject did not fall within the scope of his plan, which was simply to present to the reader an abstract of those laws which regulate the British administration of justice, and from which so large a portion of our own legal code has been derived. We should like to say more of this volume, which is indeed of unusual value, and with which we are especially taken, as with an important step in the simplification and *unquacking* of an unnecessarily complex and much bemystified science; but the truth is that the merits of the work speak loudly for themselves, and thus leave us very little to say.

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens, (Boz.) Author of "Pickwick Papers," "Oliver Twist," "Sketches of Every-Day Life," etc., etc. With numerous Illustrations by Phiz. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

What shall we say of Boz, now that he has completed Nicholas Nickleby? Assuredly we could say nothing in the way of commendation, which has not been said already by every person who reads. This last effort is perhaps the best of its author; and this we regard as superlative praise. Again; even of this last effort, the last passages are the most vivid. There could scarcely be a more forcible token of the extraordinary powers of the writer. His flight is still upwards. The pathos of "Nicholas Nickleby" is, in some respects, chargeable with exaggeration, but in general may be considered as unequalled. Its humor is surpassingly fine. The incidents of the story are well conceived and admirably managed; the interest never flags; and the total effect is highly graphic and artistical. Charles Dickens is no ordinary man, and his writings must unquestionably *live*. We think it somewhat surprising that his serious pieces have elicited so little attention; but, possibly, they have been lost in the blaze of his comic reputation. One of the most forcible things ever written is a brief story of his called "The Black Veil," a strangely pathetic and richly imaginative production, replete with the loftiest tragic ability.

An Address, Delivered before the Gœthean and Diagnothian Societies of Marshall College, at their Annual Celebration, September 24, 1839. *By Joseph R. Chandler.*

We have read this Address thoughtfully, and with great pleasure. It assuredly does its accomplished author much credit, and we cannot be surprised at the intense interest with which, as we learn, it was listened to by the institutions before whom it was delivered. *Addresses*, in general, are very ordinary matters, and we dislike to say any thing about them, because we seldom have any thing more to say than a few brief words of utter condemnation. The leading features of this branch of letters, at the present day, may be summed up *in petto*—stale wisdom, overdone sentiment, school-boy classicalities, bad English, worse Latin, and wholesale rhodomontade. Mr. Chandler has given us a good Address, and done an original thing.

Originality is indeed, we think, one of the distinguishing traits of Mr C.'s mind, and the Essay now before us evinces the faculty in a high degree. He has deviated widely from the usual track upon occasions like the present; and, at the same time, he has deviated with judgment, and given token of the *true* spirit of independence. He addresses two associations supposed to be deeply imbued with classical partialities. He does not blindly humor these partialities—but boldly confronts, and, just so far as the truth warrants, condemns them. His design is to show the vast superiority which modern intellect, and its results, maintain over the boasted civilization and proudest mental efforts of even the golden Heathen ages—maintain by the means, and through the inspiration of the light of revelation—through the elevated knowledge of a *futurity* of existence—and through the glowing and burning hopes to which that knowledge of futurity gives rise. This is just such a *turn* as the man of genius might be led to give to a discourse upon an occasion of the kind, and such as *only* the man of genius would have given.

Mr. Chandler has not merely well conceived the tenor of his Address, but very ably sustained its execution throughout. If there is, indeed, any one point of his argument with which we could find fault, it is where he yields, in too great measure, we think, the palm of eloquence to the ancients—

thus weakening his own position. He has not, perhaps, sufficiently borne in mind the distinction between eloquence abstractedly considered, and its positive *effects*. We might safely grant that the *effects* of the oratory of Demosthenes were vaster than those produced by the eloquence of any modern, and yet not controvert the idea that the *eloquence itself*, of the modern, was equal or superior to that of the Greek. And this we firmly believe is the case. The circumstances of the audience make the important difference in the reception of the oration. The Greeks were a highly excitable and an *unread* race. They had no printed books. *Viva voce* exhortations carried with them, to their quick apprehensions and passions, all that gigantic force which *the new* possesses. These exhortations had, analogically speaking, much of that vivid interest which the first fable has upon the dawning intellect of the child—an interest which is worn away by the frequent perusal of similar things—the frequent inception of similar fancies. The suggestions, the arguments, if any, the incitements of the ancient rhetorician, were, when compared with those of the modern, absolutely novel, and therefore possessed an immense *adventitious* force—a force which should be taken into consideration in a comparative estimate of the eloquence of the two eras. But the truth is, that even in regard to any given Philippic, and any given modern effort of note, we have few means of rigid comparison. Demosthenes appealed to the passions of a populace; the modern orator struggles to sway the intellect of a deliberative assembly. The finest Philippic of the Greek would have been hooted at in the British House of Commons, but it may well be doubted whether one of Brougham's admirable efforts would not have had its weight, even in Athens.

The Poets of America, illustrated by one of her Painters. Edited by John Keese. One volume, pp. 284. Colman, New York.

This long announced and much puffed volume has at last made its appearance. For the sake of the publisher, whose enterprising spirit deserves at least the good-will of the critic, we regret that we cannot award his beloved bantling a word of honest praise. We are compelled to pronounce this "splendid gift book," this loudly-vaunted specimen of American art and science, a common-place and profitless attempt. Our readers, who may have perused the fulsome praises bestowed upon this volume in the generality of the newspapers, will doubtless stare at the opposite nature of our dictum. We are not sold to the will of any publisher; we never criticise a work without giving it an attentive perusal; we never obtain the gratuitous presentation of expensive publications by the promise of a puff; nor do we covertly slander a brother scribe because he is connected with another periodical. There are editors who cannot make these averments. The expression of our just opinions may give offence to various individuals, but we are not to be deterred in the execution of our critical duty.

The editor of "The Poets of America" has wofully erred in the selection of some of the authors included in his list—we know not whether he has mistaken the quality of the chosen from the lack of a kindred spirit with the sons of poetry—from an ignorance of the attributes of those whose names, although not enrolled on the catalogue of his acquaintance, have awakened the echoes of the bi-forked hill—or whether he has suffered the interference of personal prejudice to warp his judgment and direct his choice. When we observe that some of the most celebrated poets of the day are excluded from his selection, and that various minor lights burn in the highest places, we are tempted to doubt the truth of his averment that he has sought to present the finest specimens—the true spirit of American poetry. There are names in his list "alike to fortune and to fame unknown," and the merits of their doings will not compensate the reader for the offence of pushing better men from their stools. One writer, who has not yet attained the height of mediocrity, has three pieces within eleven pages, while some of the best poets of the age, not being intimately connected with the publisher, are compelled to stand the ordeal of a single exhibition, and others are prohibited from all chance of show.

Is the poem whence the following verses are extracted an honest selection?

My grandmama has said—
Poor old lady; she is dead
  Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
  In the snow!

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
  At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
  Are so queer!

We should like to know the whereabouts of the mysterious Mrs. ****, and why this anonymous lady's very common-place version of the trite fable of "Love and Friendship" was deemed worthy not only of a place, but of an illustration!

The pictures are tolerably fanciful in conception, but their execution is paltry and ineffective; many of them are inferior to the woodcuts in Peter Parley's school books. The editor, in his pre-

face, remarks that the design of the present volume is to heighten the brilliancy of our poetic gems by the beauty of their setting. We doubt if Simms will thank "the painter" for the clumsy incarnation of his "Zephyr Spirit," or if Charles Sprague will esteem his Shakspeare Ode, which is indeed a gem "of purest ray serene," heightened in value by what the editor terms "spirited and graceful sketches, full of beauty and delicacy," which are inexplicable in their detail, and seem as if they had been engraved with a sharp fork on the back of a pewter plate.

The letter press printing is a specimen worthy all praise; the quality of the paper is unexceptionable, and the binding deserves a better interior.

Nix's Mate; an Historical Romance of America. By the Author of "Athenia of Damascus," etc. Two volumes. Colman, New York.

Mr. Rufus Dawes has given us an original tale, full of exciting incident and wild and wonderful achievements. His plot is good, and his characters are well conceived and spiritedly displayed. The scenic descriptions are also particularly effective.

It is a difficult and a dangerous matter to blend the ideal with the real in a narration of historical events so well known as the matters connected with Sir Edmond Andros' government of Massachusetts. The introduction of the agency of witches in a New England tale is a good idea, but the author has sadly missed his aim in rendering their magical powers most positive and real. The indisputable matter-of-fact details of colonial government assort but strangely with the freaks of an Indian sorceress, exercising unlimited control over the fiends of hell; and, according to our notions, New England witches are somewhat different from Mr. Dawes' hags of the Brocken and the Hartz, who leave their German mountains to boil their unholy cauldrons on the beach at Nahant. This strange mistake militates against the general effect of the tale; nevertheless, we believe that the publisher will find it the best selling book of the season.

National Melodies of America. By George P. Morris, Esq.

There are few cases in which mere popularity should be considered a proper test of merit; but the case of song-writing is, we think, one of the few. When we speak of song-writing we mean, of course, the composition of brief poems with an eye to their embodiment in melody. In this ultimate destination of the song proper, lies its essence, its genius, its spirit. It is the strict reference to music—the dependence upon modulated expression—which gives to this branch of letters a character altogether distinct and *unique;* which separates it in a very great measure, and in a manner not sufficiently considered, from the ordinary proprieties of literature; which allows it, and even demands for it, a vast latitude in its laws; and which absolutely insists upon that certain wild license and *indefinitiveness* which is recognized by every musician who is not a mere fiddler, as an important point in the philosophy of his science—as the soul of the sensations derivable from its practice—sensations which bewilder while they enthral, and which, perhaps, would not so enthral, if they did not so bewilder.

The sentiments deducible from the conception of sweet sound, are, in themselves, exceedingly indefinite; those derivable from harmony and melody the *most* indefinite, and the least susceptible of analysis, of any with which the metaphysician has to deal. Give to music any undue *decision*, imbue it with any very *determinate* tone, and you deprive it, at once, of its ethereal, its ideal, and, as we sincerely believe, of its intrinsic and *essential* character. You dispel its dream-like luxury; you dissolve the atmosphere of the mystic in which its whole nature is bound up; you exhaust it of its breath of fiery. It then becomes a tangible and easily appreciable idea—a conception of the earth, earthly. It will not, indeed, lose *all* its power to please, but all which we consider the *distinctiveness* of that power. And to the uncultivated talent, or to the unimaginative apprehension, this deprivation of its most delicate nare will be, not unfrequently, a recommendation. A determinateness of expression is sought,—and sometimes by composers who should know better,—is sought as a beauty, rather than rejected as a blemish. Thus we have, even from high authorities, attempts at absolute *imitation* in musical sounds. Who can forget, or cease to regret, the many errors of this kind into which some great minds have fallen in a moment of precipitate enthusiasm? Who can forget the failings of the Battles of Pragues? What man of true taste is not ready to weep over their interminable guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, and thunder? "Vocal music," says L'Abbate Gravina, "ought to imitate the natural language of the human feelings and passions, rather than the warblings of Canary birds, which our singers, now-a-days, affect so vastly to mimic with their quaverings and boasted cadences." This is true only so far as the "rather" is concerned. If *any* music must imitate *any* thing, it were, perhaps, better that the imitation should be limited as Gravina has

required. But imitation, in its most respectable aspect, is a foe to the best interests of the lyre. Indeed it is an enemy to the best interests of every thing of which we have any acquaintance.

That character of *indefinitiveness* which is a part of the essence of true music, must be held in view by the song-writer; and, by the critic, should be considered in his estimate of the song. It is, in the author, a consciousness, and sometimes an instinctive appreciation, of this character, and of the necessity of its maintenance, which imparts to all songs, rightly conceived, that free, affluent, and *hearty* manner, little scrupulous about niceties of phrase, which cannot be better expressed than by the French word *abandonnement*, and which is so strikingly exemplified in both the serious and joyous ballads and carols of our honest old English progenitors. Wherever verse has been found most strictly married to music, this feature prevails. It is, thus, the essence of all antique song. It is the soul of Homer, whose Iliad, according to Hedelin at least, is made up "*ex tragediis, et variis canticis de trivio mendicatorum et circulatorum—à la manière des chansons du Pontneuf.*" It is the spirit of Anacreon. It is even the genius of Æschylus. Coming down to our own times, it is the staple of all Moore's happiest efforts—it is the very life of De Beranger. Above all things it is that idea which we so vaguely term *nationality* in the writing of songs. Wanting this quality no song writer was ever truly popular, and, for the reasons we have given, no song writer need ever expect to be so.

But the popularity which General Morris has attained is undoubtedly well deserved, for it is based upon the spirit and character which we have discussed. Either a noble instinct, or a high degree of acumen, has thrown him, in his songs, upon the very manner and upon the very execution which he should have deliberately adopted. We do not intend to insult him, here, by any attempt at regular *defence* from the elaborate nonsense which some of his good friends (those devilish fine fellows) have perpetrated in regard to his Melodies. He is quite adequate to that task himself, whenever circumstances shall render it necessary. We do not mean to *defend him*—but our spleen is terribly excited, and we wish to quarrel with his brethren of the press. These gentlemen—some of them—are very large as fault-finders, but very little as critics. And even in what they appear to consider the strongest points of this fault-finding, they are radically wrong. They have made, among other things, a prodigious noise about the lines in which Meeta's heart and the morning are said to "break together."

Her heart and morning broke together
In the storm.

Now we know of no *reasons* whatever, given by the accusers of General Morris for their dislike of the figures here introduced. They have all contented themselves, we believe, with a pure dissent, a mere *veto*, a simple unsupported turning up of the nose. We will therefore aid them by stating explicitly the *only* ground upon which the lines can be condemned. The figures are supposed to form what is technically termed *a conceit*, and to partake of the nature of a pun. The verb "broke," in its application to the noun "heart," has, they say, (or rather, would say if they dared) a literal signification, while, in its application to "morning" this signification is merely metaphorical. Such discrepancies are, we grant, justly denounced by Johnson, by Blair, and by all other critics. This we say, is the only possible ground of accusation. But have we to inform any person of sound mind that, in poetical usage, the breaking of the heart is as strictly metaphorical an expression, as the breaking of the morning? That the heart does sometimes actually break (as we read in old medical books) is a point of knowledge which appertains only to the physician, and with which the poet has nothing to do. But we are ashamed of insisting upon a matter with which every school-boy ought to be well acquainted. The breaking of the heart, and the breaking of the morning, are, in the lines of General Morris, not only both strictly metaphorical phrases, but precisely analogous ones, even if not considered metaphorically. This is seen by the substitution of a synonym, in either case, for the original word "broke"—a test which could not be borne by words whose similarity lay only in sound. It will be perceived, at once, that we can say the heart broke—*or burst*, and that the morning broke—*or burst*. "The morning burst" is, in fact, a phrase to be found, passim, in the British antique poetry. But the truth is that the passage stands in need of no defence of this nature. We might admit *the conceit* very safely. Let us admit it. It is defensible on the score of being in vivid keeping with that glorious spirit of *abandonnement* upon which we have commented. To all reasonable persons it will be sufficient to say that the *hearty*, and fervid, and free-spoken songs of Cowley and of Donne, and more especially of Cunningham, of Harrington and Carew, abound in precisely similar things, and that they are to be met with plentifully in the polished pages of De Beranger, who introduces them with thought, and retains them after mature deliberation.

United States' Military Magazine, and Record of all the Volunteers, together with the Army and Navy. Huddy and Duval, Philadelphia.

We observe a great improvement in this Magazine. The last number is very creditable to all concerned in its publication. The literary matter is appropriate to the work. The embellishments, too,

are well done. The first is a fine lithograph of an officer and private of the Troy Citizens' Corps, accompanied by an account of that body. The second is also a good plate, representing an officer of the Montgomery Light Guard of New York. We have moreover a Grand March entitled the National Greys, and composed expressly for the Magazine. Among the literary sketches we observe one of the "Battle of Brandywine," and the editor says—"It is not known to whom belongs its authorship." It belongs, however, to John Neal, of Portland, than whom a more graphic or vigorous writer is not now living.

We believe that the Military Magazine is well supported, and it certainly deserves support.

Walks and Wanderings in the World of Literature. By the author of "Random Recollections," "The Great Metropolis," "Sketches of London," etc., etc. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

This, as Mr. Grant observes in his preface, is the first attempt of the author at literature, properly so called. His previous works were mere compilations—or perhaps worse. We think him wrong, however, in leaving the beaten track which he has travelled so successfully—that is to say, if success is to be estimated by the sale of a book. His mind, if indeed he has any, is essentially at home in statistics, and twaddling gossip, with maudlin commentaries fashioned in imitation of profundity. But the idea of his launching his very little vessel into the ocean of original composition, has in it, to our apprehensions at least, something supremely fantastic. Mr. Grant has only a faint notion of the English language, and, altogether, is one of the *flattest* writers of his time. The highest praise we can award to his "Walks and Wanderings" is that they are not quite as bad as we expected them to be. One or two of the pieces may be read, certainly; and there are even one or two of them which have an equivocal kind of interest. That "conscience which makes cowards of us all" will not permit us to say another word in their favor, or indeed about them in any respect.

The Good Housekeeper. By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. Weeks, Jordan and Co. Boston.

This is a very neat, and certainly a very useful little work, and will command a ready sale. It is unusually *full*, not only in respect to mere culinary matters, but in regard to a world of household affairs. We have recipes, and useful hints, and economical precepts *et id genus omne*, of wisdom—a *genus* in which *young* housekeepers, especially, are apt to be sadly deficient.

In stooping, a moment, from severer pursuits to one of this humble yet highly important character, Mrs. Hale is only following good example—the example of Dr. Kitchener, of our own Miss Leslie, and of one or two dozen others whom we could name. We shall like her all the better when she returns to her customary themes.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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